

THE
MEDITATIONS,
SOLILOQUIA,
AND
MANUAL
OF THE
Glorious Doctor
St. AUGUSTINE.

Translated into English.

L O N D O N,
Printed for Matthew Turner, at the
Lamb in High-Holbourn, 1686.

Permissu Superiorum.

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Mrs John Woollett
from her affectionate
Father in Law

J Woollett
Jan^{ry} 40th 1847

2 Nov. 1854.

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1862

**THE
PREFACE
TO THE
Reader.**

THESE three little Treatises of the great *S. Augustine*, might all well have been called Manuals, in respect that they are of so small bulk, as with ease to be portable by every hand. But yet as they

The Preface

are little Manuals, so with-
al they may be accounted
great Cordials, for the re-
lation which they have,
and for the place which
they deserve to hold, in
the heart of Man. They
principally consist of most
sweet Affections, and As-
pirations, which the en-
amoured Soul of our in-
comparable Saint was e-
ver breathing out to Al-
mighty God ; beseeching
him in most tender man-
ner, to be drawing it still,
nearer to himself. We
may see how he aspired
to perfect union with that
Divine Majesty ; but with-
al



to the Reader.

al we must know, that
first he had taken pains
to purge himself entirely,
from all Errour, Sin, and
Vanity; and to plant the
habits of Vertue in his
heart, by a most attentive
and faithful imitation of
the humility and charity
of Christ our Lord. *Vade,*
& tu fac similiter. For un-
less thou travel in that
High-way, thou wilt ne-
ver arrive to that Jour-
neys end. Nor art thou
to look for any experi-
mental knowledge of Gods
sweetness, till by Prayer,
and practice of solid Ver-
tue, the bitter juice of Sin,

The Preface, &c.

and the offensive smoak of
Passion be discharged. But
that being done, room is
made for God, and he
will make thee know, and
feel, how good he is.

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THE

T H E
Meditations
 O F T H E
 Glorious Doctour
 St. AUGUSTINE.

CHAP. I.

*He invokes Almighty God for the
 amendment of his Life and Man-
 ners.*

O Lord my God ! bestow upon
 my heart, that I may desire
 thee ; that by desiring thee,
 I may seek thee ; that by seeking
 thee, I may find thee ; that by find-
 ing thee, I may love thee ; that by lo-
 ving thee, I may be freed from all
 my sins ; and that once being freed,

B I

I may return to them no more. O Lord my God ! grant repentance to my heart, a contrition to my spirit, a fountain of tears to mine eyes, and liberality in giving Alms to my hands. O my King ! extinguish all desires of sense, and kindle the fire of thy love in me. O thou my Redeemer, drive away the spirit of pride ; and grant me, through thy mercy, the treasure of thy humility. O thou, my Saviour ! remove from me the fury of anger, and vouchsafe me (of thy Grace) the shield of Patience. O thou my Creator ! take all rancour from me ; and through thy meekness, enrich me with a sweet, and gentle mind. Bestow on me, O most merciful Father, a solid faith, a convenient hope, and a continual charity ! O thou my Director ! remove from me, vanity and inconstancy of mind, unfettledness of body, scurrility of speech, pride of eyes, gluttony of diet, the offence of my neighbours, the wickedness of detractions, the itch of curiosity, the desire of riches, the oppression which is imposed by the mighty, the appetite of vain-glory, the



the mischief of hypocrisie, the poyson of flattery, the contempt of the necessitous and poor, the oppression of the weak, the biting of covetousness, the rust of envy, and the death of blasphemy.

Cut away from me, O thou who art my maker! all ungodly temerity, pertinacy, inquietness, idleness, sleepiness, sloth, dullness of mind, blindness of heart, stiffness of opinion, harshness of conversation, disobedience to virtue, and opposition to good advice, unbridledness of speech, oppression of the poor, violence of the rich, slander of the innocent, sharpness towards my servants, ill example towards mine acquaintance, and hard-heartedness towards my neighbours. O my God, and my mercy, I beseech thee, by thy beloved Son, grant that I may perform the works of mercy, and pity; suffering with the afflicted, advising such as err, succouring such as are miserable, supplying such as are in want, comforting such as are in sorrow, relieving the oppressed, refreshing the poor, cherishing the spirits which are wounded; forgiving those that tref-

pass against me, pardoning such as do me wrong, loving them, who hate me, rendring good for evil, despising none, but honouring all, imitating the good, taking heed of the bad, imbracing vertue, rejecting vice, having patience in adversity, and moderation in prosperity ; and, that, keeping a guard up on my mouth, and shutting the door of my lips, I may despise all earthly, and aspire to heavenly things.

CHAP. II.

The accusation of man, and the commendation and praise of the divine mercy.

BEhold, (O thou who hast framed me) how many things I have desired, while yet I deserve not so much as a few. I confess, wo is me, I confess, that not only these graces, which I have begged, are not due to me, but rather many, and most exquisite torments. Yet doth the example of the Publicans, and Harlots, and murdering thieves, give me heart ; who be-
ing

ing suddenly drawn out of the very jaws of the Enemy, have been imbraced, in the bosom of the good Shepherd. And thou, O God, the Creator of all things, though in all thy works thou be admirable, yet we believe thou art much more admirable in the works of mercy. Whereupon thou saidst, by a certain servant of thine, His mercies are over all his works. And we do confidently hope, that it was, as if thou hadst spoken it of every one of us in particular, when thou didst thus express thy self of the whole people; saying, But I will not remove mercy from it: For thou despisest no man, thou rejectest no man, thou abhorrest no man, unless perhaps it be some one, who is so mad as to abhor thee.

When therefore thou art angry, thou dost not only not strike the offenders, but even impartest blessings to them; if they give over offending.

O thou, my God! the very horn of my Salvation and my upholder, I wretched creature have offended thee; I have done wickedly in thy sight; I have deserved thy wrath; I have provoked thy

fury : I have sinned, and thou hast suffered me : I have offended, and thou yet endurest me. If I repent, thou pardonest ; if I return, thou receivest ; nay more than this, whilst I am deferring, thou expectest me. Thou dost reduce me when I err ; thou invitest me when I resist ; thou stayest for me when I am dull ; thou imbracest me when I return ; thou teachest me when I am ignorant ; thou cherishest me when I am afflicted ; thou raisest me whilst I fall ; thou restorest me when I am fallen ; thou givest me when I ask ; thou art found when I seek thee ; and thou openest when I knock.

O Lord the God of my salvation ! behold, I know not what I may allege ; I know not what to answer ; I have no refuge, nor hole to retire my self into from thee. Thou hast showed me the way of good life, and thou hast given me knowledge how to conduct my self ; thou hast threatened me with the fear of Hell, thou hast allured me with the hope of the glory of Heaven. And now, O Father of mercies ! O God of all consolation,

lation, strike through my very flesh with thy fear ; to the end, through fear, I may avoid that which thou threatnest ; and restore to me the joy of thy saving grace, that by love I may obtain the things which thou promistest.

O Lord ! my strength, and my foundation, my God, my refuge, and my deliverer, inspire me with what I ought to think of thee ; teach me with what words I should invoke thee ; impart the power of performing those works, whereby I may please thee. I know there is one thing, whereby thou art appeased, and another which thou art not wont to despise : To wit, an afflicted Soul is a Sacrifice to thee, and thou vouchsafest to accept an humble and contrite heart.

O my God, and my helper ! enrich me, I beseech thee, with these gifts ; defend me against mine Enemy by these graces ; impart this refreshing to me, against the burning heat of sensuality, and let this refuge be open to me, against the importunity of all inordinate desires. O Lord ! the strength of my Salvation, do not permit me to

be of them, who believe in thee for a season; but in the time of temptation depart from thee. Over-shadow this head of mine, in the day of battel, O thou who art my hope in the time of affliction, and my saving health in the time of tribulation. Behold, O Lord! O thou my Light, and my Salvation! I have begged those things of thee which I need: I have intimated those things which I apprehend and fear, but my Conscience fills me with remorse, the secrets of my heart reprove me, and that which love gathered together, fear scattereth; and that which zeal moves me to, distrust draws me from. My sins give me terrour, but thy pity puts me into hope; thy bounty exhorts me, though mine own malignity holds me back. And that I may confess a truth, the images, and representations of my old sins, be still obtruding themselves on my memory, and they hold me down from presuming too far.

CHAP. III.

The complaint of a man who is not heard by our Lord, through his disobedience.

FOr in fine, when a man is worthy of hate, with what face shall he desire favour? To whom punishment is due, what rash boldness is it for him to expect glory? He provoketh his Judge, who instead of giving satisfaction for his offence, pretends to be honoured with rewards. He insults upon his King, who being obnoxious to punishment, will adventure to beg a prize which is not due to him. And that foolish Son would exasperate the tender heart of his Father, who (having reproached the same Father) would presume to usurp the honour of the inheritance, before he had disposed himself to penance. What is this, O my dear Father, which I say I have done! I have deserved death, and yet I ask life. I have offended my Sovereign King, whose aid I do yet thus impudently

implore. I have despised my Judge whom thus rashly I desire to be my helper. Most insolently have I refused, so much as to hearken to my Father, whom yet I am presuming to have for my defender. Wo be unto me, how late do I come ; Wo be to me, how slack am I in making haste ; Wo be to me, who am running still, having received fresh wounds, and yet vouchsafe not when I am well, to prevent the piercing of new arrows. I have neglected to foresee the darts before they came ; but now that I behold my death at hand, I am full of trouble. I added wounds to wounds, because I feared not to add crimes to crimes. My ancient scars I have broken through with new violence, because my late iniquities have corresponded with my ancient sins ; and that which thy divine Physic had cured, and closed, the itch of my phrensie hath opened again. The skin which being drawn over my wounds, did conceal my infirmity, hath putrefied by the breaking out of filthy blood ; whilst that iniquity which I iterated, did evacuate the mercy which thou didst

didst grant. For I well know how it is written ; In what hour soever the just man shall sin, all his justice shall be forgotten. And now if the justice of the just man shall be forgotten when he falls, how much more shall the penance of a sinner be forgotten, if he return again to commit those sins ? How often, like a Dog, have I returned to my vomit, and like a Sow, have I weltered again in the mire ? I may well confess it, for it is impossible but I should remember it. How many ignorant persons have I taught the way how to sin ? How many have I perswaded, who had no mind to it ? I have compelled such as resisted ; and I have consented to such as desired. For how many have I laid a snare, who were already in the right way ? And for others who sought that way, I have digged a Pit, and to the end that I might not abhor the doing of these things, I feared not to cast them out of my mind. But thou, O just Judge, who sealest up the accounts of my sins, and who standest watching over all my ways, and hast numbered every one of my steps ; thou, I say, heldest

heldest thy peace, thou hast ever been silent, and ever patient. But woe is me, thou wilt at length cry out, like a woman who is in the torment of child-bed.

CHAP. IV.

The fear of the Judge.

O God of Gods, O Lord who art too hard for the malice, and sin of Man : I know that one day thou wilt appear ; I know that thou wilt not be always silent, when the fire shall burn in thy sight, and that strong tempest shall compass thee in round about ; when thou shalt call the Heaven and Earth, at such time as thou wilt judge thy People. And behold all my iniquities shall be discovered then, before so many thousands of Nations ; and all my grievous Crimes, not only Deeds, but even Words, and very Thoughts themselves shall be manifested to so many legions of Angels. Before so many Judges, shall I de-
 de-fo-

desolate Creature, stand, as there will be men, who have far out-stripped me in good works. By so many Reprovers shall I be confounded, as have given me examples of good life. And by so many witnesses shall I be convinced, as have taught me by good Speeches, and instructed me toward an imitation of them, by their good Examples. O my Lord, I can light upon nothing which I may say, nothing doth occur which I can answer. And now, whilst I am subject to this sharp Trial, my Conscience racks me, the secrets of my Heart torment me, Covetousness streightens me, Pride accuses me, Envy consumes me, Concupiscence inflames me, Lust importunes me, Gluttony dishonours me, Ebriety overcomes me, Detraction tears me, Ambition supplants me, Greediness disquiets me, Discord scatters me, Anger disturbs me, Mirth dissolves me, Heaviness oppresseth me, Hypocrisie deceives me, Flattery alters me, Favour exalts me, and Slander wounds me. Behold, O thou who art my Deliverer from these fierce Nations! behold who they be whom I have lived withal,
from

from the very day of my birth; whom I have observed, and to whom I have dedicated my self. Those very Employments which I loved condemn me; they which I praised, dishonoured me. These are those Friends with whom I did so carefully comply; those Masters, whose direction I followed; those Lords, whom I have served; those Counsellors whom I have believed; those Citizens, with whom I have dwelt; and those Domesticks, whom I have consented to. Wo is me, O my King, and my God, that my habitation here is so much prolonged. Wo is me! O thou light of mine Eyes, that I have dwelt amongst the Inhabitants of *Kedar*. And if holy *David* could say, that he had dwelt much with them, how much more may I, wretched Creature, say (O thou my God, and my strong Foundation) that my Soul hath dwelt too much with them; for in thy sight no man living can be justified.

My Hope is not reposed in the Sons of Men; for if thou judge them (when thy Mercy is laid aside)
whom

whom wilt thou be able to find just? And if thou prevent not the wicked man by shewing mercy, thou wilt not find any good man upon whom to bestow thy glory. For I believe (O thou that art my Salvation) that which I have been told, that it is thy Mercy which bringeth me to Penance. Those Lips of thy Mouth, more sweet than Nectar, have founded forth these words: No man can come to me, unless my Father who sent me draw him. Because therefore thou hast instructed me: because by that Instruction thou hast mercifully framed me; as now I am; I do with the most inward Marrow of my Soul, and with all possible strife of my heart invoke thee, O Omnipotent Father, with thy most beloved Son; and thee, O most sweet Son, with the most excellent Sovereign Holy Spirit, that thou wilt draw me towards thee, and that so I may run after the fragrance of thy precious Odours; and that I may do it most dearly.

C H A P. V.

The Father is invoked by the Son.

I Invoke thee, O my God! I invoke thee, because thou art present to such as call upon thee in the way of truth; for thou art Truth. Teach me, O holy Truth, by thy Mercy, how I may invoke thee, in thee, because I know not how that must be done; and therefore I do most humbly beg of thee, to be taught by thee. For to be wise without thee, is to play the fool; but to know thee is perfectly to be wise. Teach me, O divine wisdom, and instruct me in thy Law, for I believe, that he whom thou teachest, and whom thou instructest in thy Law shall be happy. I desire to invoke thee, and I beseech thee, that it may be in all Truth. What is it to call upon Truth, in truth; but to call upon the Father in his Son. Thy speech therefore, O holy Father, is Truth, and Truth is the beginning of thy words. For this is the beginning of thy words,
that

that in the beginning was the Word. In the very beginning do I adore thee, who art the prime and supreme beginning. In that very Word of Truth, do I also invoke thee, O perfect Truth, in which Word I beseech thee, who art that very Truth, that thou wilt direct, and teach me that Truth. For what is more delightful, than to invoke the Father, in the Name of his only Begotten Son; to induce the Father to mercy, by the remembrance of his Son; and to mollifie the Kings heart by the mention of his dearest Son. For thus do Prisoners use to be freed from their restraint: So are Slaves freed from their Chains; and men who are liable to the sad doom of Death, are not only absolved; but grow intitled sometimes to extraordinary favour, when they put angry Princes in mind of the love they bear to their Progeny: And when the Intercession of the Son is employed, the poor Slave is wont to avoid the punishment of his Lord.

Just

Just so, O thou Omnipotent Father, I beg of thee, by thine Omnipotent Son, that thou wilt draw my Soul out of Prison, that I may confess to thy Name. I beseech thee, by that only begotten Son of thine, who is Co-eternal with thee, that thou wilt discharge me from these fetters of my Sins; and that by the Mediation of thy most precious Issue, who is sitting at thy Right hand, thou wilt, of thy goodness, restore me to life, who for my great demerits am threatened with the sentence of Death. For I know not what other Intercessor I should be able to use towards thee, but him who is a propitiation for our sins, and who sitteth at thy Right hand pleading for us. Behold, O God the Father, him who is my Advocate with thee. Behold that Supream Bishop, who hath no need to be expiated by any others Blood, because he is resplendent by being all bathed in his own. Behold here the holy Sacrifice, which is holy, perfect, and well pleasing; and which is offered in the odour of sweetness, and so accepted. Behold the Lamb without spot, who

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is silent before the Shearer; and who being beaten upon the Face with Blows, and defiled with Spittle, and reproached with Scorn, did not yet so much as open his mouth. Behold, he who never committed sin, hath born our sins; and by his own wounds, hath cured our diseases.

CHAP. VI.

Here man representeth the Passion of the Son to the Father.

BEhold, dear Father, thy most holy Son, who hath suffered such bitter pains for me. Behold, O most Clement King, who it is that suffers, and mercifully remember for whom he suffers. Is not he, O my Lord, that Innocent person, who being thine only Son, was delivered by thee, to the end that he might redeem thy Slave? Is not he the Author of life, who yet is carried like a Sheep to the slaughter; and being made obedient to thee, did not fear to undergo a most outrageous kind of death,

death, which was most hideously grievous? Call to mind, O thou who art the dispenser of all Salvation, that this is that very He, whom although thou didst beget out of thine own substance, and strength; thou didst yet ordain to be partaker of my Infirmary. Yea, this indeed is that Deity of thine, which apparelled it self with my Nature, and that Nature ascended up to the Tree of the Cross, and endured bitter torment in the flesh, which it assumed. Send down, O Lord my God, the eyes of thy Majesty upon this work of thy unspeakable piety. Behold thy sweet Son, being stretched out from head to foot. Behold those innocent Hands, all distilling with his precious Blood, and thou being once appeased, forgive the wickedness which my hands have wrought. Consider that disarmed Side of his, which is pierced by the point of a cruel Launce; and renew me in that most sacred Spring, which I believe flowed down from thence. Cast an eye towards those Immaculate feet of his, which never stood in the way
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of sinners, but did always walk in thy Law. See how they are fastned with cruel Nails, and do thou perfect my paces in thy path-ways, and mercifully make me hate all ways of wickedness. Remove the way of Iniquity from me, and of thy goodness make me choose the way of truth. I beseech thee, O King of Saints, by this Redeemer of mine, that thou wilt make me run with speed through the way of thy Commandments, that so I may be united to him in spirit, who disdained not to be vested with my Flesh.

Dost thou not, O holy Father, observe that most dear Head of thy Son (he being yet but in the flower of his youth) is hanging down upon that Neck which is as white as Snow, and doth resolve it self into a most precious death? Behold, O thou most meek Creator, the humanity of thy beloved Son; and take pity upon the weakness of our frail Nature. That bare Breast of his is Lilly-pale; that Side is all red, and goared with Blood; those Bowels are withered, with being stretched out,

out, those sweet bright Eyes do languish; that imperial Face is all discoloured; those long and graceful Arms are grown stiff; those marble Thighs are hanging down; and those springs of that precious Blood, do bedew and bathe his transfixed Feet. Behold, O glorious Father, the torn Limbs of thy most beloved Son; and in thy mercy, remember that he carrieth my Nature about him. Behold the punishment of that Man, who is God; and release the misery of that man, who was created by him. Behold the punishment of the Redeemer, and remit and pardon his Offence who is redeemed. This is he, O my Lord, whom thou didst strike for the sins of thy people, though he be still that beloved in whom thou art so well pleased. This is that innocent person, in whom no guile was found; and yet, he was esteemed to be one of the wicked.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

*Here man acknowledgeth, that himself
by his sins, is the cause of the Pas-
sion of Christ our Lord.*

WHAT hast thou committed, O
thou most sweet Child, that
thou shouldest so be judged? What
hast thou committed, O most amiable
young Man, that thou shouldest be
treated so? What is thy wickedness?
what is thy crime? what is the
cause of thy death? what is the oc-
casion of thy condemnation? It is I,
it is I who am that wound, which
puts thee to pain, and I am the
Crime which kills thee; and I am the
man who deserved that death which
thou endurest. I am the wickedness,
whereof revenge is taken upon thee.
I am that soreness of thy Passion: I
am the labour of thy torment. O
admirable kind of Sentence! O dispo-
sition of an unspeakable Mystery!
The wicked man sins, and the Just
man is punished: The guilty person
offends, and the innocent man bears
the blows; the impious man errs,
and

and the Holy man is condemned. That which the Wicked man deserves, the Holy man endures; that which the Slave borrows, his Lord pays; that which Man commits, God undergoes. How low, O Son of God, how low did thy humility descend? how high did thy charity burn up? how far did thy piety proceed? how wide did thy benignity descend? whither did thy love aspire? and where did thy compassion arrive? For it is I who have done wickedly, and thou art punished. I, who have committed the crime, and thou art laid upon the Rack. I grew proud, and thou art humbled. I was puffed up, and thou art extenuated. I have shewed my self disobedient, and thou being obedient, dost answer for the pain due to that disobedience. I have obeyed the temptation of gluttony, and thou art half consumed for lack of meat. Distempered affection drew me on apace to unlawful Concupiscence; and perfect Charity was that which led thee on to the Cross. I presumed to do that which was forbidden, thou didst

didst undergo torments. I am delighted with meat ; thou art in labour upon the Cross. I am fed with delight ; thou art torn with nails. I tasted the sweetness of the Apple ; thou the bitterness of gall. *Eve* laughs, and congratulates my sin with me ; but *Mary* weeps and takes compassion with thee. Behold, O King of Glory, behold how my impiety, and thy piety, are made apparent by one another. Behold how my Injustice and thy Justice are made clearly manifest. What ! O my King, and my God, shall I render for all those things which thou hast bestowed on me ? For there is nothing to be found in the heart of man, which can bear any portion to thy singular benefits. Can the sharpness of mans conceit think of any thing, to which the mercy of God may be compared ? No, it is not in the power of a Creature to perform any service that can make full amends to his Creator.

But yet, O Son of God, there is somewhat in this admirable dispensation of thine, there is somewhat wherein my frailty may answer, in

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some small proportion to what I owe, if by the visitation of thy Holy Spirit, my contrite heart may crucifie my flesh, with the vices and concupiscences thereof. And when this favour is granted me by thee, I do already, as it were, begin to suffer sweetly with thee, because thou didst vouchsafe to dye for my sins.

And thus by the victory of the inward man, he is prepared through thy help toward an evident triumph; so that the spiritual persecution being overcome, he fears not to submit himself, for the love of thee, to a material Sword. And in this manner, if it be pleasing to thy mercy, the weakness of our condition will be able, according to our little strength, to correspond with the greatness of our Creator.

This, O dear Jesus, is that Celestial Medicine: this is the Antidote of thy love. I beseech thee, by those ancient Mercies of thine, infuse some such thing into my wounds, as whereby, I (casting up the contagion of vipers, which I have suckt) may be reintegrated to my former health,
and

and that upon the taste of the Nectar of thy Divine sweetness, I may be drawn to despise the enticing vanities of this world with my whole heart; and that, by thy goodness, I may not be frightened with any adversity which can happen here; but, being mindful of that nobility which is to last for ever, I may still loath the winds of this transitory world. Let nothing, I beseech thee, be delightful to me without thee. Let nothing be pleasing, nothing be precious, nothing beautiful besides thee. Let all things, I beseech thee, grow base and odious without thee. That which is contrary to thee, let it be troublefom to me, and let thy good pleasure be my eternal desire. Let it be a tedious thing to me to rejoyce without thee; and let it delight me, to be grieved for thee. Let thy very Name be a joy to my heart; and let the comfort of thy memory bring my tears, which may be the Bread I feed on day and night, whilst I seek thy Law. And let that Law be esteemed by me beyond thousands of Gold and Silver. Let it be an amiable thing

for me to obey thee, and execrable to resist thee. I beseech thee, O my hope, by all thy works of pity, that thou wilt have mercy upon my sins. make mine ears stand open to thy Commandments. And I beseech thee, by thy holy Name, let not my heart decline towards the words of malice, to the making of excuses upon excuses of my sins: And I beseech thee also, by that admirable humility of thine, that the foot of Pride may not come towards me, and that the hand of a sinner may not stir me.

CHAP. VIII.

Here man exposeth the Passion of the Son to God the Father, for the reconciliation of Man.

BEhold, O thou Omnipotent God, the Father of my Lord, dispose thou graciously, and have mercy on me. I beseech thee, I say, since whatsoever I have conceived to be best, I have devoutly offered; and whatsoever I have found to be most

most excellent, I have humbly presented to thee. I have left nothing in my self, which I have not exposed to thy Majesty. Nothing now remains for me to add, for I have fastned all my hope on thee. I have directed to thee thine own dear Son, who is mine Advocate. I have placed that glorious Off-spring of thine, as a Mediatour between thee and me. I have placed him, as I said, for an Intercessour, by whose means I hope for pardon. I have offered by these words of mine that word of thine, who, as I said before, was sent for the pardon of my sins; and I have recounted to thee the Passion of thy most Holy Son, which I believe he hath endured for me. I believe that the Deity was sent by thee, and that it took upon it self my humanity; wherein he disdained not to suffer blows, fetters, spittings, and scorns; yea, even the Cross, Nails, and Launce.

His Humanity was entertained with the cries of Infancy; it was bound in by the Swathing-cloaths of that tender Age; it was vexed by

the labour and sweat of his youth ; it was extenuated also by fasting , afflicted by watching , and wearied out by travelling . It was afterwards loaden with stripes , and torn in sunder with other torments . It was ranked amongst the dead , and when once it was endued with the glory of Resurrection , he introduced it into the Joys of Heaven . This is that which must appease thee , and this must propitiate for me .

Observe therefore here , O God , with mercy , what Son thou hast begotten , and what Slave thou hast redeemed . Observe who is the Maker , and despise not the thing which he hath made . Imbrace thou the Shepherd with joy , and with mercy look upon that Sheep which he hath brought home upon his own shoulders . This is that most faithful Shepherd , who with many and great labours hath sought this poor Sheep , which so long was erring up and down by those abrupt and rocky Hills , and by those Precipices , which overlook those Vallies . And who when it was even dying , through
the

the faintness to which it was grown by that tedious Error and Exile ; yet as soon as he could meet with it, he did with joy put himself underneath it ; and with an admirable exercise and strife of charity, he raised it out of that profound Pit of Confusion ; and having imprisoned it in his own bosom by dear embraces, he brought that one which he had lost to the Ninety nine which remained.

Behold , O Lord my King , and my God Omnipotent ! Behold how the good Pastor brings thee that which thou hast committed to his charge. He undertook the salvation of Man by thy direction , and he restores him to thee free from all infection. Behold, how thy most dear Son reconciles thy Creature to thee, which had wandred from thee so far. Behold how that meek Pastor of mine brings back to thy Flock, that which the violent Thief had driven away. He restoreth that slave to thy sight , whom his own Conscience had made a fugitive ; that he, who of himself deserved punishment,

ment, by means of him may obtain pardon; and that he to whom Hell was due for his sins, by the means of so great a Captain, may confide, that he shall be re-called to his Country. I was well able, O Holy Father, to offend thee of my self; but of my self I was not able to appease thee. Thy beloved Son, O my God, is become my helper, participating of my humanity, that he might cure my infirmity; that so from whence the cause of mine offence was grown, from thence he might offer the Sacrifice of praise to thee, and might thereby make me acceptable to thy mercy; since he sheweth himself, sitting at thy Right hand as a comfort of my substance, and nature. Behold, this is my hope, this is all the confidence I have. If thou despise me, as thou hast reason for my sin, yet look back upon me at least with mercy, for the love of thy beloved Son. Consider that in thy Son, whereby thou maist take pity upon the slave.

Behold the mystery of his Incarnation, and pardon the sensuality of my

my conversation. As often as thou beholdest the wounds of thy blessed Son, I beseech thee, let my wickedness shrink out of thy sight. As often as thy precious Blood looks red from that holy side, I beseech thee, that the spots of my corruption may be washed away. And as flesh provoked thee to wrath, so let flesh, I beseech thee, incline thee to mercy. And in fine, as flesh seduced us to sin, so let flesh bring us back to pardon. It is much that my impiety deserveth; but yet it is much more which the piety of my Redeemer doth justly exact. My injustice is great, I confess it; but far greater is the Justice of my Redeemer. For, as much as God is Superiour to man, so much is my malice inferior to his goodness, both in quantity and quality.

For in what hath man sinned, wherein the Son of God, being made Man, hath not redeemed him? What pride was able to swell so high, as that so great humility would not be able to beat it down? What dominion of death could be so absolute,

which the torment of the Cross, endured by the Son of God, will not destroy. Infallibly, O my God, if the faults of a sinful man, and the grace of him who redeemed them, be put into an equal Ballance, the East will not be found so far distant from the West; nay, the lowest part of Hell will not be found so far distant from the highest pitch of Heaven, as they two will be.

Now therefore, O thou most excellent Creator of Light, pardon my faults through the immense labours of thy beloved Son. Let now, I beseech thee, his piety propitiate for my impiety; his modesty for my perversity; his meekness for my rudeness; his humility for my pride; his patience for my impatience; his benignity for my harshness; his obedience for my disobedience; his tranquillity for my unquietness; his sweetness for my bitterness; his mildness for my anger; and let his charity over-work my cruelty.

C H A P. IX.

Of the invocation of the Holy Ghost.

O Love of that Divine power, the Holy communication of the Omnipotent Father, and of the most blessed Son, O thou Omnipotent Holy Ghost, the most sweet Comforter of the afflicted; slip thou down even very now, by thy puissant vertue, into the most secret corners of my heart, and by the splendor of thy clear light, illuminate (O thou dear dweller in our Souls) these dark retreats of our neglected habitations; and by thy visitation, and by the abundance of thy dew from Heaven make my Soul grow fruitful, which by reason of so long a drought is all deformed and decayed. Wound thou the most retired parts of this inward man with the darts of thy Love; and inflame and pierce the very marrow of my dull heart with those healthful Fires of thine. And by the flame of thy holy fervour, illuminate thou and feed the very interior both of my whole body and mind.
Give

Give me once to drink of the torrent of thy Delights, that now I may no more have a mind so much as even to taste of the pestiferous sweetness of worldly things. Judge me, O Lord, and discern my cause from all wicked people, and teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God. I believe therefore, that whomsoever thou dost inhabit, thou dost build up a dwelling place in him both for the Father and the Son. Blessed is he who shall arrive to entertain thee; because by thee both the Father and the Son will remain with him. Come, come even now, O thou most benign Comforter of all woful Souls. Thou, who protectest them, when they have most need, and art their helper in tribulation. Come, O thou cleanser of sins, and curer of wounds. Come, O thou strength of the weak, O thou who stayest such as are falling. Come O thou teacher of the humble, and destroyer of the proud. Come, O dear Father of Orphans, and favourable Judge of widows. Come, thou hope of the poor, and thou cherisher of such.

such as faint. Come, thou propitious Star of such as Sail, and thou Haven, against the danger of Shipwrack. Come, O thou excellent Ornament of such as live ; and the only help of such as dye. Come, O most holy Spirit: Come, and have mercy on me ; make me fit for thy self, and condescend to me with pity, that my meanness may grow pleasing to thy greatness, and my weakness to thy strength. According to the multitude of thy mercies, through Jesus Christ my Saviour, who with the Father doth live and reign in thy unity, for ever, and ever. *Amen.*

CHAP. X.

*The Prayer of the Servant of God
conceiving humbly of himself.*

I Know, O Lord, I know, and I confess that I am not worthy that thou shouldst love me ; but yet at least it is certain, that thou art not unworthy to be beloved by me. It is true that I am unworthy to serve thee ; but it is also true, that thou art not unworthy to,

to be served by thy Creatures. Give me therefore somewhat, O Lord, of that which maketh thee so worthy, and so I shall grow worthy, who am unworthy. Make me cease from sin, by what means thou wilt ; to the end that I may serve thee as I ought. Grant that I may so address, and order, and end my life, that I may sleep in peace, and repose in thee. Grant that in the end, the sleep of death may receive me with rest ; rest with security, and security with eternity. *Amen.*

CHAP XI.

A Prayer to the blessed Trinity.

WE confess to thee, with our whole heart, and with our mouth, we praise and bless thee, O God the Father, who art unbegotten ; and thee, O God the Son, who art the only begotten ; and thee, O God the Holy Ghost, who art the Paraclete. To thee, O holy, and individual Trinity, be glory for all Eternities. *Amen.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

*A Confession of the Omnipotency, and
Majesty of God.*

O Supreme Trinity, O thou sole power, and undivided Majesty; O God of ours, O Omnipotent God, I confess to thee, who art the unworthiest of thy Servants, and the weakest of thy Members. I confess to thee in thy Church, and I give thee honour, by offering thee a due Sacrifice of praise, according to that little power, and skill, which thou hast vouchsafed to afford me thy miserable Creature. And because I have no external Presents, which I can make to thee, therefore these desires, and vows of service and praise, which by the gift of thy mercy are in me, behold how with an unfeigned Faith, and with a pure Conscience, I offer them to thee, not only with a good will, but with a heart which is full of Triumph and Joy. I believe therefore with my whole heart, and I confess with my mouth, O thou King of Heaven, and Lord of Earth,
that

that thou the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, art in Persons three, and in Substance one, and that thou art God Omnipotent, of one simple, incorporeal, invisible, and uncircumscribed Nature. That there is nothing either above thee, or below thee, or greater than thou ; but that thou art sublimely and absolutely perfect, without the least deformity. Great, without quantity, good without quality, Eternal, yet wholly without Time. That thou hast Life without Death ; that thou art strong without any weakness ; true without falsehood ; every where present, without being situated any where ; filling all things, yet without any extension ; occurring every where, yet without any crossing, or contradiction. Transcending all things, without Motion ; remaining in all things without Station ; creating all things, without losing, or wanting any thing, and ruling all things without labour.

Giving a beginning to all things, thy self having no beginning ; making all things changeable, and being yet unchangeable in thy self ; being Infinite.

finite in thy Greatness, Omnipotent in thy Power, Sovereign in thy Goodness, Inestimable in thy Wisdom, Terrible in thy Decrees, Just in thy Judgments, Secret in thy Thoughts, True in thy Words, Holy in thy Works, and Plentiful in thy Mercies. Towards Sinners thou art most Patient ; towards Penitents thou art most Pitiful. Thou art ever the same, Eternal, Semipiternal, Immortal, and Unchangeable God, whom neither space can dilate, nor littleness of place can straiten, nor any receptacle can keep in, or constrain, nor the will vary, nor partiality corrupt ; neither do sad things afflict thee, nor joyful things transport thee. From whom neither forgetfulness takes any thing, neither doth memory restore any thing ; neither do things past pass away ; nor future things succeed : To whom neither the first gave beginning ; nor the continuance of time increase ; nor shall any accident give it any end. But thou livest for all Eternity, both before, and in, and through all Ages. And let Immortal Praise, and Eternal Glory, and Sovereign Power, and Supreme

preme Honour, and a Kingdom, and Empire for all Eternity, remain with thee, through those Infinite, Unwearied and Immortal Ages of Ages. *Amen.*

CHAP. XIII.

How God the Father vouchsafed to help Mankind, and of the Incarnation of the Word.

Hitherto, O Omnipotent God, the beholder and searcher of my heart, I have confessed the Omnipotency of thy Majesty, and the Majesty of thy Omnipotency. But now, as I believe with the heart to Justice, so will I confess before thee, with the mouth to Salvation, in what sort thou hast been pleased, at the end of many Ages to relieve the misery of Mankind. Thou, O God, and our only Father, wert never to be sent any whither. But of the Son, the Apostle writeth thus, When the fulness of time was come, God sent his Son. When he saith sent, he doth sufficiently show, that then he came sent into this World,
when

when being born of the ever B. Virgin Mary, he became, and appeared, true and perfect Man, in flesh. But what is that, which that chief of all the Evangelists saith: He was in the World, and the World was made by him. He was sent thither in his Humanity, who was ever, and is there by his Divinity. Now, that this Mission is the work of the whole blessed Trinity, I confess with my whole heart and mouth.

But how then didst thou love us, O thou holy and good Father? How much didst thou love us, O most dear Creator; who didst not even spare thine own Son, but didst deliver him up for us wretched Creatures: He was subject to thee, even unto the death, and that, the death of the Cross, taking the hand-writing of our sins, and nailing it to the same Cross. He crucified also sin it self, and killed death: He, who only is free amongst the dead; having power both to lay down his life for us, and afterward to take it up again. Hence was he both the Conqueror and Sacrifice. And therefore the Conqueror because the Sacrifice for us. To thee he was the Priest,

Priest, and the Sacrifice ; and therefore the Priest, because the Sacrifice. Most justly have I a strong hope in him, that thou for his sake, who sitteth at thy right hand, and is continually interceeding for us, wilt cure all our languishing Diseases. For my infirmities, O Lord, are great and many ; great they are and many.

The Prince of this World hath much to say against me, I know, and confess it, yet deliver me, I beseech thee, by that Redeemer of mine, who sitteth at thy right hand, in whom he was able to find none of his malice. By him, I beseech thee, to justify me ; by him, who committed no sin, nor was there any guile found in his mouth. I beseech thee by that Head of ours, in whom there is no one little spot, deliver this Member, which yet is his, how weak and poor soever it be. Deliver me, I beseech thee, from my sins, my vices, my faults, and my negligence. Fill me with thy holy Vertues, and make me of most innocent Conversation. And grant, for thy holy names sake, that I may continue even to the very end, in those good works,

works, which thou commandest, according to thy holy will.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the confidence which a Soul ought to have in our Lord Jesus, and in his Passion.

I Could easily have despaired, through the excess of my grievous sins, and of my infinite negligences, if thy word, O God, had not become flesh, and had not dwelt amongst us. But now I dare not despair, because when we were Enemies we were reconciled by the death of thy Son, and how much more now, we being already reconciled, shall we be saved by him? for all the hope, and stay of all my confidence, doth consist in that precious blood of his, which was shed for us, and for our salvation. In him do I take breath; and hoping firmly in him, I earnestly desire to come to thee; not having any justice of mine own, but that which is in thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.

We

We do therefore thank thee, O most clement, and benigne lover of mankind ; who, when we were not, didst powerfully create us, by Jesus Christ thy Son our Lord. And when we were lost by our own fault, thou didst admirably deliver, and recover us. I give thanks to thy mercy ; many thanks do I give thee with the whole affection of my heart ; who (through that unspeakable charity, wherewith thou didst vouchsafe, with strange goodness, to love us miserable, and unworthy Creatures) didst send thine only begotten Son, from thine own bosom, for our common good ; so to save us sinners, who were then the Sons of wrath. I give thee thanks for his holy Incarnation, and Nativity, and for his glorious Mother, of whom he vouchsafed to assume flesh for us, and our Salvation ; that as he was true God of God, so he might also be true Man of Man. I thank thee for his Cross and Passion, for his Death and Resurrection ; for his Ascension into Heaven, and for his Seat of Majesty at thy right hand. For upon the fortieth day after his Resurrection,

rection, ascending above all the Heavens (whilst his Disciples were looking on) and being seated at thy right hand, he did according to his promise, pour forth the Holy Ghost upon the Children of Adoption.

I thank thee for that most Sacred effusion of his most precious Blood, whereby we are redeemed; and withal, for that Sacred, and Holy, and quickning Mystery of his Body and Blood, which daily we eat and drink in the Church, and whereby we are washed and sanctified, and made partakers of that one Supreme Divinity. I thank thee for this admirable, and unspeakable charity of thine, whereby thou hast so loved, and saved us, unworthy Creatures, by that only, and beloved Son of thine. For thou didst so love the world, as to give thy only begotten Son, that every one who believed in him might not perish, but have eternal life. And this is eternal life, that we may know thee our true God, and him whom thou hast sent, Jesus Christ, by right Faith, and by Works which are worthy and suitable to that Faith.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Of the immense Charity of the Eternal Father towards mankind.

O Immense Piety, O inestimable Charity ; that thou might free thy slave , thou hast delivered up thy Son ; God is made man, to the end that wretched man might be drawn out of the power of the Devil. How unspeakably a benigne lover of man, is thy Son our God, to whose bowels of mercy, it seemed not sufficient, that he should diminish himself, so much as to be made man of the true Virgin *Mary* ; unless withal, he had ungergone the torment of the Cross, shedding so his Blood for us, and for our Salvation. Our merciful God came down ; he came through his own pity, and goodness, ; he came to seek, and save that which was lost. He sought his lost Sheep, he sought and found it, and he brought it home upon his own shoulders into his fold. Being a merciful Lord, and extreamly dear Pastor. O Charity ! O Piety !

ty! who ever heard of such things as these? Who is he that upon the disclosing of these bowels of mercy, will not be amazed? Who will not wonder? who will not rejoyce, for that excessive Charity of thine, wherewith thou lovedst us? Thou didst send thy Son in the likeness of the flesh of sin, that by sin he might condemn sin, and that we might be made thy Justice in him. For he is the true unspotted Lamb, who hath taken away the sins of the World; who hath destroyed our death by Dying, and restored our life by his Resurrection. But what can we return to thee, O our God, for the benefits of thy mercy, which are so great? What praises, and what thanks can we give? For although we did possess that knowledge and power which the Angels have, yet should we be unable to make return of any thing which might be worthy of thy mercy and goodness. If all the parts of our Body were converted into Tongues, this meanness of ours would never yet be able to answer thee with due praise. For that in-

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estimable

estimable Charity, which thou hast been pleased to shew to us unworthy Creatures, through thine only pity and goodness, doth far transcend all our knowledge. For thy Son our God did not assume the Angelical nature, but the Seed of *Abraham*, being made like to us in all things, except sin. And so our Lord, taking the Nature, not of Angels, but of men upon him, and glorifying it with the Stole of holy Resurrection, and Immortality; He exalted us above all the Heavens, above all the Quires of Angels, and above Cherubin and Seraphin, placing it at thy right hand. And this Nature do the Angels praise, and the Dominations adore; and all the Vertues of Heaven tremble to behold above them all, God-Man.

This is all my hope, and all my confidence. For there is in Jesus Christ, our Lord himself, a portion of the flesh and blood of every of us. Where then any part of me reigns, there I am confident I also reign. Where my flesh is glorified, there

there do I conceive my self to be glorious. Where my Blood doth bear Dominion, there do I find my self to rule. Though I be a sinner, yet I cannot diffide not to participate in this Grace. Though my sins keep me back, yet my substance calls me on. Though my offences shut me out, yet my communion of Nature with him, rejects me not. For God is not so cruel, that he can forget man, and not remember the thing which he bears about himself; and which, for my sake, he took upon Him, and which for my sake he fought. No, our Lord God is full of meekness, and benignity; and he loves his flesh, his body, and his bowels, in the same God, and Lord Jesus Christ, who is most sweet, most benign and most clement; in whose person we are already risen, and are ascended into Heaven, and are already seated in those heavenly habitations. Our own flesh loveth us, and we have the prerogative of our blood in him. We are his members and his flesh; and he in fine, is our head; and of these parts, the whole Body is

made, as it is written: Bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh, and they shall be two in one flesh. And again, No man did ever hate his own flesh, but he cherisheth and loveth it. This is a great mystery, I say, in Christ, and in his Church, saith the Apostle.

C H A P. XVI.

Of the twofold Nature of Christ our Lord, who pitieth and prayeth for us.

I Give thee thanks, O Lord our God, with my lips, and with my heart, and with the whole power I have, for thy infinite goodness; and for all those mercies by which thou didst vouchsafe, to succour us poor Creatures after an admirable manner, by thy Son our Saviour, and Redeemer, who died for our sins, and rose for our justification, and now living in eternity, doth sit at thy right hand, and intercedeth for us. And together with thee,

thee, he taketh pity of us, because he is God, of thee, his Father, co-eternal, and consubstantial with thee in all things, whereby he may for ever save us. But forasmuch as he is man, in those respects wherein he is less than thou, all power is given him, both in Heaven and in Earth, that at the Name of J E S U S every knee may bow, celestial, terrestrial, and infernal; and every tongue may confess, that our Lord Jesus Christ is in thy glory, Omnipotent God the Father. He indeed is appointed by thee, to be the Judge of the quick and the dead, but thou judgest no man, but thou hast given all Judgment to thy Son, in whose breast all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are laid up, and hid. But he is both the Witness, and the Judge. A Judge and Witness he is, from whom no sinful Conscience can fly; for all things lye open and naked to his eyes. That very he, who was judged unjustly, shall judge the whole World in equity, and the People in Justice.

I do therefore bless thy holy Name for all eternity, and I glorifie thee, with my whole heart; O merciful and Omnipotent Lord, for that admirable and unspeakable conjunction of thy Divinity and Humanity, in the unity of one person; not that God might be one, and Man another, but that one and the same should be God and Man, Man and God. But although, The Word was made flesh, by a strange graciousness and mercy, yet neither of those two Natures is changed into another substance. There is no fourth person added to the mystery of the Trinity; for the substance of the Word, of God and Man, was united, and not confounded, that so that might be assumed to God which he had taken from us, and yet that, which had been before, might still continue the same it was.

O wonderful Mystery: O unspeakable kind of Commerce: O admirable, and for ever to be beloved benignity of the divine Mercy. We were not worthy to be Servants, and yet

yet behold, we are made the Sons of God. Nay, we are the heirs of God, and co-heirs with Christ. Whence came this to us, and who brought us to this? But I beseech thee, O thou most merciful God the Father, by this inestimable goodness and piety, and charity of thine, make us worthy of the many and great Promises of thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, employ thy strength, and confirm that in us which thou hast wrought. Perfect that which thou hast begun, that we may deserve to attain to the fulness of thy mercy. Enable us by thy Holy Spirit, to understand, deserve and reverence with due honour, this great Mystery of Piety, which is manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, hath appeared to Angels, is preached to Gentiles, is believed in the world, and is assumed to glory.

C H A P. XVII.

*Of the Thanks which a man owes to
God, for the benefit of Redempti-
on.*

O How deeply are we thy Deb-
tors, O Lord our God, being
redeemed by so high a price: be-
ing saved by so rich a gift: being
assisted by so glorious a benefit?
How much art thou to be feared,
loved, blessed, praised, honoured and
glorified by us miserable Creatures,
whom thou hast so loved, saved, san-
ctified, and exalted? For to thee do
we owe all our power, all our Be-
ing, and all our knowledge. And
who hath any thing which is not
thine? Thou art our Lord, and
our God, from whom all things
proceed. For thy self, and for thy ho-
ly Name, give us some part of thy
heavenly riches, that by means of
those blessings and gifts of thine, we
may serve and please thee in truth,
and that by way of return we may
daily render thee all due praise, for
so

so many benefits of thy mercy. Nor can we serve thee, or praise thee by any other means, than by thy own gift. For every good Grace, and every perfect gift is from above, descending from thee the Father of Lights, with whom there is no change, nor so much as any shadow of mutability.

O Lord our God! dear God, good God; Omnipotent God, unspeakable God, whose Nature cannot be circumscribed: God, the ordainer of all things, and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who didst send the same beloved Son of thine, our most sweet Lord, out of thy bosom, for our universal profit, to take our life upon him, that he might bestow his life upon us, and that he might be perfect God, of thee the Father, and perfect Man of his Mother, all God and all Man, and one, and the same Christ, eternal and temporal, immortal and mortal: Creator and Creature; strong and weak; triumphant, and yet overcome; the Nurse, and the Creature which is nourished; the Pastor, and the Sheep: He that

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died.

died for a time, and died in time,
and yet is living for all eternity.
He promising to such as loved him,
that they should be provided for, said
thus to his Disciples : Whatsoever
you shall ask the Father in my
Name, he will give it to you. By
this Supream Sacrifice, and true Priest,
and good Pastor, who offered him-
self in Sacrifice to thee, laying down
his life for his Flock; by him I be-
seech thee, who sitteth at thy right
hand, and intercedeth for us, being
our Redeemer and Advocate before
thy pity and goodness. I beseech thee,
I say, O God, the most dear and
benign lover of Mankind, that thou
wilt give me Grace, with the same
Son of thine, and the Holy Ghost,
to praise and glorifie thee in all
things with great contrition of heart,
and a fountain of tears, with much
reverence and trembling, because
theirs whose the substance is, theirs
also are all the accessaries thereof.
But because the Body, which is cor-
rupted, doth depress the Soul, I be-
seech thee to rouse up my dulness by
thy vertue, and make me persevere with
strength

strength in thy Commandments, and praises day and night. Grant, that my heart may wax warm within me, and that, whilst I am in meditation, the fire may burn. And because thy only Son himself did say: No man cometh to me, unless the Father who sent me draw him, and no man cometh to the Father, but by me. I beseech, and humbly pray thee, be thou ever drawing me to him, that at last he may bring me thither to thee, where he is sitting at thy right hand. Where there is an eternal life eternally happy, where there is perfect love, and no fear; where there is an everlasting day, and one spirit of them all; where there is certain and supream security, and secure tranquillity, and serene alacrity, and sweet felicity, and happy eternity, and eternal beatitude, and a blessed praise and vision of thee, which never ends. Where thou with him, and he with thee, and both in the Communion of the same Holy Ghost, do sempiternally live, and being God, dost reign forever and ever. *Amen.*

C H A P. XVIII.

A Prayer to Christ our Lord.

O Christ! my God, my hope,
 Sweet lover of Mankind:
 Light, life, way, health,
 And beauty most refin'd.
 Behold those things which thou
 Didst suffer, us to save;
 The Chains, the Wounds, the Cross,
 The bitter Death, the Grave.
 Rising within three days,
 From conquering Death and Hell;
 By thy Disciples seen,
 Reforming minds so well.
 Upon the fortieth day,
 Climbing the Heavens so high;
 Thou livest now, and thou
 Shalt reign eternally.

THou art my living and true
 God, my holy Father, my dear
 Lord, my great King, my good
 Shepherd, my only Instructor, my
 best helper, my most beautiful
 lover, my living Bread, my eter-
 nal Priest, my guide into my coun-
 try,

try, my true light, my holy sweetness, my right way, my excellent wisdom, my pure simplicity, my peaceable concord, my safe custody, my good portion, my everlasting Salvation, my great Mercy, my invincible Patience, my immaculate Sacrifice, my holy Redemption, my firm Hope, my perfect Charity, my true Resurrection, my eternal Life, my excessive Joy, and most blessed Vision, which is for ever to remain. I pray thee, I beg of thee, I beseech thee, that I may walk by thee, pass on by thee, and repose in thee, who art the way, the truth, and the life, without whom no man cometh to the Father. For thou art he, whom I desire, O thou most sweet and most beautiful Lord, O thou splendor of thy Fathers Glory, who sittest above the Cherubins, and beholdest from thence the most profound Abysses, which are below; thou light, which declareth truth; illuminating light: Light which never leaves to shine, whom the Angels desire to behold. Lo, my heart is before thee; disperse the dark-

darkness thereof, that by the clearness of thy love, it may be yet more fully stricken and beaten through with light.

Give thy self to me, O my God, restore thy self to me. Behold I love thee, and if it be too little, make me love thee more. I cannot measure out, to know how much of my love is wanting to thee of that which ought to make it up enough. Let my life run on towards thine embracements, and let it never look aside, till it be all hidden up in the hidden joy of seeing thy face. In the mean time this I know, that it goes ill with thee, when I want thee; O Lord. And not only is it ill with me, in respect of the things which are without me, but in respect of them also which are within me. For whatsoever plenty there may be in the world, which is not my God, is not better to me, than meer beggary. For it is thou alone who canst not be changed, either into better or worse; thou, who indeed, and simply, art alone; thou to whom it is not one thing to live, and another thing

thing to live happily, because thou art thine own Beatitude. But thy Creature, to whom it is one thing to live, and another thing to live happily, must not attribute either happy life, yea, or so much as life, to any other thing, than thy Grace. Therefore is it that we stand in need of thee, and I not thou of us. For although we had no being at all, yet there would be nothing wanting to thee, of that compleat good which thou art.

It is necessary therefore, that we adhere still to thee, O Lord; that by thy continual assistance, we may be able to live holily, and uprightly. For we are drawn down fast enough, by the weight of our frailty; but by thy gift we are kindled, and carried upward, and we are inflamed, and we fly on, whither we are going, which is towards the peace of *Jerusalem*. For I have rejoyced in those things which have been said to me, Let us go into the House of our Lord. There hath a rectified and good will placed us; and so, as that we can desire no more, but that we may remain there for ever.

But

But because whilst we are in this body, we wander as Pilgrims from thee, therefore we have not here any permanent City, but we expect another which is to come, for our habitation is in Heaven. And therefore, by the conduct of thy Grace, do thou go into the most retired corner of my Heart, and I sing love Songs to thee, O my King, and my God; groaning out certain groans, which indeed cannot be described; in this place of my Pilgrimage, where thy Law is the Song in which I delight my self. And calling *Jerusalem* to mind, I extend, and stretch the whole power of my Heart towards it: *Jerusalem*, which is my Country; *Jerusalem*, which is my Mother. And towards thee also who art the Ruler, the Illuminator, the Father, the Tutor, the Defender, the Pastor, the chaste and strong delight thereof, the solid Joy, and all unspeakable good things; yea, all of them together, because thou art the only supremum and true good. Nor will I be drawn aside from this exercise, till thou, O my God, and

my mercy, shalt draw together all that which I am, from this dispersion and deformity wherein I find my self; and till thou shalt conform me to thy self, and confirm me therein for all eternity, in the communion of that most dear Mother of mine, whither the flower and first-fruits of my spirit are already gone before.

C H A P. XIX.

He distinguisheth between that wisdom which is called the House of God, and that other wisdom which is supremely Divine.

THIS is that House of thine, O God, no earthly House, nor yet built of any corporeal thing in Heaven; but I mean that spiritual House, which is partaker of thine Eternity, because it is for ever to remain without spot: For thou hast appointed, that it should remain for ever, and for ever thou hast imposed a Precept, and it shall not pass away.

Yet

Yet that Creature, O God, is not eternal, as thou art eternal: because it was not without beginning; for it was made. Of all the Creatures, this Wisdom is that which was created first, I mean not that Wisdom which was absolutely co-eternal, and co-equal with God the Father, whereby all things were created, and in which Beginning, Heaven and Earth was made: but I mean the Wisdom which is created; namely, that spiritual Nature, which by the contemplation of thy light, is light; for even this, although it be created, is called Wisdom. But as much difference as there is between the light which doth illuminate, and that which groweth to be light by being illuminated; so much difference also there is between thee, who art the supream Wisdom, creating all things, and this other which is created, as also there is between that Justice which justifieth, which is thy self, O our God, and that Justice which is produced in us by our being justified. For we also are called the Justice of God the Father, in thee, who

who art his Son, our Lord, by the testimony of the Apostle. Though therefore the first of all the Creatures was a kind of Wisdom (which was made to be a rational and intellectual Mind, inhabiting thy holy City, our Mother which is above, and which is fitter, and eternal in the Heavens) and what Heavens, but those Heavens of the Heavens, which praise thee; because this is that whereof it is said, The Heavens of the Heavens to our Lord; and although we find no Time before that Creature, because it was before the creation of Time, as being the first of all the Creatures; yet nevertheless thou art before it. O Eternal God, the Creator of all things, from whom, as soon as it was made, it took a beginning, though not indeed of Time, because Time was not then created; but yet a beginning of that nature, which it was come to have. It came therefore so from thee: O Lord our God, as that it is clearly another thing than thou art. For although I find no Time neither before it, nor in it; it is yet nevertheless
fit

fit to behold thy face ; neither is it ever diverted from thence : Hence it comes, that it is not subject to any change. Yet a kind of mutability is still in it , whereby it would grow all dark and cold , unless by adhering to thee with an excessive love, it did (like a Sun which were ever bright as Noon-day) both shine , and boil up with heat towards thee.

In fine , That Creature doth so adhere to thee, our true God, who art truly Eternal, that although it be not Co-eternal to thee , yet nevertheless it is not discharged , nor distracted from thee , into any variety or vicissitude of Time : But it reposeth in the most true contemplation of thee alone. For to such an one , O Lord, as loves thee , as much as thou commandest , thou dost clearly discover thy self , and it sufficeth him. And from hence it comes , that the Angels do never decline , either from thee, or from themselves ; but perpetually they remain in the same state, incessantly beholding thee , and incessantly loving thee , who art the true Light, and the chaste Love. O
how

how blessed and sublime is this Creature of Creatures, most happy in eternally adhering to thy Beatitude; happy, and excessively happy, in having thee to inhabit, and to illuminate it, and that for ever. Nor can I find what I may more fitly call this Heaven of Heavens to our Lord, than that House of thine, which is contemplating thy delight, without any defect at all, and without the least inclination to depart from that to any other; that pure mind, most intirely one, that establishment of those blessed Spirits in the foundation of Peace, in those Heavens above, which are yet above these Heavens which we see.

Hereby, my Soul (whose Pilgrimage is so far off from thee) may understand, if now it thirst after thee; if now her Tears are not made her Bread; if now she desire that one thing, and beg it again and again, that she may inhabit thy House all the days of her life. And what is the life of that House, but thou thy self; and what are the days thereof, but thy Eternity, as thy years are,
which

which never fail. Let therefore the Soul understand here, as well as it can, how sublimely thou art Eternal before all times, since that House of thine, which never wandred from thee (although it be not Co-eternal with thee, yet by reason that it adhereth to thee, without any failing, or ever fainting) undergoeth no variety of time: but sticking up thee, her immutability, with a perpetual and persevering purity of mind, she doth at no time, and in no place depart from thee, to whom she cleaves with unseparable love, and to whom thou art ever present. And for having no future which it may expect, nor any transitory thing passing by which it may remember; it is not varied to and fro by turns, nor extended into future times.

CHAP XX.

Here man prayeth, that the said Spiritual House of God, may pray for him

O Thou bright and beautiful House of God, I have loved thy

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Comeliness, and the place of the Habitation of the Glory of my Lord God, who did both build thee, and doth possess thee. Let this Pilgrimage of mine, send Sighs to thee, Day and Night, let my Heart pant towards thee; let my Mind think on thee; and let my Soul desire to attain to the Society of thy Beatitude. I say to him, who made thee; that he would possess me in thee, for it is he who made both thee and me. Or rather do thou desire and beseech of him, that he will make me worthy of the Participation of thy Glory. For I do not challenge thy holy Society, nor thy admirable Beauty, by any Merit of mine; but I despair not to obtain it, by the Blood of him who redeemed me. Only let thy Merits help me, let thy most Holy and most pure Prayers, which cannot but be effectual with Almighty God, succour my Sinfulness.

I confess that I have wandred like a lost Sheep, and my Habitation here is prolonged, and I am cast far off from the Face of my Lord God, into this blindness of Banishment, where

where, being driven from the joys of Paradise, I am daily lamenting with my self, the miseries of my Captivity ; and I sing a mournful Song, and I make huge Lamentations, when I remember thee, O *Jerusalem*, who art my Mother : and whilst I find my Feet standing in thy outward Courts, O thou fair and holy *Sion* , but am not able so much as to look into those Interior parts of that Temple. But yet I hope that I shall once be brought into thee, upon his Shoulders, who is my Pastor, and who was thy Builder, that I may triumph with thee , in that unspeakable Joy , wherewith they rejoyce, who stand with thee before God our Saviour himself , who discharged our Enmities in his Flesh, and who pacified all things which are both in Heaven, and in Earth, by his Blood. For he is our Peace, who made both to become one ; and who joined in himself, those two walls which went by contrary ways. Ordaining thy permanent Felicity, and promising that he would give himself to us, according to the

the

to the same measure, saying: And they shall be equal to the Angels of God in Heaven. O *Jerusalem*, thou eternal House of God, be thou (after the Charity of Christ our Lord) my joy and my comfort; and let the sweet memory of thy Blessed Name, be a solace to my sorrows and heaviness of heart.

C H A P. XXI.

How full of bitterness this life of ours is.

O Lord, I am extreamly weary of this life, and of this woful pilgrimage. This life, this miserable life, frail life, uncertain life, laborious life, unclean life. Life, which is the Lady of wicked men, the Queen of proud men, full of miseries and errors, which deserves not to be called a life, but a death, since we are dying in every moment, by divers kinds of death, through the several miseries and changes which we are subject to. Doth therefore this, which we live in this World, deserve to be
E called

called life ; when humors make us swell, and grief extenuates, and unnatural heat dries up, and impressions of the air infect. Meat maketh fat, fasting maketh lean, mirth makes dissolute, sorrows consume, care straitneth, security makes dull. Riches puff us up, poverty casts us down, youth extols us, and Old-age makes us stoop; sickness breaks, and sorrow oppresses us. And to all these miseries, furious Death succeeds, and at a clap doth so impose an end upon this miserable life, that as soon as it hath left to be, it is scarce believed that ever it was.

This vital Death, and this mortal Life, although it be all sprinkled with these, and many other bitter miseries : Alas, alas ! it doth yet take very many by the inticing pleasures thereof, and it deceives them by the false promises which it makes. And although of it self it be so very biting and so bitter, as that it cannot be concealed from her blind lovers; yet are there a infinite number of Fools in the world, whom she entertains and inebriates with the golden Chalice which she hath in her hand. Happy are they (but they are too few) who
refuse

refuse her familiarity, who despise her slight entertainments, and joys; and who forsake all society with her, lest they be forced to perish together, with her who deceived them.

C H A P. XXII.

Of the felicity of that life, which our Lord hath prepared for them that love him.

O Thou Life, which our Lord hath prepared for them who love him. O thou vital life, happy life, quiet life, secure life, beautiful life, pure life, chaste life, holy life; life which knows not what belongs to death, which knows not what belongs to sorrow; life without spot, without grief, without anxiety, without any perturbation, without corruption, without variety and mutation; life top-full of all excellency and dignity; where there is no Adversary to impugn us, no enticing bait of Sin to allure us; where there is perfect love, and no fear; and an everlasting day, and one

spirit of us all; where God is seen face to face; and where the Soul is full fed with this food of life, without all defect.

I am resolved to look earnestly towards thy light: Thy felicity and delights draw me to thee with a greedy heart. The more I consider thee, the more do I languish with thy love, and with a vehement desire of thee; and I am extreamly delighted with the sweet remembrance of thee. I am therefore resolved, I am resolved to cast up mine eyes to thee, to erect the state of my mind, and to conform the affections of my will to thee. I am resolved to talk of thee, to hear speak of thee, to write of thee, to confer with others of thee; daily to read somewhat of thy felicity and glory, and when I shall have read it, to revolve it very often in my heart; that at least by this means, I may pass on from the burning heats and dangers, and toiling labours of this mortal and dying life, to the sweet refreshing of that vital Air of thine; and that I may proceed at last (when I shall lay my self
down

down to sleep) to repose my head a little in that bosom of thine.

To this end, I enter now and then, into those sweet fields of thy holy Scriptures; and whilst I am turning over those leaves, I gather the fresh flowers of Sentences from thence. By reading them I eat; by frequenting them I ruminate; and by gathering them up at last, I lodge them in the deep receptacle of my memory; that, by this means, having taken a tast of thy sweetness, I may feel the bitterness of this most miserable life, so much the less. O thou most happy life, O Kingdom which art truly blessed, free from death, and far from having an end, to which no times shall ever succeed; where that day which is still continued without night, admits of no Time; where the conquering Souldiers being associated to those chanting Quires of Angels, sing that Canticle of the Canticles of *Sion* to Almighty God, without ceasing; the garland of Triumph imbracing their glorious heads, and that for ever.

I would to Christ, that my sins being once forgiven me, and then this burden being laid down, I might be assigned to eternal rest, and might enter into thy Joys, within those excellent and beautiful walls of thy City, receiving the Crown of Glory from the hand of my Lord. That I might be present with those most holy Quires of Angels; that together with those blessed Spirits, I might concur to glorifie our Creator; that I might view the present face of Christ our Lord; that I might for ever behold that supream, unspeakable, and un-circumscribed light; and that so, not being subject to any fear of death, I might for ever rejoyce in the everlasting endowment of Incorruption.

C H A P. XXIII.

Of the felicity of that holy Soul which departeth hence.

HAppy is that Soul, which being discharged from this body of Earth, goes freely up to Heaven, and
is

is in peace and safety, not fearing either any enemy, or Death it self. For it will then have present, and shall for ever behold that most beautiful Lord, whom it hath served, and whom it hath loved, and to whom at length it arriveth all full of glory and joy. This glory of so great beatitude, no time shall diminish, nor wicked enemy be able to bereave us of. The Daughter of *Sion* saw this Soul, and did publish it to be most happy: The Queens and the Concubines saw it, saying, Who is this which goeth forward like a rising Morning, fair like the Moon, bright like the Sun, and terrible like a pitched field of Armed men? How joyfully doth she go forth, make hast, and run, when with astonished ears she hears her Spouse say thus: Rise up, and make hast, O thou my friend, and my beautiful Creature, and come with me: for now the Winter is over-past, the Storm is gone, and hath hid it self; the flowers have appeared in our Land, the time of pruning is now come, the voice of the Turtle hath been heard in our Land: The Fig-

tree hath brought forth her young fruit, the Vines are in flower, and send forth their odour. Rise up, make haste, O thou my friend, my fair Creature, my Dove, in the holes of the Rock, in the lowest places of the Wall; Shew me that face of thine, let thy voice sound forth in my ears: for thy voice is sweet, and thy face is full of comeliness and grace. Come my elected, and my beautiful Creature, my Dove, my Immaculate, my Spouse; Come, and I will place my Throne in thee, because I have had a greedy desire of thy beauty. Come, that thou maist rejoyce in my presence, with my Angels, whose society I have promised thee. Come, after many dangers and labours, and enter into the joy of thy Lord, which none shall be able to take from thee.

C H A P. XXIV.

*A Prayer to the Saints, to secure us
in our Dangers.*

HAppy are all you, O Saints
of God, who now have passed
through

through the Sea of this Mortality, and have obtained to arrive at the gate of Eternal Quietness, Security, and Peace, your selves bring Peaceful and secure, and perpetually full of triumph and joy. I beseech you, by your own Charity : you, who are secure concerning your selves, be yet sollicitous concerning us. You are secure, concerning your own incorruptible Glory ; be you solicitous of our manifold Misery. By him I beseech you, who chused you, who made you what you are ; in the fruition of whose Beauty you are satiated : by whose Immortality, you are now immortalized : by whose most blessed Vision, you are continually in Joy : be you also continually mindful of us. Help us miserable Creatures, who in the salt Waters of this Life, are tossed with storms round about us. You are those most Beautiful Gates, who have been erected, to a huge Altitude : O give some help to us, who are no better than a base Pavement lying so far underneath you ; Stretch forth your Hand, and raise us up upon.

our Feet, that we recovering out of our infirmity, may become strong, and fit for War, intercede, and pray with Constancy, and Perseverance for us miserable, and most negligent Sinners, that by your Prayers, we may be joined to your holy Society, for otherwise we shall not be saved. For we are extremely frail; and of no Strength or Vertue, miserable, base Wretches: Beasts, who care but for the Belly, the slaves of Flesh and Blood, in whom the very shadow of goodness doth scarce appear. And yet notwithstanding, being placed under the Confession of Christ our Lord, we are born up by the wood of his Cross, whilst we Sail through this great and spacious Sea; where there are creeping Creatures without number: where there are wild Beasts, great and small, where there is a most cruel Dragon, ever ready to devour us; where there are places full of Dangers, as *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, and innumerable others; where careless Persons, and they who are of a wavering Faith, suffer Shipwrack. Pray you to our Lord,
Pray,

Pray, O you, who are full of Pity,
Pray all you Troops of Saints, and
all you Companies of Blessed Spi-
rits, that being assisted by your
Prayers and Merits, we may with
our Ship and Merchandize obtain
to arrive sound and safe, at the Haven
of eternal Salvation and quietness, and
continual Peace, and of that security
which must never have an End.

CHAP. XXV.

*The Souls desire to attain to the Hea-
venly City of Jerusalem.*

O *Jerusalem*, that art my Mother,
O thou holy City of God,
thou most dear Spouse of Christ our
Lord, my Heart loves thee, and my
Soul is extreamely desirous to enjoy
thy Beauty. O how graceful, how
glorious, and how noble art thou?
Thou art all fair, and there is no
Spot in thee. Exult and rejoice, O
thou fair Daughter of the Prince;
for the King hath earnestly desired
thy Beauty: and he who excelleth all
the Sons of Men in Beauty, hath
been

been enamoured with thy Comliness. But what kind of Man is that beloved thine, who is so much beloved, O thou fairest of Women? My beloved is white and red, the choice of a Thousand. As a Fruit-tree in the midst of a wild Wood, so is my Beloved, amongst the Sons of Men: Under his Shadow, whom I have desired, behold I sit down with Joy, and his Fruit is sweet to my Throat. My beloved put forth his Hand through a division in the Wall, and my Belly trembled upon that touch of his. I have sought him whom my Soul loves, in my little Bed by Night I have sought him, and I have found him: I hold him fast, and I will not let him go, till he introduce me into his House, and into his Chamber, which is this glorious Mother of mine. For there wilt thou afford me those most sweet Breasts, more abundant, and more perfectly; and satisfy me with so admirable a Satiety, as that I shall hunger, and thirst no more for ever.

O happy Soul of mine, happy for ever, and for ever, if I may merit to behold

behold thy glory, thy beatitude, thy beauty; those Gates and walls of thine, thy Streets, thy many Mansions, thy most noble Citizens, and that most powerful King of thine our Lord, seated in his Majesty. For thy walls are of precious Stones, thy gates are of most Orient Pearl, thy streets are paved with purest Gold, wherein that joyful *Alleluiah* is perpetually sung. Thy many Mansions have their foundation of squared Stone, built up with Sapphires, and covered with plates of Gold, where no man shall enter who is not clean; no man inhabit who is defiled. Thou art made fair, and sweet in thy delights, O *Jerusalem*, our Mother. There is no such thing in thee, as we suffer here, nor such things as we see, in this miserable life of ours. There is no darkness, nor night, nor any diversity of times in thee. In thee there shines no light of the Lamp, no splendor of the Moon, no beam of the Stars, but God of God, Light of Light, the Sun of Justice, is ever illuminating thee. The white and immaculate Lamb, is that clear,
and

and most beautiful light of thine. Thy Sun, and thy brightness, and all thy Beatitude, is that indeficient contemplation of this most beautiful King.

The King of Kings himself, is in the midst of thee ; and his Children are circling him in round about : There are those musical Quires of Angels , there is that congregation of Heavenly Citizens. There is the sweet solemnity of all them who are going into thy joys, out of this sad Pilgrimage of theirs. There is that Quire of the Prophets : There is the intire number of the Apostles : There is the triumphant Army of innumerable Martyrs : There is the holy Congregation of blessed Confessors : There are those true and perfect Monks : There are those holy Women, who have overcome the pleasures of this World, and the infirmity of their Sex : There are young men and maids, who have out-run their years, by the Sanctity of their actions : There are those Sheep and Lambs, who have escaped from the snares of terrene pleasures, and they all triumph
in.

in their proper Mansion. The glory of every one is different, but the joy common to them all. True and perfect charity reigneth there, because God is there, who is all in all, whom they see without end, and by ever seeing him, they are all burning in his love. They love and praise him, and they praise and love him. All the work they do, is the praise of God without end, without ever leaving off, and yet without ever labouring. Happy shall I be, and for ever truly happy, if, after this poor body of mine comes to be dissolved, I may obtain to hear those Canticles of celestial melody, which are sung to the praise of that Eternal King, by the inhabitants of that supernal City, and by those Troops of blessed Spirits.

Happy shall I be, yea too happy, if I also may obtain to sing my part there, and to stand in the presence of my King, my God, and my Guide, and to see him in his glory, as he hath vouchsafed to promise, saying: Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me, may be with me, that
they

they may see my glory, which I had with thee, before the Creation of the World. And elsewhere, he saith, Let him who ministreth to me, follow me; and where I am, there shall my Servant also be. And yet again he saith: He who loveth me, shall be beloved of my Father; and I will love him, and I will manifest my self to him.

CHAP. XXVI.

A Hymn of Paradise.

UNto the spring of purest life,
 Aspires my withered heart;
 Yea and my Soul confin'd in flesh,
 Employs both strength and Art,
 Working, suing, struggling still,
 From exile, home to part.

And whilst she sighs, to see her self
 In furious tempests tost;
 She looks upon the glorious state
 Which she by sinning lost.
 And present ills, or past contents,
 Do make us think of most.

But

But who can fully speak the joy,
 Or that high peace unfold ;
 Where all the buildings founded are
 On Orient Pearls untold.
 And all the works of those high
 Rooms,
 Do shine with Beams of Gold.

The Structure is combin'd with stones,
 Which highest price do pass ;
 Nay even the streets are pav'd with
 Gold,
 As if it were but glass.
 No-trash, no base material,
 Is there, or ever was.

The horrid cold, or scorching heat
 Hath no admittance there ;
 The Roses do not lose their leaves,
 For Spring lasts all the year :
 The Lilly's white, the Saffron red,
 The Balsam drops appear.

The fields are green, the plants do thrive,
 The streams, with honey flow.
 From Spices, Odours, and from Gums,
 Most pretious Liquors grow.
 Fruits hang upon whole woods of trees,
 And they shall still do so.

The

The Season is not changed, for still
Both Sun and Moon are bright :
The Lamb of this fair City is
That clear immortal light,
Whose presence makes eternal day,
Which never ends in night.

Nay, all the Saints themselves shall
shine

As bright as brightest Sun ;
When after triumph, crowned they
To mutual joys shall run.
And safely count their fights, and foes,
When once the War is done.

For being freed from all defects,
They feel no fleshly War ;
Or rather, both the flesh and mind,
At length united are.
And joying in so rich a peace,
They can admit no jar.

But having quit these fading leaves,
They seek their root again ;
And look upon the present face
Of Truth, which hath no stain ;
Still drinking at that lively Spring,
Huge draughts of joys in grain.

From

From thence they fetch that happy
state,

Wherein no change they see;
But clear, and chearful, and content,
From all mishaps are free.

No sickness there can threaten health,
Nor young men, old can be.

There, have they their Eternity ;
Their passage then is past ;
They grow, they flourish, and they
sprout,
Corruption off is cast.
Immortal strength hath swallowed up
The power of death at last.

Who know the knower of all things
What can they choose but know ?
They all behold their fellows hearts,
And all their secrets show.
One simple act of will, and nill.
From all their minds doth flow.

Though all their merits divers be
According to their pains,
Yet charity makes that ones own,
Which any fellow gains,
And all which doth belong to one,
To all of them pertains.

Unto

Unto that body justly go
The Eagles all for meat,
Where with the Angels and the Saints,
They may have room to eat.
One loaf can feed them all, who live
In both these Countries great.

Hungry they are, yet ever full,
They have what they desire,
Sith no satiety offends,
Nor hunger burns like fire.
Aspiringly they ever eat,
And eating they aspire.

There ever are your new concerts
With Songs which have no end,
The Organs of Eternal joy,
Do on their Ears attend.
In praise of their triumphant King,
They all their voices spend,

O happy Soul, which canst behold
This King still present there,
And under thee discern the World
Run round, secure from fear,
With Stars and Planets, Moon and
Sun,
Still moving in their Sphear.

O Christ, thou valiant Soldiers Crown
 Cast down an eye of pity ;
 That having once our arms put down,
 We may enjoy that City : (part
 And with those heavenly Quires bear
 In their Eternal ditty.

Grant Jesu, grant we still persist,
 In thy just cause defending ;
 As long as worldly war may last,
 As long as strife's depending :
 That we may carry thee i'th' end
 The prize which knows no ending.

CHAP. XXVII.

*Of the continual Praise which a Soul
 conceiveth by the Contemplation of
 the Divinity.*

O My Soul, bless our Lord, and
 all the powers within me sing
 praise to his Holy Name. O my
 Soul, bless our Lord, and forget not
 all his benefits. O all ye works
 of our Lord, bless our Lord, in all
 the places of his Dominion. Let us
 praise

praise God, whom the Dominations adore, whom Cherubin and Seraphin, with a never ceasing voice, proclaim, Holy, Holy, Holy. Let us joyn our voice, to the voice of the Holy Angels, and let us praise this Lord, who is common to us both, to the uttermost of our power. For they praise our Lord most purely, and incessantly, who are always plunged in that Divine Contemplation, not by a glass, or in a figure, but face to face.

But who shall be able to say, or so much as to think, what kind of innumerable multitude of blessed Spirits, and celestial Powers, that is, which standeth in the sight of our Omnipotent Lord God? What glory, what endless festivity they enjoy, by the vision of God? What delight, without any defect? What ardour of love, not tormenting, but delighting? Who can say, what desire there is of the vision of God, when they have satiety, and how they can have satiety with desire? Wherein neither desire procures any pain, nor satiety breeds any loathing? How they

they grow to be happy, by adhering to that Supreme Beatitude? How they grow to be made light, by their conjunction with that true light? How by ever beholding the immutable Trinity, themselves are changed into immutability.

But how shall we be able to comprehend that highth of Angelical dignity, when we are not able so much as to find out the nature of our own Soul? What kind of thing is that, which is able to give life to flesh, and yet is not able so much as to contain it self in good thoughts? What kind of thing is this, so strong, and so weak, so little, and so great; which searcheth into the secrets of God, and riseth into contemplation of Celestial things; and is proved to have found out, with such subtil power of wit, the skill of so many Arts, for the use of man? What kind of thing is this, which knoweth so many other things, and yet is so wholly ignorant of how it self comes to be made? For although many doubtful things be said by many about the beginning of the Soul, yet we
find

find it to be a certain intellectual spirit, a spirit made by the power of the Creator ; living after a sort immortally, and quickning the body which it doth sustain, subject to mutability, and forgetfulness, which is often depressed by fear, and extolled by joy. O admirable thing, and to which all astonishment is due. Of God, the Creator of us all, who is unspeakable and incomprehensible, we read, we speak, and we write excessively, sublimely, and wonderful things, without any ambiguity at all, but whatsoever we say of Angels, and Souls, we are not so well able to prove.

But yet let the mind pass on even from these things, and transcend all that which is created. Let it run and rise, and flutter, and fly through ; and let it fix the eyes of Faith, as eagerly as it can, upon him who created all things. I will therefore make certain steps of rising in my heart ; and by them I will ascend into my Soul ; and by the purest power of my mind, I will ascend to my Lord, who remains over my head.

Whatso-

Whatsoever is visibly seen, whatsoever is imagined, though in a most spiritual manner, I will remove far off, from the sight of my heart and mind, with a strong hand. Let the pure and simple power of my understanding passing on, with a speedy flight towards him, arrive to him who is that Creator himself both of Angels and Souls, and all things else.

Blessed is that Soul, which forsaketh inferior things, and aspireth to them, which are sublime; and placing the seat of her habitation, in those high unhaunted ways, doth contemplate the Sun of Justice, from those mighty Rocks, with Eagles Eyes. For there is nothing so beautiful, and so delightful, as with the sharp sight of the mind, and the eager desire of the heart, to contemplate this God himself alone, and after a wonderful manner invisibly to behold him who is invisible, and so to taste, not the sweetness of this World, but of another; and to behold, not this inferior kind of light, but another. For this light, which

is shut up in place, is also ended in time ; its varied by the interruption of night ; and this light, which is common to us, with worms, and other unreasonable beasts, in comparison of that other Sovereign light, is rather to be called night than light.

CH A P. XXVIII.

*What it is to see God, and to enjoy him
after a sort, and how we are to think
of God.*

BUt although that Supreme and unchangeable Essence, that indeficient light, that light which is enjoyed by the Angels, can be seen by no Creature in this life ; (this being the reward, which is reserved only for the Saints, who enjoy celestial glory) yet to believe, to conceive, to have a feeling, and ardently to aspire towards this Glory, is to see it, after a sort, and to possess it. Let our voice therefore extend

tend it self beyond the Angels, and let man contemplate God, with an earnest mind ; and let him, with what words he can, express God's praises, to God himself. For it is all reason that the Creature should praise his Creator, since he vouchsafed to create us, that we might praise him, when yet he had no need of our praises. For his vertue is incomprehensible, he needeth none, but is all-sufficient for himself. Our Lord is great, and his vertue is great, and of his wisdom there is no end. Our Lord God is great, and highly worthy to be praised. Let our Soul therefore love him, let our Tongues sing of him, and our hand write of him ; and let the faithful heart imploy it self, only, in these holy thoughts. Let the man of spiritual desires, and a contemplator of celestial Mysteries, be daily recreated, with the most delicious food of this heavenly contemplation ; that so being fully fed, with this heavenly repast, he may cry out with great exclamation, he may cry out with the very bowels of his heart ; cry out

with excess of joy, and say as followeth, with a most ardent affection of his mind.

CHAP. XXIX.

He declareth many properties of Almighty God.

O Thou Supreme, most excellent, Omnipotent, most merciful, most just, most secret, most present, and most strong; most stable, and incomprehensible, invisible, yet seeing all things: Unchangeable, yet changing all things: Immortal, without place, without term, or circumscription: Unlimited, inestimable, ineffable, inscrutable: Immoveable, yet moving all things: Unsearchable, unexpressible, terrible, and to be greatly feared, to be honoured, and trembled at; to be worshipped and revered. Never new, and never old, and yet innovating all things, and drawing proud people into decay though they mark it not: Ever in action

action, yet ever quiet : Gathering together, and yet needing nothing : Carrying all things, without feeling any weight : Filling all things, without being included ; creating, protecting, nourishing, and perfecting all things. Thou seekest, and yet thou wantest nothing : Thou art in love, yet without passion : Thou art jealous, yet thou art secure : Thou repentest, yet thou art not sorry : Thou art angry, yet thou art not moved : Thou changeest thy works, but thou never changeest thy Decrees : Thou takest that which thou findest, yet didst thou lose nothing : Thou art never poor, and yet thou art glad of gain : Thou art never covetous, yet thou exactest usury at our hands by our supererogation : Thou becomeest our debtor, and yet who hath any thing which is not thine : Thou payest debts, yet thou owest nothing : Thou forgivest debts, yet thou lovest nothing. Thou alone dost quicken all things, thou hast created all things, thou art every where, and thou art every where altogether : Thou canst be felt, yet thou canst not

be seen : Thou art not wanting any where, yet art thou far from the thoughts of wicked men. But thou art not wanting even there, although thou be far off from them, because where thou art not present by Grace, there thou art present by Revenge. Thou touchest all things, yet thou touchest them not all alike. For some thou touchest only, that they may be, but not that they may live, and feel, and discourse. But some thou touchest, that they may be, and live, but yet not so, as that withal, they may feel and discourse. And some again thou dost so touch, as that they may be, and live, and feel, and discourse also. And although thou be never unlike thy self, yet dost thou touch unlike things, after an unlike manner. Thou art ever present, yet sometimes thou art hard to be found. We follow thee, when thou standest still, and yet we are not able to lay hold on thee, whilst yet thou holdest all things, fillest all things, comprehendest all things, exceedest all things, upholdest all things. Neither dost thou on the one side under-

go them, and art overcome by them on the other. Neither dost thou fill things on the one side, and yet art comprehended by them on the other ; but by comprehending them, thou fillest them ; and by filling them, thou comprehendest them ; as by sustaining them, thou exceedest them ; and by exceeding them, thou sustainest them. Thou teachest the hearts of the faithful, yet without the noise of words. Thou reachest from one end to the other strongly ; and thou disposest of all things sweetly. Thou art not extended, according to the proportion of places ; nor art thou varied by the vicissitude of times. Thou hast neither access, nor recess, but thou inhabitest that inaccessible light, which no man ever saw, or can see.

Remaining quiet in thy self, thou dost make thy circuit about all things, and thou art every where expressly and intirely all. For thou canst not be divided or cut, who art truly all ; nor canst thou be made into parts, because thou wholly holdest all, fillest all, and dost possess and illustrate all.

The mind of man cannot conceive the immense profundity of this Mystery, nor the Tongue of Eloquence declare it ; nor can learned speech, nor all the volumes of all Libraries, unfold it. If there were Books to fill the whole World, yet they could not unfold thy admirable knowledge, because thou art truly unspeakable ; and canst not by any means be concluded, nor expressed as thou art, who art the fountain of divine light, and the Son of everlasting Charity.

Thou art great, without quantity, and therefore thou art immense ; thou art good, without quality, and therefore thou art truly, and supremely good, and there is none good but thou alone, whose will is thy work, and whose inclination is thy power, who didst create all things of nothing, and thou didst it, by the only act of thy will. Thou dost possess all thy Creatures, without needing any of them : Thou governest them, without labour, and thou rulest them without trouble : And there is nothing at all, either in the highest or lower things which can disturb the order
of

of thy dominion. Thou art in all places, without being contained in any place: Thou containest all things without circuit; and thou art present every where, without either situation, or motion. Thou art not the Author of ill, nor canst thou do it; yet is there nothing which thou canst not do; nor didst thou ever repent thy self of any thing which thou hadst done; nor art thou troubled with any commotion, or tempest of thy mind; nor do the dangers of the whole World draw any danger upon thee.

Thou commandest not, nor yet allowest of any wickedness or sin. Thou never lyest, for thou art Eternal Truth. By thy only Goodness we are made; by thy Justice we are punished, and by thy mercy we are delivered.

Nothing, neither in Heaven, or which is Elementary, either of Fire, or Earth, or any other thing subject to our sense, is to be worshipped instead of thee, who truly art what thou art, and art not changed; and to whom it doth most principally a-

gree, that thou be called that which the Grecians call *On*, and the Latins *Eus*, which signifieth, The thing which is, for thou art ever the same, and thy years will never fail.

These, and many other things have been taught me, by my holy Mother the Church, whereof I am made a Member by thy grace. It hath taught me, that thou, the only One, and true God, art not corporeal, nor passible; and that nothing of thy substance or nature is any way violable, or mutable, or composed, and framed; and therefore it is certain that thou canst not be perceived by corporeal Eyes; and that thou couldest never be seen in thy proper Essence by any mortal Creature. Hereby it is clearly to be understood, that as the Angels see thee now, so are we to see thee after this life. But yet neither are the Angels themselves able to see thee just as thou art. And in fine, the Omnipotent Trinity, is not wholly seen by any, but by thy only self.

CHAR.

C H A P. XXX.

*Of the unity of God, and the plurality
of Persons in him.*

BUt thou art truly Unity in thy Divinity, though manifold in the plurality of thy Persons, so that thou canst not be numbred by any number, nor measured by any measure, nor weighed by any weight. For we do not pretend to find out any beginning of that supreme goodness, which thou thy self art, from whence all things, by which all things, and in which all things; but we say, that all other things are good, by the participation of that goodness, for thy divine Essence, did ever, and doth still want Matter, although it do not want Form, namely, that Form which was never formed, the Form of all Forms, that most beautiful Form, which when thou dost imprint upon particular things (as it might be some Seal) thou makest them.

them, without all doubt, differ from thy self by their own mutability, without any change in thee, either by way of augmentation, or diminution. Now whatsoever is within the compass of created things, that also is a Creature of thine, O thou one Trinity, and three in Unity, thou God, whose Omnipotency possesseth, and ruleth, and filleth all things which thou didst create. And yet we do not therefore say that thou fillest all things, as if they did contain thee, but rather so, as that they be contained by thee. Nor yet dost thou fill them all by parts, nor is it to be thought, by any means, that every Creature receives thee after the rate of the bigness which it self hath; that is to say, the greater, the greater part; and the less, the less; since thou thy self art in them all, and all of them in thee: Whose Omnipotency concludeth all things, nor can any man find a way whereby to make escape from thy power: For he who hath thee not well pleased, will be sure not to escape thee, being offended; as it is written, neither from the East, nor from the West,

West, nor from the desert Mountains, because God is the Judge. And else where it is said: Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, and whither shall I fly from thy face. The immensity of thy divine greatness is such, that we must know thee to be within all things, and yet not included; and without all things, yet not excluded. And therefore thou art interior, that thou maist contain all things: and therefore thou art exterior, that by the immensity of thy greatness thou maist conclude all things. By this therefore, that thou art interior, thou art shewed to be the Creator; but by this, that thou art exterior, thou art proved to be the Governour of them all. And least all things which are created should be without thee, thou art interior; but thou art exterior, to the end that all things may be included in thee. Not by any local magnitude of thine, but by the potential presence of thee, who art present every where, and all things to thee are present, though some understand these things, and others indeed under-stand

stand them not. The inseparable unity therefore of thy nature cannot have the persons separable ; because as thou art Trinity in Unity , and Unity in Trinity, so thou canst not have separation of persons.

It is true , that those persons are named severally ; but yet thou art so pleased to shew thy self , O God, thou Trinity, to be inseparable in thy Persons , as that there is no Name belonging to thee in any one of them, which may not be referred to another, according to the Rules of Relation. For as the Father to the Son , and the Son to the Father : so the Holy Ghost is most truly referred both to the Father and Son. But those names which signify thy Substance, or Person, or Power, or Essence, or any thing which properly is called God , do equally agree to all the Persons ; As, Great God , Omnipotent and Eternal God ; and all those things which naturally are said of thee, O God. Therefore there is no name which concerns the Nature of God, which can so agree to God the Father , as that it may not also agree

agree to God the Son ; as also to God the Holy Ghost. As for Example, We say, the Father is naturally God ; but so is the Son naturally God , and so also is the Holy Ghost naturally God ; and yet not three Gods, but naturally one God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost : Therefore art thou, O Holy Trinity , inseparable in thy Persons, as thou art to be understood by our mind , although thou have separable Names in word ; because thou dost by no means endure a Plural Number in the Names belonging to thy Nature. For hereby it is shewed, that the Persons cannot be divided in the Blessed Trinity , which is one true God, because the name of any one of the Persons doth ever relate to another of them. For if I name the Father, I shew the Son ; if I speak of the Son , I proclaim the Father ; if I speak of the Holy Ghost, it is necessarily to be understood , that he is the Spirit of some other, namely of the Father , and of the Son. Now this is that true Faith, which flows from sound Doctrine.

This

This indeed is the Catholick and Orthodoxal Faith, which God hath taught me, by his Grace, in the bosom of his Church, which is my Mother.

C H A P. XXXI.

A Prayer to the Blessed Trinity.

MY Faith doth therefore call upon thee, which thou, O Lord, hast given me, through thy goodness, for my salvation. Now the faithful Soul lives by Faith. He now holds that in hope, which hereafter he shall have in deed. I call upon thee, O my God, with a pure Conscience, and with that sweet love, which groweth out of Faith, whereby thou hast brought me to the understanding of Truth; casting away the darkness of Ignorance, and whereby thou hast drawn me out of the foolish bitterness of this world; and so accompanying it with the sweetness of thy Charity, thou hast made it delightful and dear to me. I do with a loud voice invoke thee, O
Blessed

Blessed Trinity, and with that sincere love which groweth out of Faith; which Faith thou having nourished even from my Cradle, didst inspire by the illustration of thy Grace; and which thou hast increased and confirmed in me, by the documents of my Mother the Church. I invoke thee, O holy, and blessed, and glorious Trinity, in Unity; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; our God, our Lord, and our Paraclete, Charity, Grace, and Communion; the Father, the Son, and the Illuminator; the Fountain, the River, and the Irrigation, or Watering. All things by one, and all things in one; from whom, by whom, in whom, all things. The living life, the life proceeding from the living life, the life living. One from himself, One from one, and One from two. One, being from himself; One, being from another; and One, being from two other. The Father is true, the Son is Truth, and the Holy Ghost is Truth. Therefore the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are one Essence, one Power, one Goodness,
one

one Beatitude; from whom, by whom, and in whom all things are happy, what things soever are happy.

C H A P. XXXII.

That God is the true and sovereign Life.

O God, the true and sovereign Life, from whom, by whom, and in whom all things do live, which have any true and happy life. O God, who art that goodness, and that beauty, from whom, by whom, and in whom all things are fair, and good, which have any beauty or goodness in them. O God, whose Faith doth excite us, whose Hope doth erect us, and whose Charity doth unite us. O God, who requirest that we seek thee, and who makest us find thee, and who openest to us, when we knock. O God, from whom to be averted is to fall, and to whom to be converted is to rise, and in whom to remain is to be immovable. O God, whom no man loseth, but he who is deceived; no man seeketh

seeketh, but he who is admonished; and no man findeth, but he who is purged. O God, whom to know, is to live; whom to serve, is to reign; whom to praise, is the joy and salvation of the Soul. I praise thee, I bless thee, and I adore thee, with my lips, with my heart, and with all the whole power I have. And I present my humblest thanks to thy Mercy, and Goodness, for all thy benefits; and I sing this Hymn of glory to thee, Holy, Holy, Holy: I invoke thee, O blessed Trinity, beseeching, that thou wilt come into me, and make me worthy to be the Temple of thy glory. I beg of the Father, by the Son; I beg of the Son by the Father; I beg of the Holy Ghost, by the Father and the Son, that all Vice may be far removed from me, and that all holy Vertue may be planted in me.

O Immenſe God, from whom all things, by whom all things, in whom all things, both viſible and inviſible, are made. Thou who doſt environ thy works, without; and filleſt them, within; who doſt cover them from above,

above, and dost sustain them from below; keep me, who am the work of thy hands, and who hope in thee, and who only confide in thy mercy. Keep me, I beseech thee, here, and every where, now and ever, within and without; before me, and behind me; above and below, and round about; that no place at all may be left, for the treacherous attempts of my Enemies against me. Thou art the Omnipotent God, the keeper and the Protector of all such as hope in thee, without whom no man is safe, none freed from danger. Thou art God, and there is no other God but thou, neither in Heaven above, nor on Earth below. Thou who performest works of prowess, and so many wonderful and unscrutable things, which exceed all number.

Praise is due to thee, honour is due to thee, and to thee Hymns of glory are due. To thee do all the Angels, the Heavens, and all the power thereof, sing Hymns, and Praises, without ceasing; and all Creatures, and every Spirit doth praise thee, the holy and individual Trinity,

as it becomes the Creatures their Creator, the Slaves their Lord, and the Souldiers their King.

C H A P. XXXIII.

The praises of Men and Angels.

TO thee do all the Saints, and they who are humble of heart, to thee do the Spirits and Souls of just persons; to thee do all the Citizens of Heaven, and all the orders of those blessed Spirits sing the Hymn of honour and glory, adoring thee humbly without end. All the Citizens of Heaven do praise thee, O Lord, after a most honourable and magnificent manner; and man who is an eminent part of thy Creatures doth also praise thee. Yea, and I wretched sinner, and miserable Creature that I am, do yet labour with an extream desire to praise thee, and wish that I could love thee with excessive love. O my God, my life, my strength, and my praise, vouchsafe to let me praise thee. Grant
me

me light in my Heart, put thou the Word into my Mouth, that my Heart may think upon thy Glory, and my tongue may sing thy Praises, all the day long. But because it is no handsome Praise, which proceeds out of the Mouth of a Sinner; And because I am a Man of polluted Lips, Cleanse thou my Heart I beseech thee, from all Spots; Sanctify me O thou Omnipotent Sanctifier, both within and without, and make me worthy to set forth thy Praise. Receive with Benignity and acceptation, from the hand of my Heart, which is the affection of my Soul, receive I say, the Sacrifice of my Lips, and make it acceptable in thy Sight, and make it ascend up to thee in the odour of Sweetness.

Let thy holy Memory, and thy most divine Sweetness, possess my whole Soul, and draw it up at full speed, to the love of invisible things. Let it pass from the visible to the invisible; from the earthly to the heavenly; from the temporal to the eternal; and let it pass on so far, as to see that admirable Vision.

O Eternal Verity, O true Charity, O dear Eternity, thou art my God ; to thee do I sigh day and night ; to thee do I pant ; at thee do I aim ; to thee do I desire to arrive. He who knows thee, knows Truth, and he knows Eternity. Thou, O Truth, dost preside over all things. We shall see thee as thou art, when this blind and mortal Life is spent. Wherein it is said to us, where is now thy God ? And I also said to thee, Where art thou, O my God ? In thee am I refreshed a little, when I pour out my Soul towards thee, by the voice of my Exultation and Confession, which is as the Sound of a Man, who is banquetting, and celebrating some great Festivity. And yet again it is afflicted, because it falls back, and returns to be an Abyss ; or rather it finds that still it is so. My Faith which thou hast kindled, in this night of mine, before my Feet doth say, Why art thou, sad O my Soul, and why dost thou afflict me ? Hope thou in God ; his Word is a Lantern to my Feet. Hope and continue to do so, till the Night (which is the Mother

Mother of the Wicked) do pass away, till the Wrath of our Lord pass away; whereof sometimes we were the Children. For sometimes we were Darknes. Till this fury of Water pass clean away, we still drag on, in our Body (which is dead through Sin) the Relicks of that Darknes: Till such time as the day shall approach, and all Shadows may be removed. I will hope in our Lord.

In the Morrow of the next Life, I shall assist and Contemplate, and I will ever confess to him. In that Morrow I shall assist, and behold the Health of my Countenance, which is my God, who will revive even our Mortal Bodies, for that Spirits sake, which dwelleth in us; that now we may be light, even whilst we are saved here, by hope. That we may be the Sons of Light, and the Sons of God, and not of night and darknes; For sometimes we were darknes, but now we are light in thee, O our God, and yet we are so here, but by Faith, and not Face to Face. Because that hope which is seen is not hope.

All

All that immortal people of thy Angels praiseth thee, O Lord ; and those celestial Powers glorifie thy Name. They have no need to read any such writing as this, towards the making them know the holy and individual Trinity. For they see thy Face for ever, and there they read, without any Syllables of time, what that Eternal Will requires. They read, they choose, and they love. They ever read, and that never passeth which they are reading. By choosing, and by loving they read the very immutability of thy counsel ; and their Book is never shut, and their scrowl never folded up ; for thy self is all that to them, and so thou art to be for ever. O how excessively happy are those powers of Heaven, which are able to praise thee, most purely and holily, with excessive sweetness, and unspeakable exultation : They praise thee for that in which they joy ; because they ever see reason, why they should rejoyce, and praise thee. But we being oppressed by this burthen of our flesh, and being cast far off from thy face,

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in

in this Pilgrimage of ours, and being so racked by the variety of worldly things, are not able worthily to praise thee. Yet we praise thee as we can by Faith, though not face to face; but those Angelical spirits praise thee face to face, and not by Faith. For our flesh putteth this upon us, and obligeth us to praise thee, far otherwise than they do. But howsoever even we sing praise to thee in a different manner; and yet thou art but one, O God, thou Creator of all things to whom the Sacrifice of praise is offered, both in Heaven and Earth. And by thy mercy we shall one day arrive to their Society, with whom we shall for ever see, and praise thee. Grant, O Lord, that whilst I am placed in this frail Body of mine, my Heart may praise thee, my Tongue may praise thee, and all the powers of my Soul may say, O Lord, who is like to thee.

Thou art that Omnipotent God, whom we worship as Trine in Persons, and One in the Substance of thy Deity. We adore the Father unbegotten, the Son the only begotten
ten

ten of his Father, and the Holy Ghost proceeding from them both, and remaining in them both. We adore thee O Holy and Individual Trinity, one Omnipotent God, who when we were not, did'st most puissantly make us ; and when by our own fault we were lost, by thy pity and goodness thou did'st recover us, after an admirable manner. Do not, I beseech thee, permit that we should be ungrateful for so great benefits, and unworthy of so many mercies. I pray thee, I beseech thee, I beg of thee, that thou wilt increase my faith, hope, and charity. I beseech thee make us, by that grace of thine, to be ever firm in believing, and full of efficacy in working ; that so, by means of incorrupted Faith and Works worthy thereof, we may through thy mercy arrive to everlasting life. And there beholding thy glory, as indeed it is, we, whom thou hast made worthy to see that glory of thine, may adore thy Majesty, and may say together : Glory be to the Father, who created us : Glory be to the Son, who redeemed us : Glory be to the

Holy Ghost, who sanctified us : Glory be to the Supreme and Individual Trinity, whose works are inseparable, and whose Empire is Eternal. To thee our God, praise is due, to thee a Hymn of glory ; to thee all honour, benediction, charity, thanksgiving, vertue, and fortitude, for ever, and for ever. *Amen.*

C H A P. XXXIV.

He complaineth against himself for not being moved with the Contemplation of God, whereat the Angels tremble.

Pardon me, O Lord, pardon me through thy mercy ; pardon, and pity me ; pardon my great ignorance and imperfections. Do not reject me, as a presumptuous Creature, in that I adventure, being thy slave (I would I could say a good one, and not rather that I am unprofitable and wicked, and therefore very wicked, because I take this boldness) to praise,
and

and bless, and adore thee, who art our Omnipotent God, and who art terrible, and excessively to be feared, without contrition of heart, without a fountain of tears, and without due reverence, and trembling. For if the Angels, who adore, and praise thee, do tremble, whilst they are filled with that admirable exultation ; how comes it to pass, that I, a sinful Creature, whilst I am present with thee, and sing praises, and offer Sacrifices to thee, am not frightened at the heart, that I am not pale in my face ; that my lips tremble not, and my whole body is not in a shivering, and that so, with a flood of tears, I do not incessantly mourn before thee. I would fain do it, but I am not able, because I cannot do what I desire. Hereupon I am vehemently wondering at my self, when by the Eyes of Faith, I see how terrible thou art ; but yet, who can do even this, without thy grace ? For all our salvation is nothing but thy great mercy. Wo be to me, how comes my Soul to be made so senseless, as that it is not frightened with excessive terrour,

whilst I am standing before God, and singing forth his praise? Wo be to me, how comes my heart to be so hardned, that mine eyes cannot incessantly bring forth whole floods of tears, whilst the Slave is speaking before his Lord, Man with God, the Creature with the Creator; he who is made of dirt, with him who made all things of nothing?

Behold, O Lord, how I place my self before thee; and that which I conceive of my self in the most secret corner of my heart, that do I not conceal from thy paternal ears. Thou art rich in thy mercy, and liberal in thy rewards; grant me some of thy good gifts, that thereby I may do service to thee. For we cannot serve, nor please thee by any other means, than of thy gift.

Strike through, I beseech thee, this flesh of mine, with thy fear. Let my heart rejoyce, that it may fear thy name. O that my sinful Soul might so fear thee, as that holy Man did, who said: I have always feared God, like the waves of a Sea, which were flowing over me. O God, thou
giver

giver of all good things, grant me whilst I am celebrating thy praises, a fountain of tears, together with purity of heart, and joy of mind ; that loving thee perfectly, and praising thee worthily, I may feel, and taste, and savour with the very palate of my Soul, how sweet, and delicious thou art : O Lord, according to that which is written : Taste, and see, how sweet our Lord is : Blessed is the man who hopes in him : Blessed is the people which understandeth this joy : Blessed is the man whose help is from thee : He hath disposed of certain degrees, whereby to rise up in his heart, in this valley of tears, in the place which he hath appointed. Blessed are the clean of heart ; for they be the men who shall see God. Blessed are they who dwell in thy house, O Lord, for they shall praise thee, for ever, and for ever.

C H A P. XXXV.

A Prayer which greatly moveth the heart to Devotion, and to Divine love.

O Jesus our Redemption, our Desire, and our Love ; thou God of God, give help to me, who am thy Servant. I invoke thee, I call upon thee, with a mighty cry, and with my whole heart. I invoke thee into my Soul, enter into it, and make it fit for thy self, that thou may'st possess it without spot, and wrinkle. For to a most pure Lord, a most pure habitation is due. Sanctifie me therefore, who am the vessel which thou hast made. Evacuate me of malice, and fill me with grace, and still keep me full, that I may be made a Temple, worthy to be inhabited by thee, both here, and in the other everlasting World. O thou most sweet, most benigne, most loving, most dear, most powerful, most desirable, most pretious, most amiable, most beautiful God : thou who art more sweet

sweet than honey, more white than any. Milk or Snow, more delicious than Nectar, more pretious than Gold or Jewels, and more dear to me than all the riches and honours of the Earth. But what do I say, O my God, O thou my only hope, and my so abundant mercy? What do I say, O thou my happy, and secure sweetness? What do I say when I utter such things as these? I say what I can, but I do not say what I should.

O that I could say such things, as those Quires of Angels do utter, in those celestial Hymns. O how willingly would I even spend, and pour out my whole self upon thy praises? O how fain would I, most devoutly, and most indefatigably proclaim those Hymns of celestial melody in the midst of thy Church, to the praise and glory of thy Name: But because I am not able to do these things compleatly, shall I therefore hold my peace: Wo be to them who hold their peace of thee, who loosest the Tongues of dumb Persons, and makest the Tongues of Children

Eloquent. Wo wo be to them who hold their peace of thee, for even they who speak most, may be accounted to be but dumb, when they do not speak thy praise.

But now, who shall be able worthily to praise thee, O thou unspeakable Wisdom of the Father? But yet although I find no words whereby I may sufficiently unfold thee, who art the Omnipotent, and Omniscient Word; I will yet in the mean time, say what I can, till thou biddest me come to thee, where I may say that of thee, which is fit, and which I am bound to say. And therefore I humbly pray, that thou wilt not have an eye, so much to that which I say now in deed, as to that which I say in my desire. For I desire (and that with a great desire) to say that of thee which is fit and just, because it is fit that thou be praised, and celebrated, and all honour is due to thee. Thou seest therefore, O God, thou who knowest of all secret things, that thou art more dear to me, not only than the Earth, and all that is therein, but
that

that thou art more acceptable, and amiable to me than Heaven it self, and all that it contains. For I love thee more than Heaven and Earth, and all those other things which are in them : Nay these transitory things are, without doubt, not to be beloved at all, if it were not for the love of thy Name. I love thee, O my God, with a great love, and I desire to love thee yet more.

Give me grace, that I may ever love thee as much as I desire, and as much as I ought, that thou alone may'st be all my intention, and all my meditation. Let me consider thee, all the day long without ceasing ; let me feel thee, even when I am sleeping by night ; let my spirit speak to thee ; let my mind converse with thee ; let my heart be illustrated with the light of thy holy vision ; that thou being my Director, and my Captain, I may walk on from vertue to vertue ; and that at last I may see thee, the God of Gods in *Sion*. Now as in a Glass, or in a Cloud ; but then face to face, where I shall know thee as I am known.

Blessed

Blessed are the clean of heart for they are the men who shall see God. Blessed are they who dwell in thy house, O Lord, for ever, and for ever shall they praise thee. I beseech thee therefore, O Lord, by all thy mercies, whereby we are freed from Eternal Death, mollifie my heart, which is hard, and stony, and rocky, and steely, with thy powerful, and most Sacred Uction; and grant, that by the fire of Contrition, I may become a living Sacrifice before thee, in every moment of my life. Make me ever to have a contrite and humbled heart, in thy presence, with abundance of tears. Grant that through my great desire of thee, I may be utterly dead to this World; and that I may forget these transitory things, through the greatness of my love, and fear of thee; and this so far forth, as that I may never rejoice nor mourn, nor fear any thing, which is temporal; and that I may not love them; lest so I be either corrupted by prosperity, or dejected by adversity. And because the love of thee is strong

as death, I beseech thee that the fiery and mellifluous force of thy love, may suck up, and devour my whole mind, from all those things which are under Heaven; that I may inhere to thee alone, and be fed with the memory of thy only sweetness.

O Lord, I beseech thee, I beseech thee, and still I beseech thee, that the most sweet odour of thee, and thy mellifluous love may descend, and enter into my heart: Let that admirable, and unspeakable fragrance of thy favour come into me, which may kindle an everlastingly burning desire of thee in my heart, and which may draw out from thence, those veins of water which spring up to eternal Life. Thou art immense, O Lord, and therefore it is but reason that thou be loved, and praised beyond all measure, by them whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious Blood. O thou most benigne lover of Man. O thou most merciful Lord, and most impartial Judge, to whom the Father gave all power of Judgment; Thou
seest

seest how unjust a thing it is, that the Children of this World, the Children of night, and darkness, should with a more ardent desire, endeavour, and study, and seek perishing riches, and transitory honours, than we thy Servants do love thee our God, by whom we are created and redeemed. But if on the other side, a man will affect some man with so great love, as that one of them will scarce endure the absence of the other; if the Spouse be transported with so great ardour of affection to her fellow Spouse, that through the greatness of her love, she can take no rest, nor bear the absence of that dearest friend, without deep sorrow; with what Love, with what Labour, with what fervour ought that Soul, which thou hast espoused to thy self by Faith, and other mercies, love thee her true God, and her most beautiful Spouse, who hast so loved, and saved her, and hast done so many and so great things for her good: For although this World have certain delights and loves belonging to it,

it, yet do they not so delight, as thou, O God. In thee the just man is indeed delighted, because thy love is sweet, and quiet; for the hearts which thou dost possess, thou fillest with tranquillity, sweetness and delight. On the other side, the love of this World, and of the flesh, breeds Anxiety, and perturbation, and deprives those Souls of quietness into which it enters; for it doth ever sollicite them with suspicions, perturbations, and many fears. Thou art therefore the delight of just persons, and that justly. For the strength of rest and peace is with thee, and a life uncapable of perturbation: He who enters into thee, O dear Lord, enters into the Joy of his Lord, and shall have nothing more to fear, but shall find himself to be perfectly well, in the most excellent place which can be thought; and he will say, This is my rest for all Eternities, this shall be my habitation, for I have chosen it: And again, Our Lord governs me, and nothing shall be wanting, in that place of full feeding; yea there it is that he hath lodged me.

Sweet

Sweet Christ, dear Jesus, fill my heart for ever, I beseech thee, with thy unquenchable love, and the continual memory of thee ; in such sort, as that I may all burn up, like any eager flame, in the sweetness of thy love, which many waters may never be able to extinguish in me. Grant, O most sweet Lord, that I may love thee, and that through the desire of thee I may discharge my self of the weight of all carnal desires ; and of the most grievous burthen of all earthly Concupiscences, which impugn and oppress my miserable Soul ; that running lightly after thee, in the odour of thy pretious Oynments, till I be effectually satisfied with the Vision of thy Beauty, I may, with all speed, arrive thither by thy conduct. For there are two kinds of loves ; one good, and another bad ; one sweet, and another bitter, and they cannot both remain in one heart. And therefore if any man love any thing, in dishonour of thee, thy love, O Lord, is not in him. That love of sweetness, and that sweetness of love ; not tormenting,
but

but delighting ; a love which remaineth sincerely, and chafly for all Eternity, a love which ever burns, and is never quenched.

O sweet Christ, O dear Jesus, O Charity ! my God, inflame me all with thy fire, with thy love, with thy sweetness and delight, with thy joy and exultation, with thy pleasure and ardent desire, which is holy, and good ; chaf, and pure ; fecure, and ferene ; that being all full of the sweetness of thy love, and all burnt up in the flame of thy Charity, I may love thee, O God, with my whole heart, and with all the marrow of my affections ; having thee still, and every where, in my heart, in my mouth, and before my eyes, fo that there may never be any place open in me, for any adulterine or impure love. Hearken to me, O my God, hearken to me, O thou light of mine eyes : Hearken to what I ask, and teach me what to ask, that thou may'ft hearken to me, O thou piteous and moft merciful Lord, do not become inexorable to me for my fins ; but for thine own goodness

ness sake, receive these prayers of thy Son, and grant me the effect of my petition, and desire, by the intercession, prayer, and impetration of the glorious Virgin *Mary*, my Lady, and Mother, and of all thy other Saints,
Amen.

C H A P. XXXVI.

*A most devout Prayer, by way of
Thanksgiving.*

O Christ our Lord, the Word of the Father, who camest into the World to save Sinners, I beseech thee, by the most indulgent bowels of thy mercy, amend my life, better my actions, compose my manners, take all that from me, which hurteth me, and displeaseth thee; and give me that which thou knowest, to please thy self, and profit me. Who is he but only thou, O Lord, who can make a man clean, he being conceived of unclean Seed. Thou art an Omnipotent God of infinite pity, who justifiest

stifiest the Wicked, and revivest such as are dead through Sin; and thou changeest Sinners, and they are so no more. Take from me therefore whatsoever is displeasing to thee in me; For thine Eyes have seen my many imperfections. Send forth, I beseech thee, thy hand of Pity towards me, and take from me, whatsoever is offensive in me to thine Eyes. Before thee, O Lord, is my Health and Sicknesse, conserve that, I beseech thee, and cure this. Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed, do thou save me, and I shall be saved; thou, who curest the Sick, and conservest the Sound; thou who with the only Beck of thy Will, restorest that which is in Decay, and Ruin. For if thou vouchsafe to sow good Seed in thy Field, which is my Heart, it will first be necessary, that with the hand of thy Pity, thou shouldest pluck up the Thorns of my Vices.

O most sweet, most benign, most loving, most dear, most desirable, most amiable, and most beautiful God, infuse, I beseech thee,

thee, the multitude of thy Sweetness and of thy Love into my Heart; that I may not so much as desire, yea, or even think of any carnal thing; but that I may love only thee, and have only thee in my Heart, and Mouth. Write with thy Finger in my Heart, the sweet memory of thy mellifluous Name, which may never be blotted out again. Write thy Will, and thy Law, in the Tables of my Heart, that I may have both thy Law and thy self, O Lord of immense Sweetness, at all times and places, before mine Eyes. Burn up my Mind with that Fire of thine, which thou didst send into the World, and didst desire that it might be much kindled; that I may daily offer to thee abundance of Tears, the Sacrifice of a troubled Spirit, and contrite Heart.

O sweet Christ, O dear Jesus, as I desire, and as with my whole Heart I crave, so give me thy holy and chaste Love, which may replenish and take, and possess me wholly. And give me that evident sign of thy Love, a springing Fountain
tain

rain of Tears, which continually may flow ; that my tears themselves may witness thy love to me, and they may discover and declare how dearly my Soul loveth thee ; whilst through the excessive sweetness of that Love, it cannot contain it self from Tears. I remember, dear Lord, that good Woman *Anna*, who came to the Tabernacle to beg a Son of thee, of whom the Scripture saith, that after her tears and Prayers, her countenance was cast no longer towards several things. But whilst I call to Mind her so great Vertue and Constancy, I am racked with grief, and confounded with Shame, because I find my self too miserably cast down, towards Vanity. But if she wept so bitterly, and did so persevere in Weeping, who only desired to have a Son ; how ought my Soul to lament, and continue in lamentation, which seeks and loves God, and earnestly desires to get Home to him ? How ought such a Soul to Lament and Weep, who seeketh God day and Night, and is resolved to love nothing but Christ
our

our Lord ? It is no less than a wonder, if such a Persons Tears become not his Bread, day and Night.

Look back therefore, and take Pity on me, for the sorrows of my Heart are multiplied. Give me of thy celestial Contemplation ; and despise not this sinful Soul, for which thou diedst. Give me I beseech thee, internal Tears, which may spring from the most secret Corner of my Heart, whereby the Chains of my Sins may be broken : and let them ever fill my Soul with celestial Joy, that I may obtain some little Portion in thy Kingdom, if not in the Society of those true and perfect Monks, whose steps I am not able to follow, yet at least with devout Women,

I do also call to Mind the admirable Devotion of another Woman, who sought thee with tender Love, when thou wert laid in the Sepulcher. Who retired not from the Sepulcher, when the Disciples retired ; who sat down there, all afflicted and wounded ; and she wept there long, and much, and rising up with many tears,

tears, she did again and again, play as it were the Spy, with her watchful Eyes, upon that solitary place; to see if perhaps she might be able to find thee any where, whom she sought with such ardour of desire. She had already entered into the Sepulcher once and again; but that which in it self, seems too much, seems not enough to one that loves. The Vertue of a good work is Perseverance; and because she loved thee beyond the rest, and loving wept, and weeping sought, and seeking persevered, therefore did she deserve to be the first of all others to find thee out; and to speak with thee. And not only that, but she was the first Proclaimer of thy glorious Resurrection, to thy Disciples; thy self thus directing, and sweetly commanding that it should be so, Go, and will my Brethren that they pass on into *Galilee*; they shall see me there. But, now, if that Woman wept, and continued in Weeping, who sought the Living amongst the dead, and who touched thee but with the Hand of Faith;

Faith; how ought my Soul to lament, and persist in Lamentation, which believeth with the Heart, and confesseth with the Mouth, that thou art her Redeemer, presiding now in Heaven, and reigning every where? How ought such a Soul to lament and weep, which loves thee with her whole Heart, and covets to see thee with her whole Desire? Thee, who art the sole Refuge, and the only hope of miserable Creatures, to whom one can never pray without hope of Mercy? Afford me this Favour, I beseech thee, for thine own sake, and for thy holy Name, that as often as I think of thee, speak of thee, write of thee, read of thee, confer of thee; as often as I remember thee, and am present with thee, and offer Praise and Prayers, and Sacrifice to thee, so often may I weep abundantly, and sweetly in thy Presence, that so my Tears may be made my Bread day and night.

Thou, O King of Glory, and thou Instructor of Souls in all Virtue, hast taught us, both by Doctrine

ctrine and example ; that we are to lament , and weep , saying : Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted. Thou didst weep over thy deceased friend, and thou didst shed abundant tears over that miserable City, which was to perish. And now, O dear Jesus, I beseech thee, by those most pretious tears of thine, and by all those mercies, whereby thou didst vouchsafe so admirably to relieve us wretched Creatures , give me the grace of tears, which my Soul doth greatly affect, and covet. For without thy gift I cannot have it, but be thou pleased to impart it to me, by that holy Spirit of thine, which mollifies the hard hearts of sinners, and gives them compunction to weep, as thou didst give it to our Fathers, whose footsteps I am to imitate, that so I may lament my self, during my whole life, as they lamented themselves, day and night.

And by their merits and prayers who pleased thee, and did most devoutly serve thee, I beseech thee, take pity upon me , thy most miserable,
H rable,

nable, and unworthy Servant ; and grant me the grace of tears : Grant me that superiour kind of irrigation, or watering, and that inferiour also, that my tears may be my bread day and night ; and that by the fire of sorrow, I may be made a fat, and marrowy Holocaust in thy sight.

O my God, let me be all offered up, upon the Altar of my heart ; and let me be received by thee as a most acceptable Sacrifice to thee in the odour of sweetness.

Grant me, O most sweet Lord, both a continual, and a clear fountain, wherein this unclean Holocaust may be cleansed. For although I have already offered my self to thee, by thy favour, and grace ; yet in many things do I offend daily, through my excessive frailty. Give me therefore the grace of tears, O blessed, and amiable God, through the great sweetness of thy love, and by the Commemoration of thine own mercies. Prepare this Table for thy Servant, in thy sight, and put it into my power, that as often as I list,
I may

I may be filled therewith. Grant through thy pity, and goodness, that this excellent and inebriating Chalice, may quench my thirst; and let my spirit pant towards thee, and my heart burn bright in thy love; forgetting all vanity, and misery. Harken to me, O God, hearken, O thou light of mine eyes, hearken to that which I desire, and make me desire such things as thou wilt grant. O Lord, thou who art holy, and exorable in thy self, do not become inexorable to me, for my sins; but for thine own goodness sake, receive the Prayers of thy Servant, and grant me the effect of my desire, and suit, by the Prayers and Merits of my Lady, the glorious Virgin Mary, and of all thy Saints. Amen!

CHAP. XXXVII.

A most holy, and most excellent Prayer to Almighty God, whereby the Soul is greatly moved to devotion.

O Lord Jesus, O Holy Jesus, O good Jesus, who didst vouchsafe to dye for our sins, and to rise again for our Justification; I beseech thee, by that glorious Resurrection of thine, raise me up from the Sepulchre of all my vices, and sins; and daily give me a part in thy Resurrection by grace, that I may obtain to be made a true partaker of thy Resurrection to glory. O thou most sweet, most benigne, most loving, most pretious, most amiable, and most beautiful Lord, who didst ascend up to Heaven, in a triumph of glory; and being a most puissant King dost sit at the right hand of thy Father: Draw me upward, that I may run after thee, in the pursuit and scent of thy odoriferous Oynments. I will run, and not faint.
Whilst

Whilst thou art leading, and drawing me, I will be running. Draw up this mouth of my thirsty Soul, into those celestial springs of eternal satiety. Nay, rather draw me to thy very self, who art the true living fountain; that so according to the uttermost of my capacity, I may drink that, whereupon I may for ever live, O thou my God, and my life. For thou hast said, with thy holy and blessed mouth; if any man thirst, let him come to me, and drink. O thou fountain of life, grant to my thirsty Soul, that it may always drink of thee; that, according to thy holy and faithful promise, the living waters may flow from me. O thou fountain of life, fill my mind with the torrent of thy delight, and inebriate my heart with the sober ebriety of thy love; that I may forget all vain, and earthly things, and may perpetually have thee, and thee alone, in my memory, as it is written; I have been mindful of God, and I was delighted. Impart to me the holy Spirit, which was signified by those waters, which thou didst promise,

H 3

mise, that thou wouldest give to such as thirsted after them.

Grant, I beseech thee, that with my whole desire, and endeavour, I may tend thither, whither I believe thee to have ascended upon the fortieth day after thy Resurrection: That so my body only be held in this present misery; and that I may ever be with thee in desire and thought. That my heart may be there, where thou art, who art my incomparable, desirable, and extreamly amiable treasure. For in the great deluge of this life, wherein we are tossed with storms to and fro surrounding us; and where there is no secure casting of Anchor, nor place more eminent, whereupon the Dove may place her foot, and repose herself in some small measure; there is no where any safe peace; no where any secure quietness, but every where wars and strife; all places full of enemies; fighting without, and fears within. And because one part of us is celestial, and the other terrestrial, the body which is subject to corruption, doth dull and stupifie the Soul.

There-

Therefore doth this Soul of mine , which is my companion, and my friend, and which comes all weary from travelling, upon a long and laborious way , lye languishing , and torn in sunder by those vanities, which it passed by ; and it doth hunger, and thirst extreemly, and I have nothing to set before it, because I am a poor Creature, and a meer begger. Thou, O Lord, my God, who art rich in all things, and art a most plentiful imparter of celestial satiety, give food to it being weary, recollect it being scattered, and repair it being torn in pieces.

Behold it is at the door, and knocks. It beseeches thee, by those bowels of thy mercy, whereby thou didst visit us rising from above, to open thy hand of pity, to this miserable Soul which knocks ; and command (out of thy benignity and grace) that it may enter into thee ; that it may repose in thee, and that it may be recreated, and fed with thee, who art that true celestial Bread, and Wine. That when it is satisfied therewith, it may recover strength,

and so ascend up to the things above it, and being snatched up out of this valley of misery, by the wing of holy desires, it may fly into those celestial Kingdoms. Let my spirit, O Lord, let my spirit, I beseech thee, take the wings of an Eagle, let it spring up and never faint ; let it fly, till it arrive even as far as the beauty of thy house ; that place of the habitation of thy glory ; that it may there be full fed upon that Table, where thy celestial Citizens are refreshed, with those secret delights of thine, in that place of rich feeding, close by those full fountains ; and there, O my Lord, let my heart repose, and rest in thee.

My heart is a high Sea, swelling up with waves. Thou, who didst command both Winds and Seas, whereupon great tranquillity did follow, come down, and walk upon these Waves of my heart ; that all my thoughts may become serene and quiet, to the end that I may embrace thee, my dear, and only Lord ; and that I may contemplate thee (who art the sweet light of mine eyes)
being

being freed from the blind mists, or fogs of all unquiet cogitations. Let my heart fly under the shadow of thy wings, from the scorching heat of the cares, and cogitations of this World; that so being hidden up in that sweet refreshing of thine, it may exult, and sing: In thy peace, in thy very self will I sleep and rest.

Let my memory sleep, let it sleep, I beseech thee, O my Lord God, from all sin and vice. Let it hate iniquity, and love sanctity. For what is more beautiful, what is more delightful, than in the midst of the deep darkness, and the many bitter sorrows of this life, to pant towards that divine sweetness of thine, and to aspire to that eternal beatitude; and there to have our hearts fixed, where it is most certain that true joy is to be found, O thou most sweet, most loving, most benigne, most dear, most pretious, most desirable, most amiable, and most beautiful Lord, When shall I be able to see thee: When shall I appear before thy face, When shall I be satisfied with that

beauty of thine ? When wilt thou lead me out of this dark prison, that I may confess thy Name ; that so, from thenceforth, I may have no more cause of grief ? When shall I pass on into that admirable, and most goodly house of thine ? where the voice of joy and exultation is ever ringing out, in those Tabernacles of the Just ? Blessed are they who dwell in thy house, O Lord, for ever, and for ever shall they praise thee. Blessed are they, and truly blessed, whom thou hast chosen, and assumed into that celestial inheritance. Behold how thy Saints, O Lord, do flourish like the Lilly ; they are filled with the ever springing plenty of thy house ; and thou givest them to drink of the torrent of thy delights. For thou art the fountain of life, and in thy light they shall see light ; in so high degree as that they who are but a light illuminated by thee, O God, who art the illuminating light, do yet shine in thy sight, like the Sun it self.

O how admirable, how pretious, and how beautiful be the habitations
of

of thy house, O thou God of all strength? This sinful Soul of mine is carried with extream desire to enter thither. O Lord, I have loved the beauty and order of thy house; and the place of the habitation of thy glory. One thing I have begged of our Lord, and I will never leave to beg the same; that I may dwell in the house of our Lord all the days of my life. As the Stag runs panting towards the fountains of water, so doth my Soul run thirsting after thee, O God. When shall I come, and once appear before thy face? When shall I see my God, after whom my Soul is in a deadly thirst? When shall I see him in the land of the Living; for in this land of the Dying, he cannot be seen with mortal eyes. What shall I do, miserable Creature that I am, being bound up, hand and foot, by these chains of my mortality? What shall I do? Whilst we remain in this body, we wander from our Lord. We have not here any permanent City, but we are looking after another, which is to come, for our habitation is in Heaven.

Wo

Wo be unto me, for that my abode here is prolonged. I have dwelt with the inhabitants of Kedar ; and my Soul hath been too true a dweller there. Who will help me to the wings of a Dove, that I may fly and rest ? Nothing can be so delightfully dear to me as to be with my Lord. It is good for me to adhere to my God. Grant to me, O Lord, whilst I am confined to this mortal flesh, that I may adhere to thee, as it is written : He who adheres to our Lord, becometh one spirit with him.

Grant me, I beseech thee, the wings of Contemplation, that being indued therewith, I may fly up a pace towards thee. And because all that which is sinful, and weak, is working downward, O Lord hold, hold thou my heart, that it may not rush into the bottoms of this dark valley ; that by interposition of the shadow of the Earth, it may not be severed from thee, who art the true Sun of Justice ; and so may be hindered from beholding celestial things, by the drawing of black Clouds over it. Therefore am I aspiring,
to:

to those joys of Peace ; and to that most calm and delightful state of Light. Hold thou fast my Heart in thy Hand ; for unless it be by thee it will never be able to raise it self to things above. Thither do I make all haste, where supream Peace doth reign ; and where eternal Tranquillity is resplendent. Hold fast, and guide my Spirit, and raise it ; according to thy good-will ; that so thy self being the guide thereof, it may ascend into that Region, where there is an Eternal Spring ; and where thou feedest *Israel* for Ever, with the food of Truth ; that there (at the least with some swift, and catching thought). I may now lay hold of thee, who art that Sovereign Wisdom, remaining over all things, and governing, and conducting all things.

But to the Soul which is striving, and struggling towards thee, there are many things which call upon it, by way of giving it impediment. O Lord, I beseech thee, that they may all be put to Silence, by thy Commandment. Let my very
Soul

Soul be silent to it self. Let it pass by all things: Let it transcend all things Created, and dispatch them all away from it self. Let it arrive to thee, and upon thee, who art the only Creator of all things: let it fasten the Eyes of Faith: let it aspire towards thee: let it be wholly attentive to thee: let it meditate upon thee: let it contemplate thee: let it place thee ever before her Eyes, and lock thee up in her Heart: thee, who art the true and Sovereign good, and that Joy which must never have an end.

Many Contemplations there are, whereby a Soul which is devout to thee, may be admirably entertained and fed; but in none of them is my Soul so delighted, and laid to rest, as in the thought of thee; and when it thinks and contemplates thee alone. How great is the multitude of that sweetness of thine, wherewith thou dost admirably inspire the Hearts of thy Lovers? How admirable is that dearness of thy Love, which they enjoy who love nothing but thee; who seek nothing, nor desire so much as to think of any thing.

thing but thee. Happy Souls are they, whose only hope thou art : and whose only work is Prayer. Happy is that Man, who sits in solitude and silence, and stands still upon his Guard, Day and Night ; and who, whilst he is imprisoned in this poor little Body of his, may yet be able in some Proportion, to have a taste of thy divine sweetness.

I beseech thee, O Lord, by those pretious Wounds of thine, which thou wert pleased to bear upon thy Cross, for our Salvation ; and from whence that precious Blood did flow ; whereby we are redeemed ; be pleased to wound this sinful Soul of mine, for which thou didst also vouchsafe to dye. Wound it with the fiery and most puissant Dart of thy Excessive Charity. For the Word of God is full of Life and Efficacy ; and it is more Penetrative than any sharp, two-edged Sword. Thou art that choice Arrow, and that most sharp Sword, which is able by thy Power, to pierce through the hard Buckler of Man's Heart. Strike through my heart, with the Dart of thy Love, that my
Soul

Soul may say to thee : I am wounded with thy Love. And do it in such sort, as that out of this very wound of thy Love, abundance of Tears may stream down from mine Eyes, Day and Night. Strike through, O Lord, strike through, I beseech thee, this most hard Heart of mine, with the dear, and strong pointed Launce of thy Love ; and pierce down yet more deeply into the most interiour part of my Soul, by the mighty power of thy Hand. And so draw forth out of this Head of mine abundance of water ; and from these mine Eyes a true fountain of Tears, which may continually flow , through my excessive love and desire of the Vision of thy Beauty. To the end that I may mourn day and night, admitting of no Comfort, till I shall obtain to see thee, in thy celestial Bed of State : Thee, who art my Beloved, and most Beautiful Spouse, my Lord, and my God. That beholding there (in the Society of such as thou hast chosen) that glorious, and admirable, and most Beautiful Countenance of thine , (which is top full of all true sweetness)

ness) I may with profound humility adore thy Majesty. And then at last, being replenished, with the celestial, and unspeakable Jubilation of Eternal Joy, I may cry out with such as love thee, and say: Behold, that which I aspired to, I see. That which I hoped for, I have, That which I desired, I enjoy. For to him am I conjoined in Heaven, whom being yet on Earth, I loved with my whole Power: I embraced with entire Affection; and I inhered to, with invincible Love. Him do I Praise, adore, and bless, who liveth and reigneth God for ever and ever. Amen.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

A Prayer to be made in Affliction.

HAve Mercy on me, O Lord,
have Mercy on me, dear Lord
have Mercy on me, most miserable
Sinner, who commit unworthy things,
and do endure such as I am worthy of;
for

for I am daily Sinning, and daily feeling the scourge of Sin. If I consider the Evil which I commit daily, it is no great matter which I suffer. It is much wherein I offend, and it is little which I endure. Thou art Just, O Lord, and thy Judgment is Right ; yea, all thy Judgments are just and true. Thou art just and true, O Lord our God, and there is no Iniquity in thee. Thou, O Merciful and Omnipotent Lord, dost not afflict us Sinners, cruelly and unjustly. But when we were not, thou didst make us with thy hand of Power ; and when we were lost, through our own fault, thou didst admirably restore us by thy pity and goodness. I know, and am well assured, that our Life is not driven on by rash and irregular Motions ; but it is disposed and governed by thee, O Lord our God. So that thou hast a Care of all, but especially of thy Servants, who have placed their whole hope in thy Mercy. I do therefore beseech, and humbly pray thee, that thou wilt not proceed with me, according to my Sins, whereby

whereby I have deserved thy wrath ;
but according to thine own great
Mercy, which surpasseth the Sins
of the whole World. Thou O Lord ;
who dost inflict exterior Punish-
ments upon us, give us interiour
Patience, which may never fail ;
that so thy Praise may not depart
from my Mouth. Have Mercy on
me O Lord, have Mercy on me, and
help me according to what thou
knowest to be necessary for me, both
in Body and Soul. For thou knowest
all things, thou canst do all things,
thou who livest for ever.

C H A P. XXXIX.

*A very devout Prayer to God the
Son.*

O Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of
the living God, who didst
drink up that Calice of thy Passion,
thou being extended upon thy Cross,
for the Redemption of all mortal
Men ; vouchsafe this day to give me
Help. Behold I come poor to thee
who

who art rich ; miserable, to thee who art Merciful. Let me not go empty, or despised from thee. I am hungry now when I begin, let me not give over, empty of thee. I come to thee almost starved, let me not depart from thee unfed. And if now before I eat, I sigh, grant at least, after I have sighed, that I may eat. First of all, O most sweet Jesus, I confess mine own injustice against my self, before the Magnificence of thy Mercy. Behold O Lord, how I was conceived and born in Sin ; and thou didst wash me, and sanctify, and after that I did yet pollute my self with greater Sins. For I was born in original Sin, which was necessary to me, but afterwards I wretred in actual Sin, which was voluntary. Yet thou O Lord, being not unmindful of thy Mercy, didst take me from the House of my Father of Flesh and Blood ; and out of the Tabernacles of Sinners, and didst inspire me to follow thee, with the Generation of them who seek thy Face, and who walk in the right way, and who dwell amongst the Lillies

Lillies of Chastity ; and who feed with thee, at the table of profound Poverty. And I, ungrateful for so many Benefits, did, after I had received Baptism, work many wicked deeds, and committed many execrable Crimes. And whereas I ought to have removed those former Sins, I did after add new Sins to those.

These are my Wickednesses, O Lord, whereby I have dishonoured thee, and defiled my self, whom thou hast created after thine own Image and Likeness, by Pride, vain Glory, and a number of other Sins, whereby my unhappy Soul is afflicted, torn and destroyed. Behold, O Lord, how my iniquities have overgrown my Head, and how they oppress me, as any heavy Burthen might do. And unless thou, whose Property it is to have Mercy, and to forgive, be pleased to put the Hand of thy Majesty under me, I shall not fail to be miserably drowned in that bottomless Pit.

Consider, O Lord God, (and see, because thou art Holy ; and behold how my Enemy insulteth over me, saying,

saying, God hath forsaken him, I will persecute him, and take him, for there is none to deliver him. But thou O Lord, how long? Convert thy self to me, and deliver my Soul, and save me for thy Mercies sake. Have Mercy upon thy Son, whom thou didst beget, with no small Sorrow of thine, and do not so confide in my Wickednesses, as thereby to forget thine own goodness.

Who is that Father, which will not deliver his Son? Or who is that Son, whom the Father will not correct with the staff of Pity? Therefore, O my Father, and my Lord, though it be true, that I am a Sinner, yet I cease not, for all that, to be thy Son; Because thou hast both made me, and made me again. As I have sinned, so do thou reform me; and when thou shalt have mended me by thy Correction, deliver me then to thy Son. Can the Mother forget the Child of her Womb? Yet supposing she could, thou hast promised, O Father, that thou wilt not forget him.

Behold I cry out, and thou hearest me

me not, I am tormented with Sorrow, and thou comfortest me not; What can I say, or what shall I do, most wretched Creature that I am? I am utterly without all Comfort, and I am cast off from the sight of thine Eyes. Woe is me, from how great Happiness, into how great Misery am I fallen? Whither was I going, and yet where am I arrived? where am I, or rather where am I not? To whom did I aspire, and yet now what kind of things be they, for which I Pant and Sigh? I have sought for Happiness, and behold I have met with Infelicity. Behold I am even dying, and Jesus is not with me, and without fail it is better for me not to be at all, than not to be with Jesus; it is better for me not to live at all, than to live without Life.

But thou, O Lord Jesus, and what is become of thine ancient Mercies? Wilt thou be angry with me for ever. Be thou appeased, I beseech thee, and have Mercy on me, and do not turn thy Face from me; thou, who for the redeeming of me,

me, didst not turn thy Face from such as did reproach, and spit at thee. I confess, that I have Sinned, and that my Conscience calls for nothing but Damnation, and my Penance will not serve for satisfaction ; but yet it is certain, that thy Mercy doth surpass all Sin. Do not I beseech thee, most dear Lord, reckon up my Wickedness against me, to the end that thou maist enter into exact account with thy Servant, but blot out my Iniquity ; according to the Multitude of thy Mercies. Woe be unto Me miserable Creature, when the day of Judgment shall come, and the Book of Consciences shall be opened, and it shall be said to me : Behold the Man, and his works. What shall I do then, O Lord, my God, when the Heavens will reveal my Iniquities, and when the Earth will rise up against me ? Behold, I shall be able to make no answer ; but my Head hanging down through Confusion I shall stand trembling, and all confounded before thee. Wo is me, wretched Creature, What shall I say ? I will cry
out

out to thee, O Lord my God ! For why should I consume my self with holding my Peace ? and yet if I speak, my grief will not be appeased. But yet, howsoever, if I hold my Peace, I am inwardly tormented with extream Bitterness. Lament O my Soul, as the Widow useth to do, over the Husband of her Youth. Howl thou miserable Creature, and cry out, because thy Spouse, who is Christ our Lord, hath dismissed thee. O thou Wrath of the Omnipotent, do not thou rush down upon me, for I am not able to receive thee. It is not in all the Power I have to be able to endure thee. Have Mercy on me, lest I despair, and grant that I may repose in hope; and if I have committed that, for which thou mayest condemn me : yet thou hast not lost that, for which thou art wont to save Sinful Men.

Thou, O Lord, desirest not the Death of a Sinner, nor dost thou rejoice in the Perdition of Dying souls ; nay thou dyedst thy self
I to

to the end that Dead Men might live, and thy Death hath killed the Death of Sinners. And if they lived by thy Death, I beseech thee, O Lord, that I, by the means of thy Life, may not dye.

Send forth thy Hand from on high, and take me out of the Hand of mine Enemies, that they may not rejoice over me, and say: We have devoured him. Who can distrust of thy Mercy, O dear Jesus, since thou didst redeem us, and reconcile us to God, by thy Blood, when we were thine Enemies? Behold, how, being protected under the shadow of thy Mercy, I come running to thy Throne of Glory, asking pardon of thee, and crying out, and knocking till thou take Pity of me. For if thou hast called us to take the Benefit of thy Pardon, when we sought it not, how much more shall we obtain it, when we seek it? Do not, O most sweet Jesus, remember thy Justice against this Sinner, but be mindful of thy Benignity towards thy Creature. Be not mindful of thy Wrath against him
who

who is guilty ; but be mindful of thy Mercy, towards him who is in Misery. Forget the proud Wretch, who provoketh thee, and take pity of that miserable Man, who invoceth thee. For what is Jesus but a Saviour ; and therefore, O Jesus, I beseech thee by thy self, rise up to help me, and say unto my Soul, I am thy Salvation. I presume much O Lord upon thy goodness, because thy self teacheth me to ask, to seek, and to knock ; and therefore being admonished by that Voice of thine I do ask, seek, and knock. And thou O Lord, who biddest me ask, make me receive ; thou who advisest me to seek, grant that I may find ; thou who teachest me to knock, open to me, who am knocking. And confirm me who am weak ; reduce me who am lost, raise me to Life, who am dead, and vouchsafe, in thy good Pleasure so to govern my Senses, my Thoughts, Words, and Deeds, that from henceforth I may serve thee, and live to thee, and deliver my self wholly up into thy Hand. I

know, O my Lord, that for thy only having made me, I owe thee all my self; and in that thou wert made Man for me, and didst redeem me; I should owe so much more to thee, than my self (if I had more) as thou art greater than he, for whom thou gavest thy self; But behold I have no more, nor yet can I give thee what I have without thee; but do thou take me, and draw me to thy self, to thy imitation and Love, as already I am: thine by Creation and Condition: thou, who ever livest and reignest.

CHAP. XL.

A profitable Prayer.

O Lord God Omnipotent, who art Trine and One, who art always in all things, who wert before all things, and who art ever to be in all things, God, to whom be Praise for ever; to thee do I commend (for this day, and for all my Life hereafter) my Soul, my Body,

Body, my Sight, my Hearing, my Taste, my Smell, and my Touch; All my Thoughts, Affections, Speeches, and Actions: all my exteriors, and interiors; my Sense, my Understanding, and my Memory; my Faith, my Hope and my Perseverance, into the Hands of thy Power, by day and Night, and in all Hours and Moments.

Hearken to me, O Holy Trinity, and conserve me from all Evil, from all Scandal, and from all mortal Sin; from all ambushes, and vexation of Devils, and from all our Enemies, visible and invisible; by the Prayers of the Patriarchs, by the Merits of the Prophets, by the suffrages of the Apostles, by the Constancy of the Martyrs, by the Chastity of the Virgins, and by the intercession of all the Saints, who have been pleasing to thee, since the beginning of the World. Expel from me all Boasting of Mind: increase Compunction of Heart, diminish my Pride, and perfect thou true Humility in me. Stir me up to shed Tears Mollify my hard and stony Heart

I 3 deliver

deliver my Soul, O Lord, from all the Treacheries of mine Enemies, and conserve me in thy will. Teach me, O Lord, to do thy Will, for thou art my God.

Give me, O Lord, perfect Seeing and Understanding, that I may be able to comprehend thy profound Benignity. Give me Grace to ask that, which it may delight thee to hear, and may be expedient for me to obtain. Give me Tears which may rise from my whole Heart, whereby the Chains of my Sins may be dissolved. Hearken O my Lord and my God, hearken to what I ask, and vouchsafe to grant it. If thou despise me, I perish: If thou regard me, I live: If thou look for Innocency at my Hands, I am dead already, and I stink: if thou look upon me with Mercy, though I stink, yet thou raisest me out of the Grave. Put that far from me, which thou hatest in me, and ingraft in me the Spirit of Chastity and continency, that whatsoever I may chance to ask of thee, yet in the very asking of it, I may
not

not offend thee. Take from me that which hurts, and give me that which helps. Give me, O Lord, some Physick, whereby my Wounds may be Cured. O Lord, give me thy Fear, Compunction of Heart, humility of Mind, and a pure Conscience. Grant O Lord, that I may ever maintain Fraternal Charity, and that I may not forget mine own Sin, nor busy my self with those of other Men. Pardon my Soul, my Sins, my Crimes; visit me who am weak, cure me who am sick, strengthen me who am languishing, and revive me, who am dead. Give me a Heart O Lord, which may fear thee, a will which may love thee, a Mind which may understand thee, Ears which may hear thee, and Eyes which may see thee. Have Mercy on me, O God, have Mercy on me, and look down on me, from that Holy Seat of thy Majesty; and illuminate the Darknes of my Heart, with the Beam of thy Splendor. Give me, O Lord, Discretion, that I may discern between good and bad; and grant that I may

have a vigilant Mind. O Lord, I beg of thee the remission of all my Sins, from whom, and by whom Propitiation may be granted me in the time of my Necessity and of my greatest Streights. O Holy and immaculate Virgin *Mary*, the Mother of God, the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, vouchsafe to intercede of me with him, whose Temple thou deservedst to be made, Holy *Michael*, Holy *Gabriel*, holy *Raphael*: O you Holy Quires of Angels, and Archangels, of Patriarchs, and Prophets, of Apostles, and Evangelists, Martyrs, and Confessors, Priests, and Levites, Monks, and Virgins, and of all the Saints, I presume to beg of you, by him who chose you, and by the Contemplation of whom you are in such Joy, that you will vouchsafe to make supplication to God himself for me; that I may obtain to be delivered from the Jaws of the Devil, and from Eternal Death. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to grant me Eternal Life, according to thy Clemency, and most benign Mercy. O Lord

I. O Lord Jesus Christ, grant
Concord to Priests, and to Kings,
Bishops, and Princes, who judge
justly, give tranquillity and Peace.
O Lord, I beseech thee, for the
whole Holy Catholick Church, for
Men, and Women, for Religious
and Secular People, for all the gover-
nours of Christians, and all such as
believing in thee, do labour for
the Holy Love of thee, that they
may obtain Perseverance in their good
Works.

Grant, O Lord, O Eternal
King, Chastity to Virgins, conti-
nency to such as are dedicated to
thee, O Almighty God, Sancti-
mony to Married Folks, Pardon to
Sinners, relief to Orphans and Wi-
dows, Protection to the Poor, safe
Arrival to such as are in Journey;
Comfort to such as Mourn, ever-
lasting rest to the faithful Souls de-
parted, a safe haven to such as are
at Sea, to thy best Servants, that
they may continue in their Vertue,
to them who are but indifferently
good, that they may grow better,
to them who are wicked and sinful,

(as to me poor Wretch) that they may quickly reform themselves.

O most sweet and most Merciful Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, the Redeemer of the World, I confess my self to be a miserable Sinner in all things, and above all Men; but thou also, O most Merciful and Supream Father, who takest Pity upon all, do not suffer me to become an alien from thy Mercy. O God, thou King of Kings, who hast given me this truce of living till now; grant me devotion to reform my self, stir up in me a Mind which may earnestly desire and seek thee, and love thee above all things, and fear thee and do thy Will, thou who art all every where in Trinity, and Unity, and that for ever. Especially therefore I beseech thee, O Lord, O Holy Father, who art glorious and blessed for ever, that all they who remember me in their Prayers, and who have commended themselves to my unworthy ones, and who have performed any office of Charity, or work of Mercy towards me, and

and they also who are joined to me by Kindred ; and by the natural affection of Flesh and Blood, and as well all they, who are now alive, as those others who are departed, may be Mercifully and Graciously governed by thee, that they perish not. Vouchsafe to give succour to all the Christians who live, grant absolution with eternal Rest to the Faithful who are dead. And moreover I do in most particular manner beg of thee, O Lord, thou who art Alpha and Omega, that when the last day, and point of my Life shall arrive, thy self will vouchsafe to be my Merciful Judge against that malignant Accuser, the Devil, and be thou my continual Defender against the sleights of that antient Enemy of mine, and make me continue in that Holy Heaven of thine, in the Society of all the Angels and Saints, thou who art Blessed for ever and ever.

Amen.

CHAP. XLI.

*A Prayer in Memory of the Passion
of Christ our Lord.*

O Lord, Jesus Christ, my Redemption, my Mercy, and my Salvation; I praise thee, I give thee Thanks, though they carry no proportion to thy Benefits. Though they be very void of Devotion, though they be lean in respect of the Fatness of that most sweet love of thee, which I desire; yet such as they are, not such I confess as I owe, but such as I am able to conceive; my Soul is now paying to thee. O thou hope of my Heart, and thou Vertue of my Soul, and the life and end of all my intentions, let thy most Powerful Dignity supply that which my most faint weakness doth endeavour. And if I have not yet deserved so much of thee, as to love thee so much as I ought, yet at least I have an earnest desire to perform the same. O thou my
light,

light, thou seest my Conscience, because, O Lord, all my desires are before thee. And if I endeavour to do any thing which is good, it is thou who bestowest it upon me. If that be good, O Lord, which thou inspirest, or rather because the inclination which I have to love thee is good: Grant me that, which it is thy will that I should desire, and grant that I may obtain to love thee, as much as thou requirest. I give thee praise, and thanks, for what I have, lest otherwise thy gift might prove unfruitful to me, which thou hast bestowed of thine own free will. Perfect that which thou hast begun, and give me that, through thy mercy, which thou madest me desire, without any merit of mine. Convert, O most benigne Lord, my dull heaviness, into a most fervent love of thee. To this, O my most merciful Lord, my prayer, my memory, my meditation of thy benefits, do all tend, that thou may'st kindle thy love in me. Thy goodness, O Lord, created me, thy mercy, when I was created,

ted, did cleanse me from Original Sin ; thy patience, after that I was washed in Baptism, hath tolerated, nourished, and expected me, when I was all wrapped up in the filth of other sins. Thou, O my good Lord, didst expect my amendment, and my Soul expecteth the inspiration of thy holy grace, that I may come to Penance, and good life. O my God, my Creator, my expecter, and my feeder, I thirst after thee, I sigh towards thee, and vehemently desire to attain to thee. And as the poor Child, being deprived of the presence of his most benigne Father, doth incessantly weep, and cry out, and imbrace, by his memory, that Father's face, with his whole heart, so I (not so much as I should) but so much as I can, am mindful of thy Passion, mindful of thy stroaks, mindful of thy stripes, mindful of thy wounds, mindful how thou wert murdered for me, how thou wert embalmed, how thou wert buried ; and mindful also of thy glorious Resurrection, and admirable Ascension. These things do I hold fast, with undoubted

undoubted faith, I lament the miseries of my banishment, I hope for the only consolation of thy coming, and I desire the glorious contemplation of thy face.

Wo be unto me, in that I was not able to behold that Lord of Angels, being humbled to the conversation of Men; to the end that he might exalt Men, to the conversation of Angels, when God, being offended, died, that Man who offended him, might live. Wo be unto me, that I obtained not to be amazed, in being present at that spectacle of admirable and inestimable piety. Why, why, at least, O my Soul, doth not the Sword of most sharp sorrow pierce thy heart, since thou wert not able to have endured that lance which wounded the side of thy Saviour; since thou couldest not behold those hands and feet of thy Creator, to be so violated with Nails, and the blood of thy Redeemer so hideously to be shed? Why, at least, art not thou incubriated with the bitterness of tears, since he drunk the bitterness of gall? Why

Why art thou not in compassion of that most holy Virgin, his most worthy Mother, my most worthy Lady? O my most merciful Lady, what fountains shall I say they were, which brake out of thy most chaste eyes, when thou didst observe how thy only innocent Son was bound, and scourged, and slain in thy presence?

What Tears shall I believe did bedew, and bath thy most sweet holy Face, when thou didst behold that Son of thine, who was also thy God, and thy Lord, extended upon the Cross, without any fault of his? And that flesh, which was of thine own flesh, to be so wickedly torn, by wretched people: With what kind of sobbing sighs shall I conceive thy most pure heart to have been torn, when thou hearest those words, Woman, behold thy Son; and the Disciple, Woman, behold thy Mother; when thou tookest the Disciple for the Master, and the Servant for the Lord.

O that I had been the man, who took down my Lord from the Cross, with that happy *Joseph*? That I had embalmed him with Odours? That I had lodged him in the Sepulchre? Or at least, that I had followed him, and had obtained so much, that, to so great a funeral as that, some little part of my obsequiousness had not been wanting. O that with those happy Women, I had been frightened by that bright Vision of those Angels; and had heard that message of the Resurrection of our Lord: That message of my comfort: That message so much expected, and desired. O that I had heard these words from the mouth of the Angel, Do not fear, you seek Jesus Crucified, but he is risen, he is not here.

O thou most meek, most benigne, most sweet, and most excellent Lord! when wilt thou give me a sight of thee? for yet I never saw that incorruption of thy blessed Body; I never kissed those places of thy wounds, and that piercing of the Nails;

Nails ; I never bathed those overtures of thy true, thy admirable, thy inestimable, and incomparable Flesh and Blood, with the tears of joy : When wilt thou comfort me, and when wilt thou give me cause to contain this sorrow of mine ? For indeed this sorrow will not end in me, as long as I shall be in Pilgrimage from my Lord.

Wo be to me, O Lord, Wo be to my Soul ; for thou who art the comforter thereof, didst go thy ways out of this World, without so much as bidding me farewell. When thou didst put thy self upon those new ways of thine, thou gavest thy blessing to thy Servants ; but I was not there. Thou wert carried up to Heaven in a Cloud, but I saw it not. The Angels promised, that thou wouldest return ; but I heard them not. What shall I say ? What shall I do ? Whither shall I go ? Where shall I seek him ? And when shall I find him ? Whom shall I ask ? Who will declare to my beloved that I languish for love ? The joy of my heart is gone. My mirth is changed
into

into sorrow. My very flesh and my heart have fainted, O thou God of my heart, and my part : God, who art my portion for ever. My Soul hath refused to be comforted, unless it be by thee, my true sweetness. For what have I to care for in Heaven but thee ; and what have I desired on Earth but thee ? It is thou, whom I desire, for whom I hope, and whom I seek : To thee my heart doth say, I will seek thy countenance, and I will seek it yet again. O turn thou not thy face from me.

O thou most benigne lover of mankind, to thee the poor Creature is left, thou art the helper of the Orphan. O thou my safe Advocate, have mercy on me, who am a forsaken Orphan. I am left as a Pupil without a Father ; my Soul is as solitary as a Widow. Behold the tears of my desolation, and Widowhood, which I offer thee, till such time as thou shalt return. Come therefore, Lord, come now, appear to me, and I shall be comforted. Afford me thy presence, and I shall have obtained

tained my desire. Reveal thy glory, and I shall be in perfect joy. My Soul hath thirsted towards thee ; O how abundantly doth my very flesh thirst after thee. My Soul hath thirsted towards God, who is the living fountain. When shall I come and appear before the face of our Lord ? When wilt thou come, O my comforter, whom I will expect ? O that I might be sure to see that joy, which I desire. O that I might be satiated when thy glory shall appear, of which I have so great hunger. O that I might be inebriated by that springing plenty of thy house, towards which I sigh : O that thou wouldest give me to drink deeply of the torrent of thy pleasure, which I thirst after. O Lord, let my tears in the mean while be my bread, day and night, till such time as it may be said to me, Behold thy God ; till my Soul may hear this word, Behold thy Spouse. Feed me in the mean time with my sighs, refresh me with my sorrows.

Perhaps my Redeemer will come, because he is good ; and he will

of St. Augustine. 189

will not stay long behind, who
was here from the beginning. To
him be glory, for ever, and for
ever. *Amen.*

Deo Gratias.

The End of the
MEDITATIONS.

THE

189

of St. Andrew

will not be long, I think, who
were here from the beginning. To
him be glory, for ever, and for
ever. Amen.

Deo Gratias.

The End of the

REDACTION.

THE

THE
SOLILOQUIA
 OF THE
 Glorious Doctour
St. AUGUSTINE.

CHAP. I.

Of the unspeakable sweetness of God.

LET me know thee, O
 Lord, thou who knowest
 me. Let me know thee,
 O thou strength of my
 Soul, Shew thy self to me, O thou
 who art my comforter: Let me see
 thee, O thou who art the light of
 mine Eyes. Come, O thou joy of
 my Spirit, let me behold thee, O
 thou

thou solace of my heart. Make me love thee, O thou life of my Soul. Appear to me, O thou who art my great delight, my sweet consolation, my Lord, my God, my Life, and the total glory of my Soul. Let me find thee, O thou desire of my heart: Let me possess thee, O thou love of my Soul. Let me embrace thee, O thou celestial Spouse! O thou my Sovereign, and both my external, and internal joy. Let me possess thee, O thou Eternal Beatitude. Let me possess thee in the very Center of my heart, O thou blessed life, and thou sovereign sweetness of my Soul.

I will love thee, O Lord, my strength, O Lord, my foundation, and my refuge, and my deliverer. Let me love thee, O my God, and my helper; thou who art a Tower of strength to me, and my dear hope in all my adversity. Let me embrace thee, who art that Good, without which nothing is good, and let me enjoy thee, who art that best, without which nothing is best. Open the deep hollows of mine Ears by thy
thy

thy word, which is more penetrative than any two-edged sword, that so I may grow to hear thy voice. Thunder, O Lord, from above, with that voice of thine, which is so loud and strong. Let the Sea, and the fullness thereof thunder out : And let the Earth, and all which is therein, be moved. Illustrate mine Eyes, O thou incomprehensible light : Dart forth that bright lightening, and dissipate them, that they may not behold vanity. Draw down the Rivers at full speed, put them into commotion, that the fountains of water may appear, and the foundations of the Earth may be disclosed.

O thou invisible light, grant to us such a power of seeing, as that we may be able to behold thee. Grant, O thou Odour of life, such a new power of smelling in us, as that we may run after thee, upon the Odour of thy Oyntments. Cure this taste of ours, that it may relish, and discern, and know, how great that multitude of thy sweetness laid up for such as fear thee ; that is, of such as are fulfilled with thy love. Grant

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me a heart which may think of thee, a will, which may love thee, a mind, which may remember thee; an understanding, which may conceive thee; and a reason, which may adhere close to thee, who art the supreme delight, and art to be so for ever. Let that love which is wise, be ever loving thee.

O thou Life, to which all things live; Life which givest me life: Life which is my very life it self, whereby I live, and without which I dye: Life, whereby I am revived, and without which I perish; Life whereby I rejoyce; and without which I am in misery: Life, which art a vital life; a life which is sweet and amiable, and to be remembered for ever, where art thou? I beseech thee, that I may find thee, that I may faint in my self, and be refreshed in thee? Be thou near to me in my Soul, near in my heart; near in my mouth; near in mine ears; near, to give me help, because I languish with love; because I dye without thee, and I am revived by remembring thee. Thy odour doth refresh me:
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the memory of thee doth cure me, but I shall then only be satisfied when thy glory shall appear, O thou life of my Soul.

My Soul earnestly desires, and doth even languish through the memory of thee. When shall I come, and appear before thee, O thou my joy? Why dost thou turn thy face from me, O thou my joy, wherein I rejoyce? Where art thou hidden, O beauty, which I desire? I smell the sweet odour of thee; I live, and I joy therein. Thy self I do not see, but I hear thy voice, and it revives me. But why dost thou hide thy Face from me? Dost thou say perhaps that no man shall see my Face, and live? Well then, O Lord, let me dye, that I may see thee, and let me see thee, that I may dye here below.

I will not live, but I will dye. I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. I desire to dye that I may see Christ, I refuse to live, that I may live with Christ.

O Lord Jesus receive my spirit!
O thou my life, receive my Soul;

O thou my Joy, draw my heart up to thee ; O thou my sweet food, let me feed on thee : O thou my Head, direct me : Light of mine Eyes, illuminate me : O thou my true sweetness, temper me ; thou pretious odour quicken me ; thou Word of God, recreate me. O thou my praise, delight thou the Soul of thy Servant ; enter into it, O thou joy of mine, that it may rejoyce in thee. Enter into it, O thou Sovereign sweetness, that it may relish those things which indeed are sweet. O thou eternal light, illustrate it, that it may understand, and know, and love thee. For therefore it is, O Lord, that he who loves thee not, doth not love thee, because he knows thee not : and therefore doth he not know thee, because he understands thee not, and therefore he understands thee not, because he comprehends not thy light : For the light shined in darkness, and darkness comprehended it not.

O thou light of our minds, O bright Truth, which illuminatest all men coming into this World : coming
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ing into it indeed, but not loving it. (For he who loveth the World is made the Enemy of God.) Drive off all darkness, from the face of the Abyſs of my mind; that it may ſee thee, by knowing thee; that it may know thee, by comprehending thee; and that by ſo knowing thee, it may love thee. For whoſoever knoweth thee, forgets himſelf, that he may love thee. He loves thee more than himſelf; he forſakes himſelf, that he may fly to thee, and that he may rejoyce in thee. From hence therefore it grows, O Lord, that I love thee not ſo much as I ought, becauſe I do not fully know thee. But becauſe I know thee little, I love thee little; and becauſe I love thee little, I rejoyce little in thee; but departing from thee, (who art the true interiour joy) towards exteriour things, whilt I want thee alone. I affect to find impure, and falſe friendships, amongſt thy Creatures. And ſo (wretch that I am) I have beſtowed this heart of mine, upon vain things, which I ought to have imployed upon thee with an entire appetite,

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petite, and affection ; and so, by loving vanity, my self am grown to be wholly vain. And hence also it is , O Lord, that I rejoyce not in thee, and that I adhere not to thee. For I am in exterior things , thou in interior : I am in temporal things, thou in spiritual : My mind is scattered and spilt, my thought is entertained, my speech is imployed upon transitory objects : But thou, O Lord, dost dwell in the Eternities, and art Eternity it self. Thou art in Heaven , I on Earth : Thou lovest high , and I low things ; thou Celestial, I Terrestrial : And when shall these contrarieties be ever able to meet ?

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Of the misery and frailty of Man.

WRetch that I am, when shall this crookedness of mine be straightened; according to that rectitude of thine. Thou, O Lord, lovest to be alone, and I to be in multitudes: Thou lovest to be in silence, and I in noise: Thou lovest truth, and I love vanity: Thou lovest purity, and I uncleanness. What should I say more, O Lord: Thou art truly good, and I naughty: Thou art holy, and I am wicked: Thou art happy, and I unjust: Thou art light it self, and I am truly blind: Thou art life it self, and I am dead: Thou art Phylick and I am sick: Thou art joy, and I am sorrow: Thou art Sovereign Truth, and I am an Universality of Vanity, as indeed all men living are. Wo be therefore to me, O thou Creator of mine, what shall I say? Yet hearken thou, O my Creator, for I am

thy Creature, and I am even now upon perishing ; I am thy Creature, and am even now upon dying. I am the work of thy hands, and I am, even now, reduced to nothing. I am the thing which thou hast made. Thy hands, O Lord, have made me, and fashioned me ; those hands, I say, which were fastened to the Cross, with Nails, for me. Do not, O Lord, despise the work of those hands of thine, I beseech thee, behold the wounds which are in thine own hands. Behold, O Lord, how thou hast written me in thine own hands. Read that writing of thine, and save me. Behold I thy Creature do sigh towards thee, thou art my Creator, and do thou refresh me. Behold I, who am the work of thy hands, cry out to thee ; thou art life it self, do thou quicken me. Behold I, whom thou hast framed, am looking towards thee ; thou art my maker, and therefore do thou restore me. Pardon me, O Lord, for my days are nothing.

And yet, what is any man, that he should presume to speak to his
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Creator, who is God? Pardon me whilst I am speaking to thee; forgive thy Slave, who presumes to open his mouth to so great a Lord. But necessity hath no Law. Grief forces me to speak; the calamity which I endure, constrains me to cry out. I am sick, and I cry out to my Physician. I am blind, and I make haste towards the light. I am dead, and I aspire towards life. Thou, O Jesus of *Nazareth*, art the Physician, thou art the Light, and thou art Life.

Have mercy on me; O thou Son of *David*: Take pity on me, O thou Fountain of Mercy. Give ear to thy poor Creature, which cries out after thee. O thou light, which art passing by, expect this blind man, reach forth thy hand to him, that he may come to thee, and may see light in thy light. O thou living life, revive thou this dead man. But yet, who am I that am speaking to thee? Wo be to me, O Lord, have mercy on me, O Lord; on me, who am a rotten Carcass, the food of Worms, a stinking Pot, and that matter

whereon fire must feed : Wo be to me, O Lord, wretched man that I am : Man, who being born of a Woman, is to live but a little time, and is to be filled with many miseries : Man, I say, who is grown like to vanity it self, and being compared to the foolish beasts, is now also become like to them.

But yet still what am I ? A dark Abyſs, a wretched piece of Earth, a Child of wrath, a Vessel even made fit for reproach ; begotten with impurity, living in misery, and dying in agony. Alas poor wretch, what am I ? and yet again, alas, what am I to be ? A vessel full of dung, a hollow shell full of putrefaction, full of stinking filth, which even breedeth horrour. Blind, poor, naked, subject to a world of miseries, and wholly ignorant, either how I came into the World, or how I shall get out. Miserable, and mortal, whose days pass away like a shadow, whose life doth vanish, like a waning Moon, like a flower which groweth upon a stalk, and presently decays. Now it flourisheth, and
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in the turning of a hand, it withereth.

This life, I say, this frail life of mine, this transitory life, this life, which how much the more it increaseth, so much the more it decays: How much the more it proceeds, so much the nearer it draws to death. A deceitful life, and like to a shadow, and all beset with the very snares of death. Now I rejoyce, and even now again I am sad; now I am strong, and now again I am weak; now I live, and now I am about to dye; now I laugh, and now again I weep; now I seem happy, whilst yet I am always miserable. And so subject are all things to change, upon all warnings, as that there is scarce any one of them, which continueth permanent for the space of an hour. Here fear and apprehension, and hunger, and thirst, and heat, and cold, and sickness of body, and sorrow of mind is in all abundance. And all these are followed by untimely death, which snatcheth men out of the World by a thousand ways. It kills one Man with a Feaver, another Man
is,

is oppressed with grief of Mind ; hunger consumeth one, thirst makes an end of another ; one Man is drowned by Water, another is strangled by a Halter ; another is destroyed by Fire, another is devoured by wild Beasts. One is killed by the Sword, another is corrupted by Poyson ; and another ends his miserable Life, by the surprize of some strange and sudden fear. And now besides and beyond all these things, a huge misery it is, that as nothing is more certain than Death, so of nothing is a Man more uncertain, than of the time when he shall dye. When he thinks he standeth fastest, he is tripped up, and his hope perisheth. No Man can tell, either when or where, or how he shall dye ; and yet he is sure enough, that dye he must.

Behold, O Lord, how great this misery of Man is, wherein I am placed, and yet I am void of Fear. How great the Calamity is which I endure, and yet I am far from grief, nor do I cry out to thee. But I will cry out, O Lord, before I pass away,
to

to the end that I may not pass away,
but remain in thee. I will therefore
declare, I will declare my Misery, and
I will not be ashamed to confess my
Baseness before thee. Help me, O
thou my Strength, whereby I am
raised; succour me, O thou Power
whereby I am sustained. Approach
to me, O thou Light, whereby I see;
Appear to me, O Glory, wherein I
joy; disclose thy self to me, O thou
Life, whereby I live, O thou my
Lord and my God.

C H A P. III.

Of the admirable Light of God.

O Thou light, which Tobias
saw, when he taught his Son
the way of Life, though himself were
Blind. Thou light which Isaac
saw interiourly, when he foretold
future things to his Son, though his
Eyes of Flesh and Blood were full of
darkness. Thou invisible light I say,
to

to which all the abysses of humane Hearts are visible. Thou light which *Jacob* saw, when thou teaching him interiourly, he did exteriourly prophesy to his Children. Behold, whilst thou art light, deep darkness is spread over the Face of the Abyss of my Mind. Behold, whilst thou art Truth, a thick Mist is spread over the Waters of my Heart, O thou Word, whereby all things are made, and without which nothing is made : Thou Word, which art before all things, and nothing was before it : Thou Word, which guidest all things, and without which all things are nothing ; thou Word which saidst in the Beginning, let light be made, and light was made ; say that also to me ; let light be made, and let it then indeed be made. And make me also know whatsoever is not light, because, without thy help, I shall mistake light for darkness, and darkness for light. And so without thy light, there is no Truth ; but Errour and Vanity are at Hand ; There is no order, but Confusion ; no knowledge, but Ignorance ; no fight
but

but Blindness; no open way, but wandering mazes; no life but death.

C H A P. IV.

Of the Mortality of Man's Nature.

BEhold, O Lord, because there is no Light, there is Death; or rather, I cannot say, that Death is there; because Death indeed is nothing, and by that we tend to be nothing; whilst we are not afraid to make our selves nothing, by committing Sin. And this, O Lord, happeneth justly to us. For we receive Punishment, fit for our demerits, whilst we slide away like a little falling Water. For nothing is made without thee. And by doing and making that which is nothing, we grow to be nothing, because we are nothing without thee, by whom all things are made, and without whom nothing is made. O Lord, (thou who art the Word; O God, who art the Word, by whom all things, and without whom nothing is

is.

is made) Wo be to me miserable Creature, who have been so often Blinded, for thou art light, and I have been void of thee. Wo be to me miserable Creature, who have been so often wounded; for thou art Health it self; and I am void of thee. Wo be to me, miserable Creature, who have so often been infatuated by Errour; for thou art Truth, and I am void of thee. Wo be to me miserable Creature, who have so often gone astray; for thou art the way, and I have wandred from thee. Wo be to me miserable Creature, who have been so often dead, for thou art Life, and I am without thee: wo be to me miserable Creature, who have been annihilated so often; for thou art that Word, by which all things were made, and I am without thee, without whom nothing is made.

O Lord, who art the Word. O God the Word, who art that Light, whereby light is made; who art the way, the truth and the Life, in whom there is no darkness, nor vanity, nor Death. Light, without which

which all is darkness ; way without which all is Errour ; Truth, without which, all is vanity ; and Life without which, all is Death. O Lord do but say this word, *Fiat lux*: let light be made, that so I may see light, and avoid Darkness; that I may see the way, and avoid straying ; that I may see Truth, and avoid Vanity : that I may see Life, and avoid Death.

O Lord, my light, do thou illuminate me : O thou, my illumination, and my Salvation, whom I will Praise ; my God, whom I will honour ; my Father, whom I will love ; and my Spouse, for whom I will preserve my self. Shine forth, I say, shine forth, thou light, upon this blind Creature of thine, who is sitting in Darkness, and the Shadow of Death ; and direct his feet into the way of Peace ; Whereby I may enter into the place of thy admirable Tabernacle, as far as the House of God himself, and the Voice of Exultation, and Confession. For a true Confession, is the way whereby one may enter into thee, who art the way ; whereby we may depart.

part from all wandring, and may return again, to the same way; because thou art that true way of life.

C H A P. V.

What it is, to be made nothing.

I Will therefore confess my Misery to thee; I will confess to thee, O thou my Father, and my Lord, the Maker of Heaven and Earth, that so I may be admitted to approach thy Mercy. For I am made wholly miserable, and am reduced to nothing, and I knew it not. For thou art Truth, and I was not with thee. My iniquities have wounded me, and I was not troubled thereat. For thou art Life, and I was not with thee.

They brought me to nothing, because I was not with thee, who art the Word, whereby all things were made, and without it nothing, and therefore did I become nothing without thee. For there is nothing which leads to nothing. All things are made

made by him ; whatsoever are made ; and what kind of things were they ? God saw all those things which he made, and they were very good. All things which are made, were made by the Word, and whatsoever things were made by that Word, are very good. Why are they good, in regard that all things are made by the Word, and without it nothing is made ? Because nothing is good without a Participation of that Sovereign Good. But Sin is there, where that Good is not : and for that cause, it is even nothing. For evil is nothing but a Privation of good ; as blindness is no other thing but a Privation of light. Sin therefore is nothing, because it is made without the Word, without which nothing is made ; and that is Sin or Evil which is deprived of that good, whereby all things are made, which have any Being. But now those things which are not, are not made by him, and consequently they are nothing. Therefore those things are Evil, which are not made, because all things which are made, are made

made by the Word, and all things which are made by the Word are good. Since therefore all things are made by the Word, Sin is not made by it; and therefore it remains that all things, which are not made, be not good, for as much as all things which are made, be good, and therefore those things are Evil, which are not made: and therefore they are nothing, because nothing is made, without the Word. Sin therefore is nothing, because it is not made. But then how is it Evil, if it be nothing? Because Evil is a Privation of that good, whereby that which is made is good.

To be therefore without the Word, is to be evil, which yet is not properly to be; because nothing is without it. But what is it to be separated from the Word? If thou desire to know this, learn first what this word is. The Word of God saith, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. To be separated therefore from the Word, is to be out of the way, and without Truth, and Life, and therefore without it, is nothing, and so it is evil in being separated

separated from the Word, whereby all things were made very good. To be separated then from the Word, whereby all things were made, is no other thing, than to fail, and to pass from being a Fact, to be a defect; because nothing truly is without it. As often therefore as thou departest from good, thou dost separate thy self from the Word; because the Word is good; and so thou growest to be nothing, because thou art without the Word, without which nothing is made.

Now therefore, O Lord, thou O light, hast illuminated me, that I might see thee: I saw thee, and I know my self; for so often have I grown to be nothing, as I have separated my self from thee; and because I forget that good which thou art, therefore did I grow to be Wicked. Wo be to me wretched Man, how came it to pass, that I knew not that by forsaking thee, I grew to be nothing? But why do I ask, how I could be Ignorant thereof, if I were nothing? we know what it is to be nothing, that it is not, which

which is nothing ; and that the thing which is not good, is not, because it is nothing. If therefore I were not, when I was without thee, I was as nothing , and as an Idol, which is nothing. Which hath Ears indeed, but it heareth not ; Nostrils, but it smelleth not ; Eyes, but it seeth not ; a Mouth, but it speaketh not ; Hands, but it feeleth not ; Feet, but it walketh not ; and it hath all the lineaments or Parts of a Body, but yet without that Sense which belongeth to them.

CHAP. VI.

Of the fall of a Soul by Sin.

WHen therefore I was without thee, I was not any thing, but I was nothing ; and therefore I was blind, Deaf, and insensible, because I discerned not that which was ill, nor felt the affliction of my Wounds, nor could I discern mine own darkness, because I was without thee, who art the true light, which illuminateth all Men coming into the World.

World. VVo be to me, they have wounded me, and I found no pain by it ; they have dragged me, and I felt them not. I was nothing, because I was without that Life, which is the Word, whereby all things were made. Therefore, O my Lord, and my light have mine Enemies done with me what they would, they have stricken me, stript me, polluted me, corrupted me, wounded me, and slain me, and because I was departed from thee, I grew to be nothing, without thee. Alas, my Lord, and my life, thou who madest me ; my light, which directest me ; thou protector of my life, have Mercy on me, and raise me. O Lord my God, my hope, my Power, my Strength, my comfort in Tribulation, behold mine Enemies, and deliver me : Let them who hate me, fly from before my Face ; and let me live in thee, by thee : For they, O Lord, have played the Spies upon me, and having found me to be without thee, they have despised me. They have divided amongst them, those Garments of vertue, wherewith thou hadst adorned me. They

They have trodden me under their feet; they have polluted thy holy Temple, with the dregs of sinners; they have brought me to be all desolate, and even defeated with sorrow of heart. I follow them being blind, and naked, and all snared with the cords of sinners. They drew me after them, in a round, from one vice to another; from one filth to another; and I went without all courage, before the face of others who were driving me. I was a slave; yea, and I loved my servitude. I was blind, and I desired to be so. I was bound, and I hated not my chains. I believed that sweet was bitter, and bitter sweet; I was miserable, and knew it not. And all this because I was without thy Word; without which nothing is made, by which all things are conserved, and without which all things are annihilated. For as all things are made by it, and nothing without it; so by it are all things whatsoever conserved, whether they be in Heaven, or in Earth, or in the Sea, or in any deep Abyss. Nor doth any one part of a stone, nor of any
any

any other Creature, adhere to any other part thereof ; but only so far forth, as they are conserved by the Word, whereby all things are made. Let me therefore adhere to thee, O Word, that thou mayest conserve me. For as soon as I departed from thee, I had utterly perished in my self, but that thou, who hadst made me once, didst vouchsafe to make me yet again. I sinned, and thou didst visit me. I fell, and thou didst raise me. I was ignorant, and thou didst teach me. I was blind, and thou didst illuminate me.

CHAP. VII.

Of the manifold benefits of Almighty God.

DEclare to me, O my God, how much I miserable Creature am bound to love thee. Declare to me, how much I am obliged to praise thee ; and make me see how much I must procure to please thee. Thunder down, O Lord, from above, with a shrill, and steady voice, into the interiour Ear of my heart. Teach

L

me,

me, and save me, and I will praise thee, who didst Create me, when I was nothing; who didst Illuminate me, when I was in Darkness; who didst revive me, when I was Dead; and who hast fed me, from my very Youth, with all thy good Blessings. Yea, and dost now nourish this unprofitable Worm, who is stinking, and rotting in his Sins, with all thy most excellent Gifts.

Open to me, O thou Key of *David*, thou who openest, and no Man shutteth, to whom thou openest: and who shuttest, and no Man openeth to him, to whom thou shuttest. Open, I say, the Gate of thy Light towards me, that I may enter in, and see, and know, and confess to thee with my whole Heart, because thy Mercy towards me is great, and thou hast drawn my Soul out of that lower Hell. O Lord, my God, how admirable and Praiseworthy is thy Name throughout the World! And what is Man that thou shouldest be mindful of him, or the Son of Man, that thou shouldest visit him? O Lord thou hope of thy Saints, and thou

thou Tower of their Strength: O
 God, thou life of my Soul, whereby
 I live, and without which I die:
 Thou Light of mine Eyes, by which
 I see, and without which I am blind;
 thou joy of my Heart, and thou de-
 light of my Spirit; I beseech thee that
 I may love thee with my whole
 Heart, and with my whole Mind, and
 even with all the very Bowels of my
 affection, since thy self didst first love
 me:

And how came I to obtain this
 favour at thy Hands, O thou Crea-
 tor of the Heavens, and of the
 Earth, and of that deep abyss:
 Thou who hast no need of any
 thing which is mine? Whence
 came I to be so happy, as that thou
 shouldest carry love to me? O thou
 Wisdom, which openest the Mouths
 of dumb Men: O thou Word
 whereby all things were made; open
 thou my Mouth, endue me with
 the voice of Praise, that I may re-
 count all these Benefits, which thou
 O Lord hast bestowed on me, from
 the Beginning

For, behold, I am, because thou

hast Created me, and that thou
 wouldest Create me, and number me
 out, in the Multitudes of thy other
 Creatures, thou didst preordain
 from all Eternity, before thou madest
 any thing; in that beginning of the
 World, before thou didst extend, and
 spread the Heavens abroad, neither
 yet, was there any abyss of the Sea,
 nor hadst thou made the Earth, nor
 laid a Foundation for the Mountains:
 neither yet had the Fountains bro-
 ken forth. Before all these things I
 say, which thou madest by thy
 Word, thou didst foresee by the
 most certain Providence of thy Truth
 that I was to be thy Creature, and thou
 wert resolved, that I should be so.
 And whence grew this Benefit to me,
 O thou most benign Lord, most
 high God, most Merciful Father,
 most puissant, and withal for ever
 meek Creator? What Merits were
 there of mine? What means was
 there to make me so acceptable, that
 it should be pleasing in the Sight of
 thy mighty Majesty to Create me?
 I had no Being, and thou madest me
 of nothing.

But

But what kind of thing didst thou make me? Not some drop of Water: not some spark of Fire: not some Bird, some Fish, some Serpent, or any other unreasonable Creature, not some Stone, or piece of wood: Nor any thing of that kind, which only hath a being, or of that to other kind, which hath not only a Being, but Growth and Sence; but beyond them all, thou wert pleased, that I should be of them, who have a being because I am; and of them who have a being, and encreasing, because I am and grow; and of them which are, which grow, and which feel, because I am, I grow, and I feel. And thou hast created me little inferiour to the Angels; because I have received a Power of knowing thee, which is common between them, and me. But yet I said well, in saying that it was a little inferiour. For they have that happy Knowledg of thee, by express Vision; whereas I have it but by hope; they have it Face to Face, and I, but by a glass as in a Cloud: they have it perfectly, and I, but partly.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the future dignity of Man.

BUT when that shall come which is perfect, that will be evacuated which is imperfect : when also we shall see thee clearly, Face to Face, what shall now hinder us, to be but little inferiour to the Angels, whom thou, O Lord, dost vouchsafe to Crown with the Crown of Hope, which is adorned with Honour and Glory ; whom thou dost excessively honour, as thy Friends ; and as Persons, who are every way equals, and Peers of the Angels ? Yea, and thy Truth saith this. For they are equal to the Angels, and they are the Sons of God, and what are they but Sons of God, if they be equal to Angels. They shall indeed be Sons of God, because the Son of Man is made the Son of God. When therefore I consider this, I am bold to say, that Man is not somewhat less than the Angels : nay
he

he is not only equal to the Angels, but Superiour to them, because Man is God, and God is a Man, and not an Angel. And therefore I will say, that Man is the most worthy Creature, because the Word which was in the Beginning God, with God; the Word, whereby God said, let light be made, and light was made, (that is the Angelical Nature) the Word, whereby God Created all things, in the beginning: the same Word was made Flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and we have seen his Glory.

Behold the Glory, wherein I glory, when I glory as I ought. Behold the joy wherewith I joy, when I joy as I ought. O Lord my God, my Life, and the entire Glory of my Soul. I confess to thee, O Lord my God, that when thou didst Create me capable of Reason, thou didst in some respect, make me equal to the Angels, because I may be perfected by thy Word, so far as that I may arrive to an Equality with the Angels: and that I may have the adoption of thy Sons, by thy only begotten Word.

O Lord, by that beloved Son of thine, in whom thou art well pleased ; by that only Heir, who is Coeternal and consubstantial with thee, which is Jesus Christ, our only Lord and Redeemer, our Illuminator, and Comforter, our Advocate with thee, and the light of our Eyes ; who is our Life, our Saviour, and our only hope, who loved us more than himself ; by whom we have Confidence laid up for us with thee, and a firm hope, and access in coming to thee, because he gave Power to such as would believe in his Name, that they might become the Sons of God.

Let me give Praise to thy Name, O Lord, who by Creating me, according to thine Image, and likeness, hast ordained me to be capable of so great Glory, as that I may be made thy Son. Trees are not capable of this ; Stones are not capable ; nor in fine, any of those things, which are moved or grow in the Air, or in the Sea, or on the Earth, because he did not give them Power, by the Word, to become his Sons ; because they are not capable of Reason. For this

this Power doth consist in Reason, whereby we know God. But he gave this Power to Men, whom he created capable of Reason, according to his own Image, and likeness. And I also, O Lord, am by thy Grace, a Man, and by Grace, I may become thy Son, which they cannot be.

From whence came this Favour to me, O Lord, thou Sovereign Truth, and thou true Sovereignty, and thou, who art the beginning of all thy Creatures? whence came this Blessing to me, that I had a Capacity to become the Son of God, which they had not? Thou art he, who remainest for ever, who didst Create all things at once. At once thou didst Create Men, and Beasts, and Stones, and the Plants of the Earth. No Merits, of any of them, did precede, no former Priviledge was due to them. For thou didst create them all out of thine own meer goodness; and all the Creatures were equal in Merits, because none of them had any Merits at all.

And how then grew thy goodness, to be greater towards this thy Creature, whom thou hast made rational, than towards all the rest, which are not endued with Reason? Why am not I as all they are; and why are not all they as I am? or why at least am not I alone like them? What Merits were there of mine? What favour was due to me, that thou shouldest Create me capable of being thy Son, which yet thou wouldest deny to all them? Far be it from me, O Lord, to think that this proceeded from any Merits of mine. It was thy only Grace, thy only goodness, which made me partaker of the sweetness thereof. Now grant me therefore, O Lord, of that Grace, whereby thou didst Create me of nothing; grant me, I beseech thee of that Grace, to the end that I may be grateful to thee for the same.

CH A P. IX.

Of the Omnipotency of God.

THY Omnipotent hand, which is ever one and the same, did create the Angels in Heaven, and the base Worms on Earth; and yet thou wert not greater in the Creation of the former, and less in the Creation of the latter. For as no other hand but thine was able to create an Angel; so neither could any hand but thine, create the poorest Worm. As no hand but thine, had been able to create the Heavens; so could none else create the lightest leaf of any Tree. As no hand but thine could create any body of ours; so none but thine could make any one hair of our heads either black or white.

Thy only Omnipotent hand doth all these things; to which all things are possible alike. For it is not more possible for it to create a miserable Worm, than an Angel; nor more impossible to extend, and spread abroad the whole Heaven, than one single leaf;

leaf; nor is it easier to frame one hair of our heads, than to make our whole body; nor is it harder for it, to plant and build the Earth upon the Waters, than the Waters upon the Earth. But whatsoever he had a mind to do, he hath done as he was pleased to do both in Heaven and on Earth, and in all the deep Abysses, so hath he framed things, and me among them all; as he would, and could, and knew them. Thy hand, O Lord, could have made me a Stone, a Bird, or a Serpent, or any other brute Creature; and thou knowest how to do it, but thou wouldest not, through thy great goodness to me. Why therefore am I not some Stone, or some Tree, or some brute Beast; but because thy goodness hath ordained otherwise concerning me; and that thou shouldest so ordain; was not caused by any precedent merits of mine.

C H A P. X.

Of the incomprehensible praise of God.

WHence came this mercy to me, O Lord, and whence shall I be able to get power, wherewith I may be able to praise thee: For as thou madest me without me, according to thine own good pleasure, so art thou praised in thy self, as thou art best pleased, without me. Thy praise, O Lord, is thy very self. Let all thy works praise thee, according to the multitude of thy greatness: Thy praise, O Lord, is incomprehensible. It is not comprehended by the heart, nor to be measured by the mouth, nor received by the Ear; for these things pass on away, but thy praise, O Lord, remains for ever: The cogitation of man begins, and his cogitation ends; the voice sounds, and the voice is blown over; the Ear hears, and it leaves off to hear; but thy praise endures for ever. Who is therefore he that shall
praise

praise thee? What man shall be able to announce thy praise? Thy praise is not transitory, it is eternal.

He praiseth thee, who believes thee to be thine own praise. He praiseth thee, who knoweth that he can never arrive to praise thee enough. Thy praise is everlasting, and doth never pass. In thee is our praise, and in thee shall my Soul be praised. It is not we who praise thee, but it is thou who praiseth thy self, and in thy self, and by thy self, and we also have our praise in thee. Then have we true praise when we have praise from thee; when light approveth light. For thou, O true Praise, dost impart true praise; but as often as we seek praise from any other but thee, so often do we lose thy praise, because that other is transitory, but thine eternal. If we seek that praise which is transitory, we shall lose the praise which is eternal. If we desire that which is Eternal, let us not love that which is transitory.

O thou eternal Praise, O thou my Lord, and my God, from whom all praise proceedeth, and without whom there is no praise. I am not able to
praise

praise thee without thee : but let me possess thee, and I shall praise thee. For who, O Lord, am I, that, of my self, I should be able to praise thee? Dust, and Ashes I am; a dead, and stinking Dog I am. I am a very Worm, and Putrefaction it self. Who am I, that I should praise thee, O thou most mighty Lord, and thou God of the spirits of all flesh, who inhabitest Eternity? Shall darkness be able to praise light, or death life? Thou art light, and I am darkness; thou art life, and I am death. Shall vanity be able to praise truth? Thou art truth, but I am a man, as vain as vanity it self. How then, O Lord, shall I be able to praise thee? Shall my misery be able to praise thee? Shall stinks be able to praise precious odours? Shall the mortality of a man, who is here to day, and will be gone to morrow, be able to praise thee? Shall man who is rottenness it self, be able to praise thee? And the Son of man, who is no better than a base worm? Shall he be able to praise thee, O Lord, who is conceived, and born, and bred up in sin? verily thy praises.

praises cannot be grateful in the mouth of a sinner.

O Lord my God, let thy incomprehensible power ; thy wisdom which cannot be circumscribed, and thy goodness, which cannot be declared, praise thee. Let thy supereminent clemency, thy superabundant mercy, and thy sempiternal vertue, and divinity praise thee. Let thy most Omnipotent fortitude, thy supreme benignity, and charity, whereby thou didst create us, O Lord, thou God of my Soul, praise thee.

CHAP. IX.

Of the hope which is to be erected towards God.

BUT I, who am thy Creature, reposing under the shadow of thy Wings, will hope in thy goodness, whereby thou didst create me. Assist thy Creature, who was created by thy benignity ; let not that perish through

through my malice, which hath been wrought by thy goodness. Let not that perish by my misery, which hath been framed by thy mercy. For what doth it profit thee, to have created me, if I shall descend to Hell, through mine own corruption? For hast thou, O Lord, in vain made all the Sons of Men? Thou hast created me, O Lord, and therefore govern that which thou hast created. Do not, O Lord, despise the work of thine own hands. Thou madest me of nothing, and if thou do not govern me, O Lord, I shall again return into my nothing. For as once I was not, O Lord, and then thou madest me of nothing; so if thou do not govern me, yet once again I shall of my self be reduced to nothing.

Help me, O Lord my life, and let me not perish in my wickedness. If thou hadst not created me, O Lord, I had not been; and because thou didst create me, Behold I am. But if now thou do not govern me, behold I am no more. For neither my merits, nor any priviledge of mine,

mine, compelled thee to create me, but thine own most benign bounty and clemency. Let that charity of thine, O Lord my God, which compelled thee to create, I beseech thee oblige thee to govern me. For what doth it profit me, that thy charity constrained thee to create me, if now I perish in my misery ; and if thy right hand do not perfect me. Let that mercy compel thee, O Lord my God, to save that which thou hast created, which compelled thee to create that which thou hadst not created. Let that charity overcome thee, to make thee save, which overcame thee, to make thee create ; because now that charity is not less than it was. For that very charity, is thy very self, who art the same for ever. Thy hand, O Lord, is not so abbreviated, as that it cannot save us ; nor is thine ear out of tune, that it cannot hear us ; but my sins have made a division betwixt thee and me ; between light and darkness ; between the Image of death, and life ; between vanity, and verity ; between this lunatick inconstant life of mine, and
thine,

chine, which is capable of no change,
or end.

C H A P. XII.

Of the snares of Concupiscence.

THese are those shadows of darkness, wherewith I am covered, in the Abyss of this dark prison, where I lie prostrate, till such time as the day may dawn, and the black shadows be removed; and the light may be made in the Firmament of thy power. Let the voice of our Lord in power. The voice of our Lord in magnificence, say thus: Let light be made, and let darkness be driven away, and let the Earth appear dry, and sprout forth fresh, and green Plants; which may bring forth Seed, and the good fruit of the Justice of thy Kingdom.

O Lord, our Father, and our God, thou light, whereby all things live, and without which all things are accounted for dead, do not leave
me

me in my wicked thoughts, and do not continue me in the pride of mine Eyes. Take from me all concupiscence, and deliver me not over to have an irreverent, and unbridled mind; but possess thou my heart, that it may be ever thinking upon thee. Illuminate mine Eyes, that they may see thee, and let them not be vainly extolled in thy sight, who art eternal glory, but let them have humble thoughts, and not be employed upon certain wonderful things, which are too high. Let them behold those things which are on the right hand, and not those which are on the left hand, which are disliked by thee; and let thine Eye-lids point out the steps, which I am to make. For even thine Eyelids do examin the sins of men.

Dispatch away, and destroy my Concupiscence, by that sweetness of thine, which thou hast laid up for such as fear thee, that I may covet thee with an everlasting desire: Lest otherwise the interiour gust of my Soul being enticed, and deceived by vain objects, may esteem sweet to be bitter,

ter, and bitter, sweet ; darknes to be light, and light darknes. That I may be delivered out of the midst of so many Perils, which are spread every where, by the Enemy, over the face of this way, wherein we walk, for the taking of sinners Souls, whereof the whole World is full. Which one, who saw would not pass over in silence, but said, For whatsoever is in the World is either Concupiscence of the Eyes, Concupiscence of the Flesh, or Pride of Life. Behold, O Lord my God, how all the World is full of the snares of Concupiscence, which they have prepared for my Feet. And who shall be able to escape these Snares ? It must certainly be he, from whom thou shalt have taken the pride of his Eyes, that the Concupiscence thereof may not catch him ; And from whom thou shalt have taken the Concupiscence of the Flesh, lest he be taken by it ; and from whom thou shalt have taken an irreverent, and unbridled mind, lest pride of life should craftily deceive him. O how happy is he, to whom thou vouchsafest these things ; for he shall pass on in safety. And

And now, O my Redeemer, I beseech thee by thy self, assist me, that I may not be cast down in the sight of mine Enemies, being wrapped in those snares, which they have prepared for my Feet; that so they may not oppress my Soul. But deliver me, O thou strength of my Salvation, lest else mine Enemies, who hate thee, may contemn, and deride me. Rise up, O Lord my God, O thou strong Champion of mine, and let mine Enemies be dispersed, and let them, who hate thee, be made to fly from before thy face. As Wax dissolveth in the presence of the fire, so let sinners perish before thy face. And as for me, let me be hidden up in that secret of thy countenance, and let me rejoyce with thy Children, being satisfied with all good things. And thou, O Lord God, the Father of Orphans, and the Mother of thy Pupils, hearken to the loud, and woful cry of thy Children; and spread abroad thy Wings, that we may fly under them, from the face of the Enemy, O thou Tower of the strength of *Israel*, who dost
not

not slumber, nor sleep, whilst thou keepest *Israel*; because the Enemy, who impugneth *Israel*, doth neither slumber nor sleep.

C H A P. XIII.

Of the misery of man, and the benefits of God.

O Light, which no other light doth see. O brightness, which no other brightness can discern. O light which obscureth all light. O brightness, which blindeth all other brightness. O light, from which all light: O brightness, from which all other brightness grows. O light, in respect of which all light is darkness, and all brightness, blackness: Light, in whose presence all obscurity is bright, and all darkness light. Sovereign light, which no Cloud can overshadow, and no dark mist make dull, and no fogg obscure, which no close Prison shutteth up, and which no shadow can separate. Light, which
doth

doth illuminate all things ; altogether, once and ever. O swallow me up, I beseech thee, into that Abyſs of thy clarity, that I may on all ſides ſee thee, in thee, and my ſelf in thee ; and all things under thee.

Do not forſake me, and let not the ſhadows of mine ignorance encreaſe, and my ſins be multiplied. Without thee all things are darkneſs ; to me all things are evil, becauſe there is nothing good without thee, who art the true, the only, and the Sovereign good. This I confeſs, and this I know, O Lord my God, that whereſoever I am without thee, it goeth ill with me ; not only without me, but even within me alſo. For all abundance whatſoever, which is not my God, is but meer beggery to me. Then ſhall I be ſatisfied, when thy glory ſhall appear. And thou, O Lord, who art my very life of beatitude ; grant that I may confeſs my miſery to thee, from the time that the variety of temporal things, did diſſipate and divide me when I fell, through the treachery of my carnal ſenſes, from thee, who art that
unity

unity of goodness, that one sovereign good. And it divided me from that one, amongst many things ; and I grew thereby into a laborious kind of abundance, and a copious kind of want ; whilst I would be seeking after this, and that ; and was satisfied with nothing, so long as I found not in my self that incommutable, and singular, and undivided One Good ; which having once obtained, I need nothing, nor have grief for nothing ; and which possessing once, the desire of my whole Soul is fully satisfied.

Wo is me, what misery is this upon misery, when the wretched Soul flies from thee, with whom it might ever abound, and rejoyce ; and when it followeth the World, by means whereof it is still in want, and pain. The World calls me after it, and I faint in following it. Thou callest me, O Lord, and I am all refreshed by thee. And yet I am so perversly miserable, as to follow that which makes me faint, rather than that which refresheth me.

This is directly the infirmity, which I am subject to : O cure it, thou Physician of Souls, that I may confess to thee, (O thou Salvation of my Soul, with my whole heart) all that abundance of thy benefits, wherewith thou hast fed me from my very youth ; and wherewith thou wilt feed me, to the extremity of my old age. I beseech thee by thy self, that thou forsake me not. Thou didst make me, when I was not : Thou didst redeem me, when I was lost ; for lost I was, and dead. And to him who was dead, thou didst descend, thou tookest mortality upon thee ; nay thy self being a King, thou didst descend to thy Slave ; and redeem that Slave thou deliveredst thy self. That I might live thou undertookst to dye : Thou overcamest death, and by pulling down thy self thou didst raise me up. I perished, I was sold away, and thou camest down to redeem me ; and thou didst love me so much as to buy me, upon the price of thine own Blood.

O Lord, thou didst love me more than thy self ; since thou didst resolve

solve to dye for me. By so costly a bargain, and at so high a price, thou didst reduce me from banishment; thou didst redeem me from servitude, thou didst retire me from punishment. Thou didst call me in thy Name; thou didst mark me out with thy Blood, that the memory of thee might for ever stand before me, and that my heart might never recede from him, who did not refuse the Cross for me. Thou didst anoint me with that Oyl which belonged in chief to thy self; that as thou art Christ, so from thee, I might be called a Christian. And in thy hands thou hast written me; that thou mightest have a continual memory of me, with thee; upon condition that the continual memory of thee, might be still with me.

Thus hath thy grace and mercy ever prevented me. For thou, O my deliverer, hast often freed me from many, and great dangers. When I wandered, thou broughtest me back to the way; when I was ignorant, thou didst teach me; when I sinned, thou didst reprove me; when I was

in sorrow thou didst relieve me ;
 when I was in despair, thou didst
 comfort me ; when I fell, thou didst
 raise me ; when I stood, thou heldest
 me ; when I walked thou didst lead
 me ; when I slept, thou didst guard
 me ; and when I cried out to thee,
 thou didst hear me.

C H A P. XIV.

*That God doth consider the works,
 and purposes of mankind, with a
 perpetual attention.*

O Lord my God, and the life of
 my Soul, thou hast imparted
 these, and many other benefits to me,
 whereof it would be a dear thing for
 me, to be ever speaking, ever think-
 ing, and ever giving thanks. That
 I might for ever praise, and love
 thee for all thy good blessings with
 my whole Heart, and my whole Soul,
 and my whole Mind, and my whole
 Strength, and with all the very Mar-
 row, and the most intimate parts of
 my affection ; and with all the parts
 and

and powers of my whole man, O Lord my God, who art the happy sweetness of all them who are delighted in thee. But thine Eyes have seen my imperfections: Those Eyes, I say, of thine, which are far brighter than the Sun, looking down round about, at ease, upon the ways of Men, and upon the profound Abyss, and they do every where contemplate both the good and bad. For as thou dost preside over all things (thou being all, for ever, present every where, and taking particular care of all these things which thou hast created, because thou hatest none of them, which thou hast made) so also dost thou consider all my paces, and steps, and dost ever keep a watchful guard over me, day and night; and like a perpetual Centinel, dost diligently note my ways; as if thou hadst forgotten all the whole World of thy other Creatures, both in Heaven and Earth, and didst not care for the rest.

For neither would the light of thine own unchangeable light encreate in thee, though thou shouldest be-

hold but any one only thing; neither is it diminished, although thou behold divers, and innumerable things. For as thou dost perfectly, and at once consider any one thing by one only act of seeing, so doth thy whole sight most perfectly, and that at once behold the whole of every particular thing, how different soever they may be among themselves. And as it considereth all, so it considereth one, and as any one, so every one, and all of them at once, dost thou consider, without any division, or mutation, or diminution. Therefore all thou, in all time, without time, dost consider all me, at once, and that continually, as exactly, as if thou hadst nothing else to consider. And so therefore, dost thou stand in guard of me, as if thou wouldest attend to me alone, and didst forget all the rest. For thou dost ever shew thy self to be present, and if thou find me ready, thou dost ever offer thy self also ready. Whither soever I go, O Lord, thou forsakest me not, unless I be the first to forsake thee, wheresoever I be, thou departest not.

not away, for thou art every where ; and wheresoever I go I shall find thee. By what means may I be kept from perishing, without thee, since without thee, I cannot be at all.

I confess that whatsoever I do, whether it be little, or much, I do it all, in thy presence ; and whatsoever that be, thou seest it better than my self. For whatsoever I do, thou findest thy self present there, as a perpetual Spectator of all my cogitations, intentions, delectations, and operations. O Lord, all my desires, and thoughts, are ever standing before thee. Thou discernest, O Lord, whence the Spirit comes, where it is, and whither it goes. For thou art the ponderer, and weigher out of all Spirits ; and whether that root be sweet or bitter, from which the fair Leaves of our actions are sent out, thou, as an internal Judge, dost know best. Yea, and thou dost sift most subtilly into the most secret parts, and pith of those very roots ; and dost not only observe and number, and contemplate, and keep account of the

intention, by the most exquisite truth of thy light ; but also of the most profound, and hidden Sapp of that Root ; to the end that thou may'st repay to every one, not only according to their works, or their express intention, but also according to that interiour and original Spirit of the Root of their actions, from whence the intention of him that worketh, doth proceed.

To whatsoever I tend, when I work ; whatsoever I think, in whatsoever I am delighted ; thine Ears hear me, thine Eyes see me, and consider me. Thou dost Mark, and Judge, and Note, and Write in thy Book, whether it be Good, or Bad ; to the end, that afterward thou may'st render either Rewards for that which is Good ; or Torments for that which is Evil : When thy Books shall be opened, all Souls shall be judged according to those things which shall be written in those Books. And this perhaps is that which thou didst already say to us : I will consider the last things of those Men. And that also, which is said of thee. O Lord,

Lord, He considereth the end of all Men, For thou, O Lord, dost in all those things, which we do, more attend to the end of our intention, than to the act of our operation.

And when I consider those things diligently, O Lord my God, who art so terrible, and full of strength, I am alike confounded between huge fear, and shame. For a mighty necessity is imposed upon us, of living with rectitude and justice, who do all the things which we do before the Eyes of a Judge, who seeth all things.

CH. A P. XV.

*That Man of himself can do nothing
without Divine Grace.*

O Thou most mighty, and Omnipotent God, the God of the Spirits of all Flesh; whose Eyes are over all the ways of the Sons of Adam, from the day of their Nativity, to that other of their Death, to

the end that thou may'st reward every one of them, according to their works, whether they be good or bad: Teach me, how I may confess my poverty to thee. For once I said that I was rich, and that I wanted nothing, and I did not know the while that indeed I was poor, and naked, and a miserable wretch. I believed that I was somewhat, when yet indeed I was nothing. I told myself that I would become wise, and I turned a stark fool. I thought myself to be prudent, but I was deceived. And now I see that all is thy gift, without whom we can do nothing. For unless thou, O Lord, keep the City, he watcheth but in vain, who pretends to keep it.

Thou hast taught me thus, to know thee, whilst thou didst leave me for a while, and prove me; not that thou mightest know me thereby, but for my sake, that so I might come to know my self. For (as I was saying, O Lord,) I thought once that I was somewhat of my self; I conceived, that I was sufficient by my self; nor did I discern, that thou wert he-
that

that governed me, till thou didst a little withdraw thy self from me. And then presently I fell, and so I saw, and knew, that thou didst govern me; and that it was of my self, that I fell; and that it was of thee, that I rose again.

Thou, O Light, didst open mine eyes, and didst rouse me up, and illuminate me; and I saw, that the life of man upon Earth, is all temptation; and that no flesh must presume to glory before thee, for so no man living can be justified. For if there be any good in him, whether it be great, or little, thy gift it is, and nothing is ours, but that which is naught. Of what therefore shall any flesh be able to vaunt? Shall he glory in sin. This is not glory; but misery. May he glory in that which is good? No: For he may not glory in that which belongeth to another. Thine, O Lord, is the good, and thine must be the glory. For he who seeketh glory to himself, and not to thee, out of the good he doth, that man is no better than a thief, and a robber, who had a mind to be-
reave

reave thee of thy glory. For he who will be praised for any gift of thine, and seeketh not thy glory, but his own therein, although he be praised by men, for that gift of thine, yet he is dispraised by thee; in regard that he sought not so much thy glory by it, as his own. And now he who is praised by men, whilst thou dispraisest him, shall not be defended by men, when thou judgest him, nor delivered by them, when thou condemnest him.

But thou, O Lord, who didst frame me in my Mother's Womb, do not suffer me to fall under so great a reproof, as that I should be charged with procuring to rob thee of thy glory. To thee be glory, of whom all good things are; and to us, confusion of face, and misery, unless thou vouchsafe to have mercy on us. But thou hast mercy, O Lord, thou hast mercy upon us all, who hatest none of those things which thou hast made; and who bestowest of thy good gifts upon us; and dost enrich us, O Lord our God, with thy most excellent graces. For thou
lovest

lovest poor Creatures, and thou enrichest them with thy abundance. And now behold, O Lord, we are thy poor Children, and thy little Flock; open thy gates to us, and thy poor shall eat, and be satisfied, and they who seek thee, and praise thee. I do also know, O Lord, and I confess, (for I am taught to do it by thee) that they only who know they are poor, and confess their poverty to thee, shall be enriched by thee; and they who conceive themselves to be rich, whereas indeed they are poor; will be found excluded from thy riches. For my part therefore, I confess my poverty to thee, O Lord my God, and let all glory remain to thee. For all that which hath been well done by me, is thine.

O Lord, I confess to thee, as thou hast taught me, that I am nothing, but an Universality of vanity, and a shadow of death, and a black kind of Abyss, and a plot of Earth, which is all empty, and unfruitful, and which shoots not up one leaf without thy blessing; and of it self, it yields

no other fruit than confusion, sin and death. If ever I had any good thing, I received it of thee : Whatsoever good I have now is thine, and of thee I have it. If ever I stood fast, I stood by thee ; but whensoever I fell, of my self I fell ; and for ever had I weltered in that Mire, if thou hadst not raised me. And for ever had I continued blind, unless thou hadst illuminated me. When I fell, I had never risen, unless thou hadst reached forth thine hand. And when afterward thou didst raise me, I had instantly returned to fall, unless thou hadst sustained me ; and I had perished very often, unless thou hadst governed me. So perpetually, O Lord, so perpetually was I prevented by thy mercy and grace ; delivering me from all my sins, saving me from all such as are past, soliciting me against such as were present, and fortifying me against such as might be future : Cutting off, before my face, those snares of sins, by preventing the occasions, and causes thereof. For, unless thou hadst also done this favour to me, I might have committed
any

any sin in the whole World. And I know, O Lord, that there is no kind of sin, which any one man did ever commit, which another man may not also commit, if the help of the Creator, whereby man is made, be wanting. But thou art the cause why I committed them not: Thou didst command that I should abstain from them, and thou didst infuse thy grace, that I might believe in thee. For thou, O Lord, didst govern me for thy self; and thou didst keep me both for thy self, and for my self: and thou didst give me light, and grace, to the end that I might not commit Adultery, and every other Sin.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Of the manifold temptations of the Devil.

THe Tempter was absent, and thou wert the cause that he was absent. Fit time, and place for sin were wanting, and thou wert the cause that they were wanting. The Tempter was present, and neither time, nor place, were wanting; but thou didst keep me from consenting. The Tempter came to me, all ugly, and frightful as he is; and thou didst comfort me so far, as to make me despise him. The Tempter came to me all strong, and armed; and to the end that he might not conquer me, thou restrainedst him, and didst strengthen me. The Tempter came transfigured into an Angel of light; and to the end that he might not deceive me, thou rebukedst him, and thou didst illuminate me, that I might know him. For he is that great, and red Dragon, that antient Serpent, and he is called the Devil, and Satan,

Satan, having seven Heads, and ten Horns. Whose imployment is, to inveigle this great huge Sea, wherein innumerable Creatures are still creeping; Creatures, great and small; that is to say, several kinds of Devils, who study nothing else, day and night, but how they may walk their round, seeking whom they may devour, unless thou deliver them. For this is that antient Dragon, who sprung up first in that Paradise of pleasure, and who with his Tail draws the third part of the Stars of Heaven after him, and brings them down to the Earth; he who is poison, corrupts the waters of the World, that so men who drink thereof may dye, and who tramples upon Gold, like so much Dirt; and into whose mouth the River of *Jordan* flows; and he is grown to that presumption, that he fears none at all. And who shall be able to defend us from the crushing of his Teeth? Who shall be able to deliver us out of his Jaws, but thou, O Lord, who hast broken all the heads of that huge Dragon.

Help

Help us, O Lord, and spread thy Wings over us, that so we may fly under them, from the face of this Dragon, who persecuteth us. And do thou defend us by thy shield, from the push of his Horns. For to this doth he direct his continual study; upon this is his chief desire imployed, that he may devour the Souls which thou hast created. And therefore, O my God, we cry out to thee; deliver us from this daily Adversary of ours, who whether we sleep, or wake, or eat, or drink, or whatsoever else we do, is pressing upon us, by all means, and by many frauds, and tricks, he is addressing poysoned Arrows against us, both privately and publickly, that so he may destroy our Souls. And yet, O Lord, so strangely miserable are we made, as that although we see this Dragon continually coming towards us, with his mouth wide open, ready to devour us; yet nevertheless, we sleep, and we are even wantyn again in our sloth, as if we were secure before him, who yet covets nothing but our destruction.

Our

Our Enemy, that he may kill us, is continually awake; and wants his sleep; and yet we will not so much as wake from sleep, that we may defend our selves.

Behold, he hath spread infinite snares before our feet; and he hath stuffed all our ways with several kinds of Gins, whereby to catch our Souls; and who then shall be able to free himself? He hath laid snares in riches, and snares in poverty; snares in meat, in drink, in pleasure, in sleeping, and waking; he hath spread snares in words and in works, and in all our ways. But thou, O Lord, deliver us from the snares of the hunter, and from that bitter word; that we may confess to thee, and say, Blessed be our Lord, who hath not given us to a prey to their Teeth. Our Souls are delivered as a Sparrow might be out of the hunter's snare: The snare is broken, and we are delivered.

CHAP. XVII.

That God is the Light of just Persons.

AN D thou, O Lord, who art my light, illuminate mine Eyes, that I may see and walk in thy light, and not stumble upon the snares of the Enemy. For who shall be able to avoid such a multitude of snares, unless he see them; and who shall be able to see them, unless he be illuminated by thy light? For that Father of darkness, hides all those snares, in his own darkness; that all they may be taken by them, who are in his darkness; and who are the Sons of darkness; not discerning thy light, wherein, whosoever walketh needs not fear. For he who walks by day, stumbles not; but he stumbles who walks by night; for the light is not in him.

Thou, O Lord, art Light, thou art the light of the Sons of light; thou art the Sun, which knoweth not what belongs to setting; that day wherein thy

thy Children walk without stumbling ; and without which, all they who walk are in darkness, as being destitute of thee, who art the light of the World. Behold we discover daily, that by how much the more, any man is estranged from thee, who art the true light, so much the more intricately is he wrapped up in the darkness of sin. And how much the more he is in darkness, so much the less can he discern the snares which are spread for him, in his ways. And so by not discerning them, he falleth often into them, and is taken by them ; and which deserves to strike us full of horror, such a man doth not so much as know that he is fallen : Now, he who knows not that he hath taken a fall, will care so much the less to rise, as he still conceiveth, that he stands.

But thou, O Lord, my God, thou true light of the mind, illuminate now mine Eyes, that I may see thee, and know thee, and not tumble headlong down, in the sight of mine Enemies. For this main adversary of ours, doth labour even

to

to exterminate us outright; whilst we, the while, beg of thee, that thou wilt make him melt before our face, as Wax doth, upon the approach of fire. For he, O Lord, is that cruel Thief, first, and last, who took counsel, how he might rob thee of thy Glory; but so being puffed and swollen up, he burst, and fell upon his face, and thou didst precipitate him down from that Holy Hill of thine; and from the midst of those bright stones, in the midst whereof he had once been walking. And now, O Lord my God, and my life, he never giveth over to persecute thy Children, ever since he fell.

And out of his hatred to thee, O Mighty King, he procureth to destroy thy Creature, which thy Omnipotent goodness hath created, according to thine own Image; to the end that he may possess thy glory, which himself lost by pride. But crush thou him to pieces, O strong Champion, before he devour thy Lambs; and illuminate us, that we may discern the snares, which he hath prepared for us; and make us able to escape,
and

and arrive to thee, O thou joy of Israel.

Thou best knowest all these things, thou knowest his contentious spirit, and his most stiff neck. Nor do I speak of these things, as pretending to discover them to thee, who knowest all things, and from whom no little thought can lye hid. But make my just complaint against this Enemy of mine, before the feet of thy Majesty ; that so thou mayest both condemn him, and save us, thy Children, whose strength thou art.

This Enemy of ours, O Lord, is full of craft, and shifts ; nor can those intricate ways of his, be easily traced out ; no, nor so much as the Air of his countenance be discerned by us, unless we be illuminated by thee. For sometimes he is here, and sometimes he is there. Now he shews himself like a Lamb, and then like a Wolf ; now like Darknes, and then like Light ; and according to the several qualities of persons, according to the variety of times, and places ; and according to the momentary change of things, he suggesteth
several

several temptations. For to the end that he may deceive sad people, he pretends himself to be sad for company. To the end that he may delude such as are in joy, he feigns himself also to rejoyce. That he may beguile such as are spiritual, he transformeth himself into an Angel of light. That he may insinuate himself, and by that means crush such as are strong, he takes the semblance of a Lamb; that he may devour such as are meek, he borrows the face of a Wolf. All these things he takes upon him, according to the similitude and proportion of the temptations, which he means to use. As some, he frights with a nocturnal fear; others, by the Arrow which flies by day; others, by the business which walks by night; others, by express assault; and others, by that Devil of high noon.

Now, who is he that can think himself a match for this Enemy so far, as that he may so much as know him, and who did ever reach to the bottom of his craft? Who shall reveal the making of his Garment to

us,

us, and who shall make us know the walk of his Teeth ? Behold he hideth his Arrows in his Quiver, and he covers his Snares, under a shew of Light ; and so he is less subject to be understood, unless, O Lord, O thou hope of ours, we beg light from thee, whereby we may discern all things. For not only doth he strive to deceive us in the sensual works of flesh and blood ; nor only in the exercise of vice, which is easily discerned ; but even amongst our most spiritual actions, he hideth certain subtle Snares ; and under the colour of vertue, he puts on vice, and transforms himself into an Angel of light. These, and many other things, O Lord our God, doth this very Son of *Belial*, this Satan, endeavour to bring against us. And now as a Lyon, then as a Dragon, both manifestly and secretly, interiourly, and exteriorly, both by day and night, he is laying trains for us, that so he may destroy our Souls. But thou, O Lord, deliver us, thou who savest such as hope in thee, that our Enemy may have cause to be sorry, for as

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much

much as may concern us ; but that thou, O Lord our God, mayst be praised in us.

C H A P. XVIII.

Of the benefits of God.

BUT let me, the Son of thy handmaid, who have commended my self into thy hands, confess to thee, O my deliverer, with my whole heart in these little poor confessions of mine, and let me call to mind, all those good blessings, which thou hast vouchsafed to bestow on me, from my youth, and in my whole life. For I well know that ingratitude doth much offend thee, which is the root of all spiritual mischief; and a kind of dry and parching wind, which blasterh all goodness; and it shutterh up the fountains of divine mercy towards man; and by this means, both our ill deeds which were dead get life again; and our good deeds which live, do quickly grow to dye, and have no more life afterward.

But

But as for me, O Lord, I will give thanks to thee. Let not me, O thou my deliverer, be ungrateful to thee, since thou hast freed me.

How often had that Dragon even swallowed me up, and thou, O Lord, didst draw me out of his mouth? How often have I sinned, when he was ready to have devoured me, but thou, O Lord my God, didst defend me? When I did wickedly against thee, when I transgressed thy Commandments, he stood ready to snatch me away into Hell, but thou forbadeest him. I offended thee, and the while, thou defendedst me. I did not fear him, and yet thou didst preserve me. I departed from thee, and made offer of my self to mine Enemy; but thou didst fright him so, as that he should not dare to carry me away.

These benefits didst thou bestow upon me, O Lord my God; and I wretched Creature knew it not. Full often hast thou freed me, from the very jaws of the Devil, and snatched me out of the mouth of the Lyon; and full often hast thou brought me

back again from Hell, though I was ignorant thereof. For I descended even towards the very Gates of Hell, and thou heldest me back from going in. I drew near the Gates of Death, and thou wert the cause why they opened not themselves to receive me. Thou also, O my Saviour, hast often delivered me from corporal death, when I was subject to great sickness. And when I found my self in many dangers, by Sea, by Land, by Fire, by Sword, and many other ways; thou wert ever delivering me, ever present to me, and ever saving me with great mercy. For thou, O Lord, didst well know, that if death had then seized upon me, Hell had possessed my Soul, and I had been damned for ever. But thy mercy and thy grace, O Lord my God, prevented me, and gave me deliverance from that death of my Body, and consequently from the death of my Soul.

These, and many other benefits didst thou impart to me, but I was blind, and knew them not, till I was illuminated by thee. But now, O
thou

thou light of my Soul, O Lord my God, my life, by which I live, and the light of mine Eyes, by which I see, behold, thou hast illuminated me, and now I know thee, and confess my self to live by the gift of thy hand; and I give thanks to thee; to which though they be mean, and poor, and full of disproportion to thy benefits, yet they are the best, which my frailty can afford. For thou alone art my God, my benigne Creator, who dost love our Souls, and hatest none of those things which thou hast made.

Behold, I who am the greatest of those sinners, whom thou hast saved (to the end that I may give an example to others, of thy most benigne piety) will confess thy great benefits to me: For thou hast snatched me out of that lower Hell, once, twice, and thrice, and a hundred, and a thousand times. And indeed, I was ever tending towards Hell, and thou wert ever drawing me back. And thou mightest justly have damned me a thousand times, if thou hadst been so disposed. But thou

wouldest not, because thou lovest Souls, O Lord my God, and thou dissemblest the sins of men, that so they may come to Penance, and there is much mercy in all thy ways.

Now therefore I see these things, O Lord my God, and I know them, by thy light; and my Soul doth even faint, and is sick with love, upon the consideration of thy great mercy towards me; since thou hast snatched my Soul out of that lower Hell, and hast brought me back again to life: For I was all plunged in death, and thou hast wholly revived me. Be therefore all my life and being thine; and I do wholly offer my whole self up to thee. Let my whole spirit, my whole heart, my whole body, and my whole life, live to thee, O thou my sweet life; for thou hast delivered me wholly, that thou mightest possess me wholly, thou hast intirely repaired me, that so again thou mayst have me intirely. Let me therefore love thee, O Lord, my strength; let me love thee, O thou unspeakable exultation of my Soul. And let me live now not to my self,
but

but to thee. My whole life which perished by my misery, was raised up by thy mercy ; thou who art that merciful God, and full of pity, which thou dost extend, in thy goodness, to thousands of such as love thy Name. Therefore, O Lord my God, and my Sanctifier, hast thou commanded in thy Law, that I should love thee with my whole heart, with my whole Soul, with my whole mind, with my whole strength, and with all the powers I have ; yea, and with the most internal marrow of all my affections ; and this, in all the hours, and moments of my time, wherein I am enjoying the benediction of thy mercies. For I should ever perish, but that thou dost ever govern me. I should ever dye, but that thou dost ever quicken me. And thou dost oblige me to thee in every moment of my life ; since in every moment thereof, thou impartest great benefits to me.

As therefore, there is no hour, or point of time in my whole life, wherein I am not assisted by thy benefits ; so also ought there not to be any mo-

ment, wherein I should not have thee before the Eyes of my mind ; and wherein I should not love thee with my whole strength. But even this I cannot do, save by thy gift only to whom every good gift belongeth, and every excellent grace is descending from thee the Father of Lights, with whom there is no transmutation, nor shadow of change. For it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of thee, taking mercy that we love thee. Thine, O Lord, is this gift to whom every good thing belongeth. Thou commandest that thou be beloved : Give us that which thou commandest, and then command us what thou wilt.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the fervour of Charity.

I Love thee, O my God, and I am ever desiring to love thee more. For in very deed, thou art more sweet than any Hony ; more nutritive than any Milk ; and more clear than any
Light.

Light. Therefore art thou more dear to me than Gold, or Silver, or pretious stone. And whatsoever delightful thing I had in the World, was displeasing to me, in comparison of thy sweetness, and the order of thy House, which I loved. O thou fire which ever burnest, and art never quenched ; O thou love, which is ever boiling hot, and never growest lukewarm ; do thou inflame me. Let me, I say, be wholly inflamed by thee ; and let me wholly love thee. For he loves thee too little, who loves any thing together with thee, which he loves not for thy sake. Make me love thee, O Lord, because thou didst first love me.

And how shall I find words, whereby I may unfold the notions which I have of thy singular love to me, testified by those innumerable benefits, by which thou hast trained me up, from the beginning ? For after the benefit of the Creation, when in the beginning thou didst make me of nothing, after thine own Image, doing me honour, and exalting me beyond the rest of thy Creatures, which

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thou

thou madest ; and innobling me with the light of thy countenance, which thou didst stamp upon the entry of my heart ; whereby thou didst dissever me, both from insensible Creatures, and from bruit Beasts, which are endued with sense, and thou madest me not much inferiour to the Angels ; yet even this seemed not enough, in the sight of thy Deity. For since that time, thou hast entertained, and nourished me, with daily and singular, and great presents of thy benefits, without intermission. And thou hast given me comfort, and made me suck, like some little tender Infant of thine, at the Breasts of thy consolation. For to the end that I might yield thee my entire service, thou hast appointed, that whatsoever thou hast made should serve me.

C H A P. XX.

*That God hath submitted all things;
to the service of man.*

THou hast made all things subject to the feet of man, to the only end, that man might become wholly subject to thee. And to the end that man might be wholly thine, he is entitled to a dominion over all thy works. For thou hast created all exterior things for the Body; the Body for the Soul; and the Soul for thy self; to the end that man might tend only to thee, and might love only thee, possessing thee, by way of comfort to himself; and thy Creatures, by way of receiving service from them. For whatsoever is contained under this Vault of Heaven, is inferiour to the Soul of man; which was created, that it might possess the supernal, sovereign good above; by the fruition whereof, it might be happy: And whereunto when it shall adhere, outstripping,
and

and overlooking all relations and respect to all inferiour things, which are subject to mutation, it shall calmly and constantly behold the face of that eternal immortality, and the vision of that supreme Majesty, to which it hath aspired here. Then shall they be in fruition of those most excellent delights in the House of our Lord; in comparison whereof all those things which here we see, may well go for nothing. Those are they, which the eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, nor have they entred into the heart of man, which God hath prepared for them who love him. And these things O Lord, wilt thou impart to the Soul of man. And with the consideration of these things, dost thou who lovest Souls, delight the Souls of thy Servants:

But yet, why should I wonder at those things, O Lord my God, therein thou dost but honour thine own Image, and that similitude of thine, according to which they are created. For whilst we are yet in this corruptible and ignoble Body to the end we might see thou hast given
this.

this light of Heaven, by the hands of thy unwearied Ministers the Sun and Moon, which do perpetually observe thy precept, in serving thy Children day and night. To the end that we might breath, thou hast given the purity of the Air. That we might hear, the variety of Sounds. That we might smell, the sweetness of Odours. That we might tast, the variety and quality of Savours. That we might touch, thou hast given the bulk of all Bodies. For the other necessary occasions of Man, thou hast given Beasts to carry him. And thou hast imparted the Birds of the Air, the Fish of the Sea, and the Fruits of the Earth for his refection. Thou hast also created out of the Earth several Medicines, which may be applied to the several infirmities of Men; and thou hast prepared particular comforts, which are to encounter and reverse those particular inconveniences which may occur. And all this thou hast done, because thou art full of mercy, and pity; and thou being our Potter, dost know the matter whereof we are made. For, in fine,
we

we are but as so much dirt in thy hand.

C H A P. XXI.

That the greatness of the Divine Counsel may be inferred by the consideration of temporal Blessings.

BEhold me, I beseech thee ; let thy great mercy stand open to me. Illustrate me yet more with thy light ; that so it may be discovered to me more and more. For by these little works of thine, we grow to comprehend thy great ones ; and by thy visible works, we are enabled to take some aim at thy invisible works, O Lord our God, the holy, and good Creator of us all. For if, O my Lord ; whilst we are in this body, which is so corruptible, and ignoble, thou dost impart to us so great, and even innumerable benefits, by means of the Heavens, and of the Air ; of the Earth and Sea ; of Light and Darkness ; of Sun and shade, of Dew and gentle Rain ; of Winds

Winds, and stiff Showers ; of Birds, and Filhes ; of Beasts and Trees ; of the multiplicity of Herbs and Plants of the Earth ; and by means of the ministry of all thy Creatures, which do successively serve us at due and several times ; to ease us thereby, of that trouble, and fastidiousness, which otherwise we might be subject to ; what kind of benefits, I beseech thee, and how great, and even innumerable will they be, which thou hast prepared for such as love thee, in that celestial Country, where we shall behold thee face to face. If thou do us so much honour in this Prison, what wilt thou do in thy Palace.

Great, and innumerable are thy works, O Lord, thou King of the Heavens. For since these of the lower rank, which thou hast delivered over, to be used promiscuously here, both by good and bad, be all of them very excellently good and delightful ; what kind of things shall they prove to be, which thou hast only treasured up for them alone who are good ? If thy gifts be so divers, and even innumerable, which now thou
be-

bestowest both upon thy Friends, and upon thine Enemies; how great, how innumerable, how dearly sweet, and how delightful are they to be, which thou wilt only bestow upon thy Friends? If the Solace be so great, which thou givest us in this day of our Tears, what wilt thou give in that day of our Espousals? If this place of Exile and restraint afford such Pleasures, what I beseech thee will our Country do?

The Eye cannot see without thee, what thou hast prepared for such as love thee. For according to the great multitude of thy Magnificence, so also the multitude of that Sweetness is great, which thou hast hidden up for them that fear thee. For thou O Lord, my God art great, thou art immense, there is no end of thy greatness, there is no number of thy Wisdom; and there is no measure of thy Benignity; and there is neither end, number, nor measure of the Reward, which thou bestowest. But as thou art great, so are thy rewards great; for thou thy self art the reward, and the gift which thou bestowest.

stowest upon all such as shall valiantly have fought thy Battails.

C H A P. XXII.

That the diuine sweetness taketh away all the present bitterness of the World.

THese are those great Benefits wherewith thou, O Lord God, the sanctifier of thy Saints, wilt satisfy, and remove the want of thy hungry Children. For thou art the hope of the Desperate ; the Comfort of the desolate ; thou art that very Crown of hope, which is adorned with the Glory prepared for such as overcome. Thou art the eternal Satiety, of such as have been almost starved ; and thou art to be bestowed upon such as hunger after thee. Thou art that everlasting consolation, who bestoweth thy self upon them alone, who despise the comforts of this World, for that everlasting Consolation of thine. For they who look for their Comfort here, are esteemed

esteemed unworthy of thy comforts ; but they who are afflicted here are comforted by thee ; and they who partake with thee in thy Passion, shall partake with thee also in thy Consolation. No Man must think to be Comforted, both in this, and in the other World ; nor must he think to be in Joy both here and there ; but he must necessarily lose the one, who will possess the other.

When I consider these things, O Lord my Comforter, my Soul refuseth the Comforts of this Life, that so it may be held worthy of thy eternal Consolations. For it is high reason that any Man should lose thee, if he make choice to be comforted more in any other, than in thee. And I beseech thee even by thy self, O thou supream Truth, that thou permit me not to be comforted by any vain Consolation ; but that it may only be in thee. And I beg, that all things may grow bitter to me, that thou alone mayest appear sweet to my Soul ; thou who art that inestimable sweetness, whereby all bitter things are made sweet. For thy

thy sweetness is the thing which made that torrent of Stones, sweet to *Steven*. Thy sweetness made that burning Gridiron, sweet to Blessed *Laurence*. Through thy sweetness, the Apostles went rejoicing from the Council, because they were held worthy to suffer reproach for thy Names sake. *Andrew* went both with Security and Joy to the Cross, because he hastned to taste of thy sweetness. And this sweetness of thine did so fill the two Princes of the Apostles, that for it, the Wood of the Cross was chosen by one of them; and the other was not afraid to submit his Head to the murdering Sword. For the purchase of this sweetness, *Bartholomew* sold away his very Skin. And to have a taste thereof, the undaunted *John* drunk off that poisoned Cup. And as soon as *Peter* had tasted of it, he forgot all other things, and cryed thus out, like one, who were inebriated, saying, O Lord, it is good for us to be here. Let us here make three Tabernacles. Let us dwell here; let us contemplate thee; for we need nothing else.

It.

It is enough for us, O Lord, to see thee. It is enough saith he to be satiated with so great Delight. And the reason was this; because he had tasted some one drop of divine sweetness, all other sweetness was loathed by him. What then shall we think, that he would have said, if he had once tasted of the great multitude of the sweetnesse of thy Divinity, which thou hast hidden up for them that fear thee.

That Virgin had also tasted of this unspeakable sweetness of thine, of whom we read, that she went top full of Joy and Glory to the Prison, as if she had been invited to some Marriage Feast. And of this, I suppose, he also had tasted who said, That the multitude of that sweetness of thine, O Lord, was great which thou hadst hidden up for them that fear thee, and who also advised Men thus, Taste, and see how sweet our Lord is: For this is that Beatitude, O Lord our God, which we expect, by the gift of thy Hand, for which we fight as in a warfare under thee, O Lord; for which we are mortified to thy honour

honour all the day long ; that at last we may live to thee, in that Life of thine.

C H A P. XXIII.

That all our hope and ardent desire of our Heart ought to be placed in our Lord.

BUT thou O Lord, the expectation of *Israel*, and that desire, to which our Heart doth every day aspire, make haste to us, and do not stay. Rise up, make haste, and come ; and bring us out of this Prison to confess unto thy Name, that we may glory in thy Light. Open thine Eares to the cry of the Tears of thy forsaken Children, who thus are calling out to thee. Give us, O thou Father of ours, our daily Bread this day, in the strength whereof we may walk day and night ; till at last we may arrive to thy Holy Mountain *Horeb*. And I also, poor little one that I am, amongst the poor little ones of thy Family, when shall

shall I, O my God, my Father, and my Strength, come, and appear before thy Face; that I, who confess unto thee now for a time, may do it there, for all Eternity. Happy shall I be, if once I may be admitted to behold thy Brightness.

Who will grant me so much favour, as that once I may be admitted to that Happiness. I know, O Lord, I know, and confess, that I am unworthy to enter under thy Roof: Yet do thou admit me for thine own Honours sake; and confound not thy slave, who hopes in thee. And who shall be able to enter into thy Sanctuary, to consider the wonders of thy Power, unless thou open him the Gate? And who can open it, if thou shut it? For if thou destroy, there is none can build us up. And if thou shut a Man in, there is none who can put him out. If thou contain the Waters, all the World will be dried up, but if thou let them loose, they will overrun the Earth. If thou have a Mind to annihilate all that which thou hast Created, who shall presume to contradict thee? Now therefore,

therefore, O thou Eternal Goodness of thy Mercy (which is that whereby thou madest whatsoever thou wouldest) thou art the Architect of the whole World : and therefore do thou also govern us. Thou didst create us, and therefore do not thou despise us ; for we are the work of thy Hands. And it is plain enough, O Lord our God, that we who are but base Worms, and dirt shall never be able to enter into thy Eternities, unless we be introduced by thee, who hast Created all things of nothing.

CHAP. XXIV.

That all our Salvation depends upon God.

BUT I, the work of thy Hands, will confess to thee, in thy fear, that I will not put my Confidence in my Bow, or think that my Sword can save me, but that must be done by thy right Hand, and by thine Arm, and by the illumination of thy countenance. For otherwise I should despair. But thou, who didst create
me,

me, art my hope, that thou wilt not forsake such as trust in thee. For thou art our Lord God, sweet and patient, and disposing of all things, in Mercy. For if we have sinned, we are thine; and if we have not sinned, we are thine, because we are numbered among thy Creatures.

We are but as a leaf, in respect of the World, and all Mankind is but vanity; and our Life is but as a Vapour upon the Earth. Be not angry, if wee thy poor, forsaken little Children fall, because thou O Lord, our God, knowest the matter whereof we are made. Wilt thou, O God of inestimable Fortitude, shew forth thy Power against a Leaf which is whipped away by the Wind? And persecute a withered Straw. Wilt thou, O eternal King of *Israel*, damn a dead Dog? Wilt thou damn a single Gnat. We have heard, O Lord, of thy Mercy, and thou puttest not to death, nor rejoicest in the Perdition of dying Men.

Therefore do we beseech thee, O Lord, that thou wilt not permit that, which thou hast not made, to have

have dominion over this Creature of thine, which thou hast made. Nay thou art grieved with our Perdition; and what then O Lord shall be able to hinder thee, who art omnipotent, from eternally rejoicing in our Salvation? If thou wilt, thou canst save me; but I cannot do it, tho' I would. The multitude of the miseries which I carry about me, is very great. It is at hand with me, to will a thing, but I cannot find the way to perfect it. Yet I cannot even will a good thing, unless thou also wilt; nor can I perform that which I have a Will to do, unless thy Power strengtheneth me. Yea, and that which I have Power to do, falls out sometimes, that I will not do it, unless thy Will may be done in Earth, as it is in Heaven. And what I will do, and can do, I do not know, unless thy Wisdom illustrate me. And though also I do know, having sometimes a Will to do a thing, and sometimes also a Power to do it, yet my Wisdom passeth away, all imperfect and empty as it is, unless thy true Wisdom help me.

But in thy Will all things are placed; and there is none who can resist that Will of thine, O thou

O

the

the Lord of all thy Creatures, who hast supream Dominion over all Flesh ; and dost work whatsoever thou wilt, in Heaven, and in Earth, in the Sea, and in all the Abysses.

Let therefore thy Will be done in us, upon whom thy Name hath been invoked ; and let not this noble work of thine perish, which thou didst create for thine own Glory. And what Man born of Woman is he, who can live, and not see Death, and deliver his Soul from the hand of Hell, unless thou alone do snatch him thence ; Thou who art the vital Life of all Life, whereby all things live.

CHAP. XXV.

That the Will of Man wanteth Efficacy towards good Works without the Grace of God.

I Have now confessed to thee, O thou Praise of my Life, O Lord, my God, and the strength of my Salvation, that there was a time, when I had confidence in mine own Strength,

Strength, which yet was no strength at all. And when I was so resolved to run on, where I thought my self to stand fastest, there I fell foulest ; and instead of advancing, I retired ; and I was more and more estranged from that which I thought to have apprehended. And so being come to know the little Proportion of my Strength by the many Experiments which I made for the want thereof, I do now understand, because I have been illuminated by thee, that whatsoever I have thought my self most able to do, that could I ever bring least to pass. For I said sometimes, I will do this, and I will perfect that ; and I did neither the one, nor the other. If I had the Will, I wanted the Power : If I had the Power, I had not then the Will ; because I trusted in mine own Strength.

But now I confess to thee, O Lord my God, the Father of Heaven and Earth, that no Man shall overcome in his own Strength, to give occasion thereby to the foolish Presumption of Flesh and Blood, to glory in thy sight. For it is not in the Power of a Man, to will that which

he hath Power to do ; or to do that which he can will , or to know what he can will and do ; but rather the Paces of Men are directed by thee: the Paces of them, I mean, who confess themselves to be directed by thee, and not by themselves. We beseech thee therefore , O Lord, by the Bowels of thy Mercy, be pleased to save that which thou hast created. For if thou wilt , thou canst save us, and the strength of our Salvation consisteth in the Pleasure of thy Will.

C H A P. XXVI.

Of the ancient benefits of Almighty God.

CALL to mind thy ancient Mercy, whereby thou didst prevent us from the beginning, in those Benedictions of thy sweetness. For before I was born (I who am the Son of thy Handmaid , O Lord, who hast been my Hope, even from the Breasts of my Mother) thou didst prevent me by preparing those ways

wayes for me, wherein I might walk, and whereby I was to arrive to the Glory of thy House. Before thou framedst me in my Mothers Womb thou knewest me, and before I parted from her Womb thou didst pre-ordain concerning me, whatsoever was pleasing to thy self. What things are contained and written in thy Book concerning me; in that Secret of thy Consistory, I, for my part, do not know, and thereupon I am in extream Fear, but it is well known to thee: For that which I might expect to happen in success of days and times between this and a thousand Years hence; all that is already done, in the sight of thy Eternity; and that which is future, is finished already there.

Now therefore whilst I live in this dark Night; and whilst I am ignorant of these things, fear, and trembling come upon me, since I see on all sides, that many dangers do set upon me close at Hand; and that I am hunted by many Enemies, and hemmed in by innumerable Miseries in this life. And unless I

had thy help, in the midst of so great calamities, I should despair. But still I have a strong hope in thee, O thou most meek Prince, and my God. And the consideration of the multitude of those mercies, which thou hast shewed to me, doth ease my mind; and the fore-running signs of thy mercies which prevented me before I was born, and do now shine particularly towards me, do sollicite me to have good hope, concerning those future, better, and more perfect gifts of thy benignity, which thou reservest for thy friends. That so I may rejoyce, O Lord my God, with that lively, and holy joy, whereby thou dost ever recreate my youth.

C H A P. XXVII.

Of the Angels which are deputed to the custody of Man.

FOR thou hast loved me, O thou only Love of mine, before I loved thee; and thou hast created me after thine own Image, and thou hast

hast preferred me before all thy Creatures. Which dignity I keep now also, having known thee, for whom thou hast made me. Thou hast also made thy Spirits, Angels, for my benefit, and thou hast commanded them to keep me in all my ways, lest else perhaps I might hurt my foot against a stone. For these are the Guard which stands upon the Walls of the City of thy new *Jerusalem*; and these are those Mountains, which are said to stand in the Circuit thereof, keeping watch by night, over thy flock; lest at any time the Lion should snatch away our Souls, whilst none were by to deliver them; that ancient Serpent, I say, our Adversary, the Devil, who is ever walking the round, seeking whom he may devour.

These are those happy Citizens of *Jerusalem*, that supernal City, that Mother of ours, which is above, and they are sent in ministry to them who are to take hold of the inheritance of Salvation; that they may deliver them from their Enemies, and guard them in all their ways; that they

may comfort and admonish thy Children, and offer up their prayers in the sight of the glory of thy Majesty. For they love their fellow Citizens, by whose Society they expect that the ruine of the Schism, which was made by the rebellious Angels, may be repaired.

They do therefore assist us, with great care, and watchful endeavour at all times, and in all places succouring us, and making provision against our necessities ; and passing with great sollicitude, between us and thee, O Lord, presenting our sighs, and sobs to thee, that they may obtain for us an easie pardon, from thy mercy ; and may bring down from thee, the desired benediction of thy grace. For they walk with us in all our ways ; they go in, and out with us ; considering with great attention, how vertuously, and piously we converse in the midst of a wicked Nation ; with great endeavour, and desire, we seek the Kingdom of God, and the Justice thereof ; with how great fear and trembling we serve thee ; and how also we exult towards thee

thee, in the joy of our hearts.

They help such as are taking pains ; they protect such as are at rest ; they encourage such as fight ; they Crown such as conquer ; they rejoyce with such as joy , (I mean such as joy in thee) and they suffer with such as suffer, I mean such as are in sufferance for thee.

They have a mighty care of us. Great is the ardour of their affection towards us : and all this for the honour they bear to that inestimable Charity, wherewith thou lovest us. For they love them, whom thou lovest ; they keep them whom thou keepest, and they forsake them whom thou forsakest. Nor do they love the workers of wickedness, because thou hatest all the workers of iniquity ; and destroyest all them who speak lyes. As often as we do well, the Angels joy, and the Devils grieve. But as often as we swerve from vertue, we make the Devil glad, and we deprive the Angels of their joy. For they have joy by one sinner, doing Penance ; but the Devil hath joy, when Penance is given over by a good man.

Grant them therefore, O Father, grant that they may ever rejoyce concerning us ; and that thou mayst ever be praised by them, in us ; and that both they , and we, may be brought into one and the same sheep-fold ; that together we may confess to thy Holy Name , O thou Creatour , both of Men and Angels.

Whilst I am calling these things to mind before thee , I confess to thee with praise, That these are great benefits , whereby thou hast honoured us , whilst thou givest thy Spirits for Angels to assist us. Thou hadst already bestowed, whatsoever was contained under the Vault of Heaven, yea, and thou reputeest that as but little, which is contained under Heaven, unless thou mayst also add those things which are above the Heavens.

Let all thy Angels praise thee also for this, O Lord : Let all thy works also confess to thee ; and let all thy Saints themselves bless thee for it. O thou our Supreme honour, thou hast too highly honoured us ;
and

and thou hast beautified, and enriched us with many gifts.

Thy Name, O Lord, is admirable over the whole Earth. For what is Man, that thou shouldst magnifie him, or so apply thy heart towards the love of him. For thou, O ancient Truth, hast said, My delight is to be with the Sons of Men. But yet, is not Man rottenness, and the Son of Man a very Worm? Is not every Man living a kind of universality of vanity? And yet dost thou think it worthy for thee, to cast thine Eyes upon him; and to bring him with thee into Judgment?

C H A P. XXVIII.

*Of the profound Predestination, and
Prescience of God.*

TEach me, O thou most profound Abyss, O thou Wisdom, which art the Creatrix of all things, which hast poised the Mountains in weight,

weight, and the lesser Hills in a balance, and hast hung up the whole bulk of the Earth in three fingers, suspend thou towards thy self the weight of this corporal heaviness, which I carry about me, in thy three invisible fingers, that I may see, and know, how admirable thy Name is over the whole Earth.

O thou Light most ancient, which didst shine before all other Light, in those Holy Hills of old Eternity, to which all things were open and clear, even before they were made. O thou light, which hatest every little spot, thy self being most immaculate, and most pure; what delight canst thou take in man, and what agreement can there be between light and darkness? For where, in fine, is the ground of those delights which thou takest in Man? Or how didst thou prepare in me a Sanctuary worthy of thy Majesty, into which when thou enterest, thou mayst take delight and gulf? For it is fit, that thou, who art the very power which cleanseth all things, shouldst have a clean Room to be in; thou who canst
not

not be so much as seen, and much less possessed but by pure Souls? But where is this Temple so pure in any man, as that it may be fit for the reception of thee, who rulest the whole World of Men.

Who can make a man clean, he being conceived of unclean Seed? Is it not thou who art only clean? For who can be cleansed by one who is himself unclean? For according to the Law, which thou gavest to our Fathers, in the fire which burned the Hill; and in the Cloud, which covered the dark Water, we are told, That whatsoever an unclean man did touch, should be unclean. But all we are as a menstruous cloth, proceeding out of an impure, and corrupted mass; and we cannot become clean, unless we be cleansed by thee, who art only clean. And we carry the mark of our impurity in our very foreheads, and are far from being able to conceal it from thee, who seest all things. So that we can never be clean, unless we be cleansed by thee who art only clean.

But

But amongst us, who are the Sons of men, thou clearest some, in whom thou hast been pleased to dwell. Whom out of the inaccessible profound secrets of the incomprehensible Judgments of thy Wisdom, (which are ever just, though secret) thou hast been pleased to Predestinate without any merits of theirs, before the World was made, and hast called them out of the World, and hast justified them in the World, and wilt magnifie them after the World. But thou dost not this to all, which all the Wise Men of the Earth do wonder at, even to amazement.

And I also, O Lord, whilst I consider this, do all tremble, and am astonished at the altitude of the riches of thy Wisdom, and Knowledge ; and at the incomprehensible Judgments of thy Justice, to the reason whereof I can no way arrive. Since out of the same clay thou designest some vessels to honour, and others to eternal reproach.

Such.

Such therefore as thou chusest out of many, to be a Holy Temple for thy self, them dost thou cleanse, pouring out pure water upon them; whose Names and Number thou knowest; who alone, dost number the multitude of the Stars, and callest them all by their names; who are also written in the Book of Life, and can no way perish; to whom all things, yea even their very sins themselves, do co-operate towards their good. For when they fall, they are not bruised, because thou dost put thy hand under them, keeping all their bones in such sort, that no one of them may be broken.

But the death of sinners is most pernicious, of those I mean, whom before thou madest Heaven and Earth, thou didst, according to the most profound Abyss of thy Judgments, (secret indeed, but ever just) foreknow to Eternal death. The number of whose names, as also of their foul demerits, is with thee; who hast numbred the Sands of the Sea, and hast measured the bottom
of

of the Abyſs ; whom thou haſt left in their uncleannefs ; and in whom all things co-operate to their ill, yea even their very prayer is turned into ſin. So far forth, as that although they ſhould mount up as high as the ſky, and their heads ſhould touch the very clouds, and ſhould build their neſt amongſt the Stars of Heaven, they yet ſhall periſh in the end, like a very Dung-hill.

C H A P. XXIX.

Of them who firſt were juſt, and afterwards become wicked. •

GREAT are theſe Judgments of thine, O Lord my God, O thou juſt and powerful Judge, who judgeſt according to equity, and doſt work and perform inſcrutable things. Which when I conſider, all my bones do even ſhiver with trembling, becauſe no man living upon the Earth can be ſecure. But we muſt learn hereby, to ſerve thee
piously,

piously, and purely all the days of our life; exulting to thee with reverence; and that we may not serve thee without fear; nor rejoyce without trembling. And that neither he who is girt, nor ungirt, nor in fine, any Creature of flesh and blood, may glory, but may be full of apprehension and horror before thy face; since no man knoweth, whether he be worthy of love, or hate, but all things are reserved in uncertainty for the future time.

For we have seen many, O Lord, and we have also heard it from our Elders, (which certainly I cannot call to mind without much trembling, nor repeat without much fear) who at the first ascended after a sort, up to Heaven, and did place their Nest, even amongst the Stars; and yet afterwards fell down to the very Abyss; and their Souls grew to be even stupified in sin. We have seen Stars fall down from Heaven, through the force of the Dragons Tayl, who struck them: And others who lay prostrate upon the dust of the Earth, have ascended up by the help of thy hand,

hand, which raised them, after an admirable manner. We have seen living men dye, and dead men rise again to life ; and them who walked amongst the Sons of God , in the midst of those shining stones of his Temple , to have mouldered away into nothing, like so much dirt. We have seen light grow dark ; and again , we have seen light proceed out of darkness ; because the Publicans and Harlots have precedence of the natural inhabitants in the Kingdom of Heaven, whilst the Children of the same Kingdom are cast out into exterior darkness.

But how come all these things to pass, but only, because they would needs ascend into that mountain, into which that first Angel did go up, and came down a Devil. But whom thou hast predestinated, them thou hast called, and sanctified, and cleansed, that they may be a fit habitation for thy Majesty, in whom, and with whom thou takest holy and pure delight, and in whom thou art pleased, and thou dost recreate their youth.

youth. Dwelling so with them in their memory, that they prove a holy Temple for thee, which is a matter of much dignity and honour to our humanity.

C H A P. XXX.

That a faithful Soul is a Sanctuary of God.

TH E Soul which thou hast created, not of thy self, but by thy Word; not of any Elementary Matter, but of nothing; this Soul which is Rational, Intellectual, Spiritual, ever living, ever in motion, which thou hast stamped with the light of thy countenance, and consecrated by the vertue of thy Baptism, is made so capable of thy Majesty, that it can only be filled by thee, and by no other. When it possesseth thee, the desire thereof is fully satisfied; and there resteth then no more exteriorly which it can desire. But when it is found to desire any thing
ex-

exteriourly, it is clear, that it possesseth not thee interiourly ; upon the having of whom , there remaineth nothing more to be desired. For since thou art the Sovereign and total Good, the Soul which possesseth that total Good, can ask no more. But if it desire not that total Good, it remaineth that it must desire somewhat which is not that total Good, and which therefore cannot be that Sovereign Good ; and consequently not God, but a Creature.

Now, as long as it desires a Creature, it is subject to continual hunger. For although it obtain that of the Creature, to which it pretendeth ; yet still it is not full, because nothing can fill it, but thou, according to whose Image it is made.

But thou dost only fill them, who desire nothing else but thee ; and thou, O God, makest such to be worthy of thee, and holy, blessed, immaculate, and in fine, thy friends, as reputing all things but dung that they may gain thee alone. For this is that Beatitude, which thou hast bestowed on Man. This is that honour

nour, wherewith thou hast honoured him, both amongst, and above all thy other Creatures; that thy Name may be admirable, over all the Earth.

Behold, O Lord my God, Supreme, most Excellent, and Omnipotent, I have found that the place wherein thou dwellest, is the Soul which thou created, after thine own Image, and likeness, and which seeketh, and desireth thee alone. For in that Soul which seeketh or desireth thee not, thou dost not dwell.

C H A P. XXXI.

That God is not to be found, either by the exterior, or interior senses.

I Have wandred like a lost sheep in exterior things, seeking thee who art interior; and I did put my self upon much labour, by seeking thee without my self, who dwellest in me, if indeed it be true, that I
desire

desire thee. I have walked round about the streets, and open places of the City of this World, in search of thee; but I found thee not, because I did foolishly look that abroad, which was within. I sent all my exteriour senses, as my Ambassadors abroad, that so I might seek thee; but I found thee not, because I sought thee ill. For I see, O my light, and my God, who hast illuminated me, that I sought thee ill, by their means, because thou art within, and yet they scarce can tell how thou didst enter. For the Eyes will say, if he were not of some colour, he came not in by us. The Ears say thus, if he made no noise, he did not pass by us. The Nose saith, if he had no smell, I know nothing of him. The Taste saith, if he had no savour, he entred not in by me. The sense of Touching also addeth, if it have no corpulency, there is no cause why you should interrogate me.

These kind of things, O my God, are not in thee; and therefore the beauty of Bodies, or the order of
Time,

Time, or candour of Light, or Colour, or the concerts of sweet Musick, or whatsoever other thing of delightful Sound; or the odour of Flowers, and precious Oyntments, or other aromaticall Odours; or Hony, or Manna, which is so delightful to the taste, or other things, which is so amiable to be embraced, or touched; or in fine, any other object which are subject to these senses of ours, are the things which I seek, when I seek my God.

Far be it from me, that I should believe these things to be my God, which are comprehended by the sense of brute beasts. And yet nevertheless, when I seek my God, I seek a certain light above all other light, which the Eye doth not receive; and a certain voice beyond all voices, which the Ear doth not contain; a certain odour beyond odours, which the Nose doth not apprehend; a certain sweetness beyond all sweetness, to which the Taste doth not reach; and a certain embracement beyond all embracements, whereof the touch cannot judge. For this light shineth
where

where Place doth not contain ; this voice soundeth, where the Air doth not carry away ; this odour giveth smell, where it is not scattered by any Wind ; this favour giveth taste, where it is not diminished by being eaten ; this embracement is touched, where it cannot be divorced. This is my God, and no other can be compared to him. This do I seek, when I seek my God, and when I love my God, I love this.

Too late am I come to love thee, O thou beauty which art so ancient, and I so new ; too late am I come to love thee. Thou wert within, and I without ; and without I fought thee, and I rushed with deformity, upon those things which thou madest fair. Thou wert with me, but I was not with thee. Those things did keep me far from thee, which yet had no being at all, but only in thee. For I ranged over all things in seeking thee ; and for the love of them, I lost my self.

I asked the Earth, if it were my God, and it told me, no ; and all things which are upon the Earth
made

made the same confession. I asked the Sea, and those Abysses, and the creeping Creatures which are therein, and they answered, We are not thy God, thou must look him above us. I asked the stable Air, and the whole Air, with all the inhabitants thereof, said *Anaximenes* is deceived, I am not thy God. I asked the Heaven, the Sun and Moon, and the Stars; and they said, Neither are we thy God. Then I said to all them who stand about the doors of my flesh and blood, tell me somewhat of my God, which you know; tell me somewhat, I say, of him. And they all cried out, with a loud voice, He made us.

Then I said thus to the whole bulk of the World, Tell me whether thou be my God, or no: And it answered also thus, with a loud voice: I am not thy God, but I am by him. He made me, whom thou seekest in me. Seek him above me, for he governeth me, who made thee.

By the question which I ask of these inanimate Creatures, I mean
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nothing, but a profound consideration of them ; and by my saying that they make such or such an answer, I mean, but the attestation which in their several kinds they make of God. For they all cry out in this manner, It is God who made us. For as the Apostle saith, The invisible things of God are discerned, and understood, by considering the Creatures of this World.

Then I returned to my self, and I entered into my self, and said, who art thou ? And I answered my self thus : A Man Rational and Mortal. And I begun to discuss, what this might be, and I said, Whence cometh such a living Creature, O Lord my God ? Whence, but from thee, who madest me, and not I my self. Who art thou then by whom I live ; thou by whom all things live. Who art thou ? Thou, O Lord, art my true God, and only Omnipotent, and Eternal, and Incomprehensible, and Immense, who ever livest, and nothing dieth in thee, for thou art immortal, and dost inhabit Eternity. Thou art admirable in the Eyes
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of Angels, unspeakable, inscrutable, and unnameable; thou art the true, and living God, terrible, and powerful, admitting in thy self; neither beginning, nor end, but being both the beginning, and end of all things, who art before the first ages, and before the very first beginnings of them all.

Thou art my God, and the Lord of all those good things, which thou hast created, and with thee do stand the causes of all things which are stable; yea, and the beginning of all things, which in themselves be mutable, are yet, and do remain immutable with thee: And the reasons of all things, not only which are Eternal, and Rational, but even of such as are Temporary and Irrational, do yet live Eternally with thee: Tell, O my God, this humble Servant of thine; tell, O merciful God, this miserable Creature of thine, whence groweth such a Creature as Man, but from thee? O God, is man perhaps of skill enough to make himself? Is his being, and living, derived from any root but thee? Art

not thou the Supreme Being, from whom all Being doth proceed? For whatsoever is, is of thee, and nothing is without thee. Art not thou that fountain of life, from which all life doth flow? for whatsoever liveth, lives by thee, and without thee nothing lives.

Therefore thou, O Lord, didst make all things, and now do I ask, who made me? Thou, O Lord, didst make me, without whom nothing was made. Thou art my maker, and I am thy work. I give thee thanks, O Lord my God, by whom I live, and by whom all things live, for having made me. I give thee thanks, O thou my framer, because thy hands have made, and fashioned me. I give thee thanks, O thou my light, because thou hast illuminated me, and I have found both thee, and my self. Where I found my self, there I knew my self; where I found thee, there I knew thee; and where I knew thee, there thou didst illuminate me.

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I give thee thanks, O thou my light, because thou hast illuminated me. But what is that, which I said, when I affirmed I knew thee. Art not thou God incomprehensible, and immense, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, who only possessest immortality, and dost inhabit an inaccessible light, whom, no Man hath ever seen, or can see. Art not thou that hidden God of inscrutable Majesty, the only perfect knower, and admirable contemplator of thy self? Who did ever perfectly know that which he never saw? And thou hast said in thy truth, No man shall see me, and live. Thy Apostle did also say, in the truth, No man did ever see God. Who hath therefore known, that which he never saw? Thy truth also it self hath said, No man knoweth the Son, but the Father; and no man knoweth the Father, but the Son.

The Holy Trinity, is perfectly known to it self alone; and that knowledge far passeth the understanding of man. What is therefore that, which I said, I who am a man made all of vanity, in saying, I know

thee. For who knoweth thee, but thou thy self? For thou alone, art God Omnipotent, superlaudable, and superglorious, and superexalted, and supreme; and thou art named superessential, in these most holy, and most divine Scriptures: Because thou dost exceed all essence, which is intelligible, or intellectual, and sensible. And thou art known to be above all the names, which can be named; and that not only in this World, but in the future, superessentially, and superintelligibly. Because, by this hidden, and superessential divinity, thou dost dwell within thy self, inaccessiblely, and inscrutably beyond all created reason, understanding, and essence. Where there is an inaccessible brightness, and an inscrutable, unspeakable, and incomprehensible light, to which no other light arrives; because it is believed to be incontemplable, and invisible, and super-rational, and superintelligible, and superinaccessible, and superunchangeable, and superincommunicable; which no Angel ever did see, or ever shall be able to see perfectly.

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This is that Heaven of thine, O Lord, that Heaven of the Heavens, that supersecret, superintelligible, superrational, and superessential light, whereof it is said, the Heaven of the Heavens to our Lord. The Heaven of the Heavens, in respect whereof, these other material Heavens are but a kind of Earth, because that former Heaven is superadmirably exalted above all material Heaven, and the Imperial Heaven it self, is but as Earth in respect of it. For this is that Heaven of the Heavens to our Lord; because it is not known by any but by our Lord, to which no man ascendeth, but he who descended from Heaven; because no man knoweth the Father, but the Son, and the Holy Spirit of them both; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father, and the Holy Spirit of them both. Thou, O Trinity, art entirely known to thy self alone. Holy Trinity, truly superadmirable, superineffable, superinscrutable, superinaccessible, superincomprehensible, superintelligible, superessential, and superessentially surpassing all sense,

and reason, all understanding, all intelligence, all essence, even of the most supercelestial minds; which it is wholly impossible, even for the Spirit of Angels to speak of, or to know it, or to understand it, or even to think perfectly thereof.

How therefore have I known thee, O Lord my God, who art most high, over all the Earth, and above all the Heavens; whom neither Cherubin, nor Seraphin, do exactly know, but their faces are veiled with the wings of their Contemplation, before him, who sitteth upon that high Imperial Throne; crying out, and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts, the Earth is full of thy glory. As for thy Prophet, he was all in trembling, and he said, Wo be unto me, for I have held my peace; because I am a man of polluted Lips. But my heart hath quaked, and said, Wo be unto me, who am a man of polluted Lips; because I have not held my peace, but said, that I knew thee. And yet, O Lord,

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wo be to them who are silent concerning thee. For the greatest talkers may be accounted but dumb, if they do not speak of thee.

And as for me, O Lord my God, I will not be silent concerning thee, because thou hast made me, and I have therefore known thee, because thou hast illuminated me. But yet how have I known thee? I have known thee in thy self. Yet I have not known thee in thy self, as thou art to thy self; but I have known thee, as thou art to me. But yet howsoever, it is not without thee, but in thee; because thou art the light which hath illuminated me. For as thou art to thy self, thou art only known to thy self; but as thou art to me by thy mercy and grace, thou art known to me.

But what art thou unto me? Tell me, O merciful Lord, who am thy miserable Servant; tell me by thy mercy, what thou art to me. Say to my Soul, I am thy Salvation. Do not hide thy face from me; lest if thou do, I dye. Suffer me to speak; me, who am dust, and ashes; suffer

me to speak to thy mercy. For thy mercy towards me is great, and I will presume to speak to thee, though I be but dust and ashes. Tell me who am thy suppliant; say, O merciful Lord, to thy miserable Creature; say, by thy mercies, what thou art to me. And thou hast thundered down, with a mighty voice, upon the inward Ear of my heart, and thou hast broken through my deafness, and I have heard thy voice. And thou hast illuminated my blindness, and I have seen thy light, and have known that thou art my God. It is therefore that I said, that I have known thee. For I have known that thou art my God. I have known that thou art the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. For there was a time, when I knew thee not, but wo be to that time, when I knew not thee. Wo be to that blindness, when I saw not thee. Wo be to that deafness, when I heard not thee: For being blind, and deaf, I did rush, with great deformity, upon those things, which yet thou hadst made

made fair ; and thou wert still with me, but I was not with thee. And those things kept me far from being with thee, which yet, if they had not been in thee, could have had no being at all. Thou didst illuminate me, O thou light of the World, and I saw thee, and I loved thee. And indeed no man loveth thee, but he who sees thee ; and no man sees thee, but he who loves thee. Too late am I come to love thee, O thou beauty, which art so antient, and yet so new. Too late am I come to love thee ; and wo be to that time, when I loved thee not.

C H A P. XXXII.

A Confession of true faith.

I Give thanks , O thou who art my light, because thou hast illuminated me , and I have known thee. How have I known thee ? I have known thee to be the only living God, and my true Creator.

I have known thee to be the Creator of Heaven, and Earth, of all things visible, and invisible; to be the true, Omnipotent God, immortal, invisible, uncircumscribed, unlimited, eternal, inaccessible, incomprehensible; inscrutable, unchangeable, immense; infinite, the first beginning of all, both visible, and invisible Creatures by whom all things are made, and by whom all the Elements subsist. Whose Majesty, as it never had any beginning, so neither shall it end, for all Eternity.

I have known thee to be one only true God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; three Persons indeed, but one Essence, and the same, wholly, simple, and undivided nature. And that the Father is of none; that the Son is only of the Father; and that the Holy Ghost is jointly of them both; ever without beginning, and for ever to be without ending, to be Trine, and only One; and that, the true Omnipotent God. That thou art that one beginning of all things, and the Creator of all things, both visible and in-

invisible, spiritual and temporal, who by thy Omnipotent vertue, didst, in the beginning of Time, create both the spiritual and corporal Creature; that is to say, the Angels in Heaven, and the fabrick of the World, and then thou madest man, as being compounded both of Body and Soul.

I have known thee, and I do confess thee, O God the Father, to be unbegotten; and thee, O God the Son, to be begotten of the Father; and thee, O Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, to be neither begotten, nor unbegotten. And I believe with my heart to Justice, and I confess with my mouth to Salvation, the Holy and Individual Trinity, in three Persons, Coequal, Consubstantial, and Coeternal, Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity.

I have known thee the true God; and our Lord Jesus Christ, to be the only begotten Son of God, the Creatour, the Saviour, and the Redeemer of me, and all mankind, whom I confess to have been begotten of the Father, before all Ages, God of God, Light of Light, true God
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God of true God, not made, but begotten, consubstantial, and coeternal with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, by whom all things were made, from the beginning. And I believe firmly, and confess truly, that thou, O Jesus Christ, the only begotten God, wert incarnate, jointly by the Holy Trinity for the Salvation of Man, and that thou wert conceived, through the Cooperation of the Holy Ghost, by the perpetual Virgin *Mary*, and that thou wert made true Man, consisting of a reasonable Soul and humane Flesh. Who being the only begotten of God, and consequently both impassible and immortal, yea for the great Love wherewith thou lovest us, thou being still the same Son of God, wert yet, according to thy humanity, made both passible, and mortal; who being the only Son of God, didst vouchsafe to suffer Passion, and Death, upon the Tree of the Cross, for the Salvation of Mankind, to the end that thou mightest deliver us from Eternal Death. And being the Author of Light, thou

thou didst descend to Hell, where our Fore-Fathers sat in Darknes. And the third day, being a glorious Conqueror, thou didst rise up from the Dead, resumming thy sacred Body, which had lain dead in the Sepulchre; for our Sins, and thou didst quicken it, the third day according to the Scriptures, that thou mightest place it at the right Hand of thy Father.

For having led with thee, out of Captivity, them, whom our antient Enemy, the Enemy of all Mankind, had captived in Hell, thou being the true Son of God, didst ascend above all the Heavens, with the substance of our Nature; that is to say, both with thy Soul, and that human Flesh, which thou hadst taken of the glorious Virgin. And thou didst surpass all the quires of Angels, where thou sittest at the right hand of thy Father; and where that fountain of Life is, and that inaccessible Light, and that Peace of God, which passeth all understanding. There do we adore, and believe thee, O Jesus Christ, to be true God and Man; confessing, that thou

thou hast God for thy Father, and that from Heaven we expect thee to come as Judge in the end of the World, to judge the quick and the dead; that thou mayest render either Reward or Punishment to all Men, either good or bad, according to those Works, which they shall have wrought in this Life, that so they may be either in rest, or Eternal Misery. For all those Creatures who have received a humane Soul into that Flesh, which here they have carried about them, shall rise at that day, in the voice of thy Strength, to the end, that the whole Man may receive either Glory or Torments, according to his Merits. Thou art that Life and Resurrection it self, whom we expect to be our Saviour Jesus Christ our Lord; who will reform this poor mean Body of ours, by conforming it to the Body of his Clarity.

I have known thee also to be true God, O thou one holy Spirit of the Father and the Son, proceeding jointly from them both, to be consubstantial and eternal with
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the Father and the Son, to be our Paraclete and Advocate, who didst also descend in the shape of a Dove, upon the same God, Jesus Christ our Lord, and didst appear upon the Apostles in Tongues of Fire. Who also from the beginning, hast taught all the Elect and Saints of God, by the gift of thy Grace; and hast opened the Mouth of the Prophets, that they might relate wonderful things of the Kingdom of God; and who, together with the Father and the Son, art adored and glorified by, all the Saints of God. Amongst whom I also, who am the Son of thy Handmaid, do glorify thy Name, with my whole Heart, because thou hast illuminated me. For thou art that real Light, that Light which tells us Truth, the Fire of God, the Doctor of Souls; the very Spirit of Truth; which teacheth us all Truth, by thy Unction; without which, it is impossible for us to please God. For thou thy self art God of God, and light of light, proceeding from the

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the Father of Lights, and from his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, after an ineffable manner ; with whom thou , being Coequal , and Coeternal , art glorified , and dost Raign jointly with them superessentially, in the essence of the same Trinity.

I have known thee , my one, living and true God , the Father, the Son , and the Holy Ghost, three in Persons, but one in Essence ; whom I confess , adore , and glorify with my whole Heart, as my only true , Holy , Immortal , invisible, unchangeable , and unscrutable God ; that one Light , one Son, one Bread , one Life , one Good, one Beginning , one End , one Creator of Heaven and Earth ; by whom all things live , by whom all things subsist ; by whom all things are governed, ordered , and quickened which are in Heaven, on the Earth , and under the Earth ; and besides whom, there is no God, either in Heaven, or in Earth.

I have known thee by thy Faith,
wherewith

wherewith thou hast inspired me,
 O thou my Light, and the sight of
 mine Eyes, O Lord my God, the
 hope of all the Ends of the Earth;
 the Joy which doth recreate my
 Youth, and the Good which strength-
 neth my age. For in thee, O Lord, do
 all my Bones excessively rejoice,
 and say, O Lord, who is like to thee?
 Who amongst the Gods is like thee,
 O Lord? Not they who are made by
 the hands of Men, but thou by whom
 the hands of Men are made. The
 Idols of the Gentiles are Gold, and
 Silver, the work of Mens Hands. But
 so is not the Maker of Men. All the
 Gods of the Nations are Devils; but
 our Lord made the Heavens; and this
 Lord is God. As for those gods, who
 made not Heaven and Earth, let them
 perish, both from Heaven and Earth.
 But let Heaven and Earth Bless that
 God, who made Heaven and Earth.

C H A P. XXXIII.

Of the Confession of our own Baseness.

WHO, O Lord, is like thee among the Gods? Who is like thee, O thou who art magnificent in thy Sanctity; who art terrible and laudable, and doing wonderful things? Too late I come to know thee, O thou true Light; too late am I come to know thee. But there was a great and dark Cloud before these vain Eyes of mine; so that I could not see the Sun of Justice, and the light of Truth. I was wrapped up in Darkness, my self being the Child of Darkness, and this Darkness of mine I loved, because I did not know the Light. I was blind, and I loved Blindness, and by darkness I walked on to further Darkness. Who brought me out from thence, where I, blind Creature, was sitting in Darkness, and in the Shadow of Death; who took me by the Hand, and led me out; who was he, that did illuminate me? I sought not him,

him, but he sought me? I called not upon him, and he cryed out upon me? But who is he that did all this. It is thou, O Lord my God, the Father of Mercies, and the God of all consolations; it is thou O holy Lord and my God, whom I confess with my whole Heart, giving thanks to thy Name. I sought not thee, but I was sought by thee. I invoked not thee, and thou calledst me. Thou calledst me by thine own Name; thou didst thunder thus down into the inward ear of my Heart, with this mighty Voice, Let Light be made, and Light was made, and that great Cloud flew away; that dark thick Cloud was dissolved which had closed up mine Eyes. And I saw thy Light, and I knew thy Voice, and I said, O Lord that thou indeed art my God, who hast drawn me out of Darkness, and out of the Shadow of Death; and thou hast called me into thy admirable Light, and behold I see. Thanks be given to thee, O thou who art the Illuminator of my Soul. And I looked back, and saw the Darkness wherein I had been,

been, and that profound black Pit wherein I had lain ; and I did all quake and shiver ; and I said, Woe, woe be to that Darkness, wherein I lay ! Woe, woe be to that Blindness, wherein I was not able to see the Light of Heaven ! Woe, woe to that former Ignorance of mine, when I had no Knowledg of thee, O Lord ! But I give thee thanks, O thou my Illuminator, and Deliverer, because thou hast illuminated me, and I have known thee. Yet still I am come too late to know thee, O thou ancient Truth ; too late I am come to know thee, O thou eternal Truth. Thou wert in the Light, and I in Darkness, and I knew thee not, because I could not be illuminated without thee ; nor indeed without thee, is there any Light at all.

C H A P. XXXIV.

A Consideration of the divine Majesty.

O Thou Holy of Holies, thou God of inestimable Majesty, the God of Gods, and the Lord of Lords, who art admirable, inexplicable,

cable, and unconceivable ; before whom the Angelical Power of Heaven , do even shiver, whom the Thrones , and Dominations do adore, and in whose Presence, all the Vertues of Heaven do even quake ; of whose Power and Wisdom there is no number, who hast laid the Foundations of the whole World, upon nothing , who hast tyed up the Sea, as if it were in some Skin , who art most Omnipotent, most Holy, and the most Powerful God over all the Spirits of all Mankind. From whose Sight the Heaven and Earth do fly away ; to whose Beck all the Elements are subject, let all thy Creatures adore and glorify thy Name.

And I, the Son of thy Handmaid, do by Faith bow down the Neck of my Heart , under the feet of thy Majesty , presenting thee with Thanks, for that thou hast vouchsafed to illuminate me by thy Mercy. True Light, holy Light, delightful Light , admirable Light , superlaudable Light, which illuminateth every Man coming into

into this World, and the Eyes also of the Angels.

Behold, now I see, and I thank thee for it. Behold I see the Light of Heaven; there is a Beam which striketh brightly down, from the Face of thy Light, upon the Eyes of my Mind, and it filleth all the Powers of my Soul, with Joy. But O, that once it might be perfected in me.

Encrease I beseech thee, O thou Author of Light, encrease I beseech thee, that which so brightly striketh through upon me. Let this Light be dilated, I beseech thee, let it be dilated by thee. What is this which I feel: what Fire is this which heats my Heart; what Fire is this whereby my Heart is stricken through with Beams? O Fire which ever burnest, and art never quenched, do thou kindle me, O Light, which dost ever shine, and art never darkned, do thou enlighten me. O how very fain would I be enflamed by thee? O Holy Fire how sweetly dost thou heat, how secretly dost thou shine, and how delightfully

delightfully dost thou burn ? Woe be to them who do not burn by thee. Woe be to them which are not illuminated by thee.

O thou Light which teachest Truth to Men, illuminating all the World, which is filled by the Beams thereof. Woe be to those Blind Eyes, which see not thee, thou being the Sun, illuminating both Heaven and Earth. Woe be to those weak and dazeling Eyes, which cannot look on thee. Woe be to those Eyes, which turn themselves away from seeing Truth ; and woe be to those Eyes which do not turn themselves away, for fear lest they behold Vanity. For Eyes, which are accustomed to Darknes, have not strength wherewith to behold the Beams of Sovereign Truth ; nor can they make any true Judgment of Light, whose Habitation is wont to be in darknes. They see Darknes, they allow of Darknes, they love Darknes ; and so going from Darknes to Darknes, they fall headlong, and they know not where. Miserable Creatures they are, who

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know not what they lose; though yet more miserable are they, who know what they lose, and who yet fall with open Eyes, and drop down quick into Hell.

O most blessed Light, which canst not be beheld, but by Eyes, which are pure, and wholly Purged, Blessed are the pure of Heart, for they shall see God. Do thou cleanse me, O thou cleansing Power; cure my Sight, that I may contemplate thee with strong Eyes. For they are none but strong Eyes, which can look on thee: Put away I beseech thee, O thou inaccessible Splendour, the Scales of that antient mistiness, by the Beams of thy illumination, that so I may be able to look on thee, with certain casts of my Eye, which may not be checked, and beaten back, and that I may see Light in thy Light.

I give thee thanks, O my Light, for behold now I see. I beseech thee O Lord, that it may be spread abroad by thee. Unvail mine Eyes, that I may consider the wonderful things of thy Law, thou who art wonderful in thy Saints. I give thee thanks,

thanks, O my Light, for behold I see ;
though as yet it be but by a Representation,
as in a Glass : But when will it be Face to Face ? when will that day
of Joy, and Exultation arrive, when
I may enter into the place of that admirable
Tabernacle, the very House of God,
that so Face to Face I may see him,
who seeth me, and so my desire may be fulfilled.

C H A P. XXXV.

Of the desire and thirst of a Soul towards God.

AS the Heart desireth the Fountains of water, So doth my Soul thirst after thee, O God. My Soul hath thirsted after thee O God, who art the living Fountain ; when shall I come and appear before thy Face ? O thou Fountain of Life, thou vein of living Waters, when shall I arrive to those Waters of thy sweetness, from this barren, unhaunted, and dry Earth, that I may see thy

Power, and thy Glory, and that I may appease my Thirst, by the Waters of thy Mercy. I thirst O Lord O thou fountain of Life, satisfy me, for I thirst : O Lord, I thirst towards thee, who art the living God. When O Lord shall I approach, and appear before that Face of thine ? Dost thou think that at length I shall see that Day ; that Day I say of Delight and Joy ; that Day which our Lord hath made, to the end that we may rejoice, and exult therein ?

O sweet and beautiful Day, which hath no Evening, and whose Sun hath nothing to do with setting ; wherein I shall hear the voice of Praise, the voice of Exultation and Confession, wherein I shall hear this Word, Enter into the Joy of thy Lord ; enter into eternal Joy, into the House of thy Lord, and thy God, where there are great, and unsearchable, and wonderful things, whereof there is no number.

Enter into Joy, without Sorrow, which containeth Eternal Joy ; where
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all good shall be, without any kind of Evil. Where whatsoever thou wilt have, shall be, and where nothing shall be which thou wilt not have. VVhere there will be a life, which is vital, sweet, amiable, and Eternal: Where there will be no Enemy assaulting, nor no false Delight alluring; but a supream, an certain Security, secure Tranquillity, a quiet Joy, a joyful felicity, i-happy Eternity, and eternal Beatitude; a Blessed Trinity, a Trine-Unity, a sole Deity, and a happy vision of that Deity, which is the joy of thy Lord and thy God.

O Joy upon Joy; Joy which excelleth all Joy; and without which there is no Joy; when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God, who dwelleth in thee, that so I may there partake of this great Vision. What is it which detaineth me? Wo be unto me, because my Habitation here is prolonged. Wo be unto me, and how long shall it be said to me, where is thy God? How long shall it be said to me, Expect, and re-expect. But now what

shall I expect ? Is it not thee, O Lord my God ? We expect a Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, who will reform this poor mean Body of ours, and conform it to the Body of his Glory. We expect when our Lord returneth from the Marriage, that he may carry us in with him.

Come Lord, and do not stay. Come O Lord Jesus Christ ; come visit us in Peace ; come and carry us out, who are bound in Prison, that we may rejoice before thee with a Perfect Heart. Come, O thou Saviour, come thou who art the desired of all Nations ; do but let us see thy Face, and we are safe. Come my Light, and my Redeemer, lead my Soul out of this Prison, that I may confess to thy Holy Name.

How long shall I, wretched Creature, be tossed up and down in these Waves of my Mortality, crying out upon thee, O Lord, whilst thou hearest me not.

Hearken to me, O Lord, who am crying to thee out of this deep Sea, and waft me into the Haven
of

of Eternal Bliss, to their Society, who being conducted out of this dangerous Sea, have obtained to repose in that most safe Harbour, which is thy Self, O God. O how truly happy are they, who be delivered from that Sea to the Shore, from Banishment to their Country, and from the Prison to the Pallace. Happy are they, who in their desired place of Rest, are eternally to rejoice, for having so, with such Prosperous Joy, obtained that Prize of Eternal Glory, towards which they here made their Course, through such a multitude of Tribulations. O how truly happy are they, O thrice, and three Thousand times happy, who being freed from all Misery, and being secure in the Possession of that inviolable Glory, have deserved to arrive to that Kingdom of Order and Delight.

O eternal Kingdom, Kingdom which out-liveth all Ages; where there is a Light which never faileth, and a Peace which passeth all understanding; where the Souls of the Saints repose; and Eternal Joy hangeth

over their Heads. For they shall obtain Delight and Exultation: and Grief, and Sorrow, shall fly away. How glorious, O Lord, is that Kingdom, wherein all thy Saints shall for ever reign with thee, being clad with light, as with a Garment; and having a Crown of Pretious Stone, upon their Heads. O Kingdom of eternal Beatitude, where thou O Lord, who art the hope of the Saints, and the diadem of their Glory, art beheld by them, face to face; delighting them on all Sides with thy Peace which passeth all understanding. Where there is infinite Joy without Grief; Health without Pain, working without Labour, Light without Darkness, Life without Death, all good, without any ill. Where Youth never waxeth old; where Life never cometh to an end; where Beauty is never diminished; where Love is never weakened; where Health is never blasted; where Joy is never impaired; where Pain is never felt; where groan is never heard; where sadness is never seen; where Joy is ever had; where no Evil is feared,

feared, because the Sovereign good is possessed there, which consists in ever seeing the Face of our Lord, the God of all Strength.

Happy therefore are they, who have obtained to come to so great Joy, out of this Life, where so many Shipwracks are suffered. And O unhappy and wretched Creatures we, who are steering our Ships, through the floods of this great Sea, and through these stormy Whirlpools, not knowing whether or no we shall be able to arrive to the Port of Salvation. Miserable, I say, we are whose Life is spent in Banishment, and whose way in danger, and whose end in doubt, for we know not our end, because all things are reserved in suspense for the future.

We are still tossed in these Seawaves aspiring to thee, who art the Haven. O thou Country of ours, we see thee, though it be from far off, We salute thee from this Sea; we sigh to thee, from this valley, and we strive with Tears, if perhaps we may be able to get thither.

O Christ, thou God of Gods, thou hope of mankind, thou refuge and strength of ours, whose light, like some beam of the Sea-Star, doth strike our Eyes, from far off, amongst the foggy Mists and tempests of this Sea, wherein we live ; that so our course may be directed to thee, who art our Haven ; govern, I beseech thee, our Ship, with thy right hand, by the instrument of thy Cross ; that we may not perish in these floods, that the storms of water may not drown us ; that the profound Pit may not swallow us up ; but draw us out of this Sea, to thee, who art our only solace, whom we see with our lamenting Eyes, to be expecting us, though from far off, upon the shore of that celestial Country, as it might be some Sun of Justice, or Morning Star.

Behold we cry out to thee, who are redeemed by thee, and who are now those Exiles of thine, whom thou hast redeemed, with thy precious blood. Harken to us, O our Saviour, the hope of all the Sands of the Sea, how far soever it be off.

We

We are tossed in this turbulent Sea, and thou standing upon the shore, dost see our dangers, and save us for thy names sake. Grant to us, O Lord, that we may hold so even a way between *Sylla* and *Charybdis*, that having escaped the danger of them both, we may securely arrive in the Port, with our Ship, and our Adventure safe.

C H A P. XXXVI.

Of the glory of our celestial Country.

WHen therefore we shall be come to thee, O thou fountain of Wisdom, to thee O inefficient light, to thee, O thou who art the splendour, which cannot be defaced, that we may then behold thee, not by representation, as in a glass, but face to face : then shall our desire be fully satisfied with good things ; because no other thing will remain to be desired by us, when we shall possess thee, O Lord, our sovereign good, who art to be the reward of the
the

the blessed, and the Diadem of their glory, and the sempiternal Joy which hangeth over their heads ; possessing them both inwardly, and outwardly in that peace of thine, which passeth all understanding. There shall we see, and love, and praise. We shall see light in thy light, because with thee is the fountain of life, and in thy light we shall see light. But what kind of light ? An immense light, an incorporeal, incorruptible, and incomprehensible light ; a light indeficient, a light which cannot be put out, an inaccessible light, an uncreated light, a light which sheweth truth ; a divine light, which illuminateth the Eyes of Angels, which rejoiceth the youth of Saints, which is a light of lights, and the fountain of life, which is thy self, O Lord my God. For thou art that light, in whose light we shall see thy self, who art that light ; that is to say, thee, in thee ; in the splendor of thy countenance, when we shall see thee, face to face.

What is it to see face to face, but as the Apostle saith, to know thee,
as

as I am known, to know thy truth, and thy glory, is to know thee face to face. To know the power of the Father, the wisdom of the Son, the meekness of the Holy Ghost; the One, and individual essence of the supreme Trinity. For to see the face of the living God, is to possess the sovereign good. It is the joy of the Angels, and of all the Saints; the reward of Eternal life, the glory of Spirits, the Eternal Joy, the Crown of Beauty, the prize of felicity; the rich repose, the beauty of Peace, the internal, and external Joy; the celestial *Jerusalem*, the Paradise of God, the happy life, the fulness of felicity, the delight of Eternity, the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

This is that full beatitude, and that total glorification of Man, to see the face of his God; to see him who made Heaven and Earth, to see God who made him, who saved him, and who glorified him. He shall see him, by knowing him, he shall apply himself to him, by loving him; and he shall praise him, by possessing him.

him. For he is the inheritance of his people, of the people of Saints, of the people which he redeemed. He is the possession of their felicity, he is the reward, and recompence of their expectation. I will, saith he, be a great, and excessive reward to thee. For great things become great persons.

Indeed, O Lord my God, thou art excessively great, beyond all Gods, and thy reward is excessively great. For it cannot be true, that thy self should be great, and thy reward little : But as thou art great, so thy reward is great, for thy reward, and thy self are not two several things. But thou thy self art excessively great, and thou thy self art that reward, which is so excessively great : Thou, thy self, art he who crowneth us, and who art the Crown : Thou thy self art he who maketh the promise, and who art that very promise it self ; Thou art he who bestowest the gift, and who art the gift it self : Thou thy self art the rewarder, and thou art the reward of eternal felicity. Thou art therefore he who crowneth, and thou, O my
God,

God, art the Crown and Diadem of my hope, which is adorned with glory. Thou art that recreative brightness, that reviving light, that graceful beauty, thou art my great hope, the desire of the heart of thy Saints, and desired by them. Thy Vision therefore is the total pay, the total reward, and the total Joy which we expect. For this is Eternal life; this I say, is thy Wisdom: This is Eternal life, that we may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent. When therefore we shall see thee, the only God, the true God, the God living, Omnipotent, simple, invisible, incomprehensible, not to be circumscribed, and thy only begotten Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, who is Consubstantial, and Co-eternal with thee; whom thou hast sent into the World for our Salvation, in the vertue, and power of the Holy Ghost, they being Trine in Persons, and One in Essence; one only Holy God, besides whom there is no God. Then we shall enjoy what now we seek, which is Eternal Life, and Everlasting Glory, which thou preparest for them

them who love thee, and hidest up
for them who fear thee, and wilt im-
part to them who seek thee, them
who seek thy face for ever.

And thou, O Lord my God, who
framedst me in the Womb of my
Mother, who recommended me over
to thy hand, do not permit me any
longer to be distracted into many
things from thee, who art one. But
gather me up from exteriour objects
into my self, and then take me from
my self into thee; that my heart may
be ever saying to thee; my face hath
sought thee, O Lord, and I will seek
thy face: The face of our Lord is
of power, wherein alone the total eter-
nal glory of blessed Souls doth con-
sist; and the vision whereof is the
Eternal life, and Everlasting glory of
the Saints. Let therefore my heart
rejoyce, that it may fear thy name;
let the heart of such as do but even
seek our Lord, rejoyce; but much
more let them rejoyce who find him.
For if joy be taken in the search of
him, what joy will that be, which is
felt in finding him. Therefore I will
be ever seeking thy face ardently,
and

and without giving over ; to see if once at length that door and gate of Justice, may perhaps be opened unto me, that I may enter into the Joy of my Lord. This is the gate of our Lord, and the Just shall enter into it.

C H A P. XXXVII.

A Prayer to the Blessed Trinity.

O You three, Co-equal, and Co-eternal Persons, who are one true God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost ; thou who alone dwellest in Eternity, and inaccessible Light. Who hast laid the foundations of the Earth with thy power ; and who governeest the World with thy Wisdom, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, terrible and powerful, just and merciful, admirable, laudable, and amiable. One God, three Persons, one Essence, Power, Wisdom ; one only undivided Trinity ; open thou the Gates of Justice to me, who am crying out after them ;
and.

and being once entered by them, I will confesse to thee, O Lord. Behold, I, who am a poor beggar, do knock at thy door : O thou who art the Sovereign Master of the house, command that it may be opened to me, thou who saidst, Knock, and it shall be opened to you. For the desires of my Bowels, which do even roar again ; and the cries of the tears of mine Eyes, are they who knock at thy gate, O most merciful Father. Before thee is my whole desire, and my groans are not hidden from thee. And thou, O Lord, turn thy face no longer away from me ; and decline not in thy wrath from thy Servant. O thou Father of mercies, hearken to the loud cry of thy poor Child, and reach forth thy best helping hand ; that it may draw me out of the profound pits of water, and out of the lake of misery, and out of the dirt, and dregs ; that I may not perish, whilst the mercy of thine Eyes is beholding me ; and the charity of thy Bowels is looking on. But enable me to escape to thee, who art my Lord, and my God, that I may see the riches

ches of thy Kingdom ; and may behold thy face for ever, and may sing praise to thy Holy Name. O Lord, thou who workest wonderful things, thou who makest my heart joyful by the memory of thee, and who illuminatest my youth, do not despise my old age ; but fill my bones full of joy, and renew my gray hairs, as that of an Eagle is renewed. All glory, all praise, all strength, all power, all magnificence ; all beatitude, all mercy, be ascribed to God the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Deo Gratias.

The End of the

S O L I L O Q U I A.

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T H E
M A N U A L
O F T H E
Glorious Doctour
St. AUGUSTINE.

C H A P. I.

Of the wonderful Essence of God.

THOU, O Lord, dost fill
Heaven and Earth ; carrying
all things, and yet they are
no burthen to thee. Thou fillest all
things, without being shut up by
them. Thou art ever working, yet
ever quiet ; gathering together, yet
thou needest nothing ; seeking, yet
wanting nothing ; loving, yet with-
out passion ; jealous, yet without fear.
Thou

Thou repentest, yet thou art not sorry ; thou art angry, yet thou art not moved ; thou changest thy works, yet thou dost not change thy Decree. Thou takest what thou findest, yet thou didst never lose any thing ; thou art not poor, and yet thou exactest usury at our hands ; thou payest them, to whom thou owest nothing ; and we are enabled by thee, to pay thee more than we owe thee, and yet who hath any thing, but of thy gift ? Thou payest thy debts, and yet thou owest nothing ; thou releasest our debts, and yet thou lovest nothing ; thou art every where, and yet altogether ; thou canst be felt, and yet thou canst not be seen ; thou art no where absent, and yet thou art far from the hearts of wicked men. For thou art not absent even when thou art far off, because where thou art not by grace, thou art by revenge ; thou art present every where, and yet we can hardly find thee out ; we follow thee who are standing still, and yet we are not able to lay hold on thee ; thou containest all things, thou fillest all things, thou imbracest all things, thou exceed-

exceedest all things, and thou sustaineſt all things. Thou inſtruceſt the hearts of thy faithful Servants, without noiſe of words, thou art not extended in place, thou art not varied by time, nor haſt thou any comings, or goings; thou doſt inhabit that inacceſſible light which no Eye of Man hath ſeen, or can ſee. Repoſing all quiet in thy ſelf, thou goeſt every where about all things; for thou canſt not be divided, or cut, becauſe thou art truly one, nor doſt thou impart thy ſelf by parts, but all that which thou art, holdeth all things, filleth all things, illuſtrateth and poſſeſſeth all things.

C H A P. II.

Of the unſpeakable knowledge of God.

IF the whole World were filled with Books, yet thy unſpeakable knowledge could not be declared thereby. For in regard that thou art unſpeakable, thou canſt not be expreſſed or declared; thou art the fountain of divine light, and the Sun of ſplendor,
which

which never sets ; thou art great without quantity, and therefore thou art immense ; thou art good without quality, and therefore it is indeed, that thou art truly and supremely Good, and there is none Good but thou alone, whose will is a work, whose being pleased to do any thing, is to be able to do it. For thou who didst create all things of nothing, didst create them only by thy Will. Thou dost possess all thy Creatures, without needing any of them ; thou governest them without labour, thou rulest them without weariness ; nor is there any thing which can disturb the order of thy dominion, from the highest to the lowest ; thou art in all places without place ; thou containest all things without departing to the outside of them ; thou art every where present, yet without either situation, or motion ; thou art not the Author of evil, for thou canst commit none ; and yet there is nothing which thou canst not do ; nor didst thou ever repent thy self of any work of thine. By thy goodness we are made, by thy justice we are punished, by thy mercy

cy we are freed, and thy Omnipotency doth govern, rule, and replenish whatsoever it did create. Neither yet do we say, that thou fillest all things, as if thou wert contained by them; but rather they are contained by thee, neither yet dost thou fill them, as by parts. For we are in no case to think, as if any thing did receive thee, after the rate of that greatness, more or less, which it self may have (that is, the greatest things a greater quantity, and the less a lesser) since rather thou art all, in all things; and all things in thee, whose Omnipotency concludeth all things. Nor hath any thing, any means of delivering it self from thy power. For whosoever he be that finds thee not, being pleased, will be sure to be found by thee, being offended.

R

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

*Of the desire of a Soul which thirsteth
after God.*

I Therefore invoke thee, O most merciful God, to come into my Soul, which thou preparest towards the receiving of thee, through that desire wherewith it was inspired by thee. Enter into it, I beseech thee, and make it fit for thy self ; that as thou hast made it, and restored it, thou may'st possess it also ; and enable me to place thee as a Seal upon my heart. I beseech thee, O most holy God, do not forsake me, who am now invoking thee ; since, before I invoked thee, thou didst both call me, and seek me, to the end that I thy Servant might seek thee ; and by seeking thee, might find thee, and that once having found thee, I might love thee. I have sought thee, and I have found thee, and I desire to love thee, O Lord. Increase thou my desire, and give me that which I am desiring. For if thou shouldst give
me

me all the things which thou hast made, they will not all be sufficient for thy Servant, unless withal thou give thy self. Give thy self therefore unto me, O my God, restore thy self to me. Behold I love thee, and if it be too little, make me love thee more strongly. Behold, I am held fast by the love of thee ; I am set on fire by the desire of thee, and in the sweet memory of thee I am delighted.

Behold, whilst my mind is sending up sighs to thee ; and whilst it is meditating upon thy unspeakable pity, the burthen of my flesh doth less oppress me ; the tempest of my thoughts is laid ; the weight of my mortality and misery doth not dull my edge as it was wont. All things are in quiet ; all things are in peace ; my heart doth burn, my mind doth joy, my memory is fresh, my understanding is bright, and my whole spirit being kindled through a desire of thy vision, doth find it self to be carried away at full speed, by the love of invisible things. O let this spirit of mine get the wings of an Eagle, that it may fly, and not faint. That it

may fly till it arrive to that delightful beauty of thy house, and to the throne of thy glory ; and that there it may be fed at the plentiful Table of those heavenly Citizens of thine ; upon that hidden food, in that place of pasture, near those full Rivers of running water. Be thou our exultation, who art our hope, our health, and our Redemption. Be thou our joy, who art to be our reward. Let my Soul ever seek thee, and grant that whilst it seeks thee, it may never faint.

C H A P. IV.

Of the misery of a Soul which loves not God.

V**V**O be to that wretched Soul, which seeks not, nor loves Christ ; for it remaineth all miserable and dry. It is lost labour for him even to live, who loves not thee, O God. He who cares to live, O Lord, and not to do it for thy respect, is nothing ; and doth serve for nothing. He who refuseth to live to thee, is
dead ;

dead ; he who is not wise to thee, hath lost his wits. O thou most merciful God, I recommend my self, I restore my self, and I make a grant of my self to thee ; through whom I am, through whom I live, and through whom I have the use of reason. I hope, I trust, and I place all my confidence in thee, by whom I may be able to rise again, and to live, and rest. It is thou whom I desire, whom I love, and whom I adore ; and with whom I am to remain, and reign, and be happy.

The Soul which seeks not thee, nor loves not thee, doth love the World, and serveth sin, and is a slave to vice, and is never quiet or secure. O thou most holy God, let my mind be ever performing service to thee ; let this Pilgrimage of mine be ever fighting towards thee ; let my heart burn through the love of thee, let my Soul, O my God, repose in thee : let it contemplate thee in excess of mind ; and let it sing praises to thee in full joy, and let this be my comfort, in this banishment of mine.

Let this mind of mine, fly to the shadow of thy wings, from the scorching cogitations of this World. Let this heart of mine be at a calm in thee ; this heart, which is such a deep Sea full of swelling Waves. O thou, who art so rich of heavenly food, thou most abundant imparter of that spiritual celestial satiety, give nourishment to him, who is defeated with hunger ; gather him up, who is scattered ; free him who is inthral'd, and stitch him together who is torn. Behold he standeth at the door and knocks. I beseech thee by those bowels of thy mercy, in which thou, being the Orient, didst visit us from on high ; command that it be opened to this miserable Creature who is knocking : that so, with nimble feet, I may enter into thee, and repose in thee, and be refreshed by that bread of Heaven. For thou art both the bread, and the fountain of life ; thou art the splendor of immortal light. In fine, thou art all those things, whereby just persons live, who love thee.

CHAP. V.

Of the Desire of a Soul.

O God, the light of those hearts which see thee ; and the life of those Souls which love thee ; and the strength or vertue of their thoughts, who seek thee, grant that I may be incorporated into the holy love of thee. Come, I beseech thee, into my heart, and inebriate it with the springing plenty of thy delights ; that so I may forget all worldly things. I am ashamed ; and I am afflicted to find my self suffering such things, as this World is doing. All that which I see concerning transitory things, makes me sorry, and all that which I hear makes me sad. Help me, O Lord my God, infuse joy into my heart ; and come to me, that so I may grow to see thee. For this house of my Soul, is strait, till thou come into it, and so it be enlarged by thee. It is ruinous, till it be repaired by thee : It hath many things, which may of-

send thine Eyes, I know it and confess it ; but yet who is he that can cleanse it, or to whom but thee, shall I cry out : Cleanse me, O Lord, from my hidden sins, and pardon also thy Servant, those sins, which he hath caused in others.

Make me, sweet Christ, O dear Jesus, make me, I beseech thee, lay down the burden of carnal desires, and of the concupiscence which I have after earthly things. Give dominion to my Soul over my Body, and to my Reason over my Soul, and to thy Grace, over my Reason ; and subdue me, both in my outward and inward Man, to thy Will. Grant to me, that my heart may praise thee, together with my Tongue, and all the strength I have. Dilate my mind, and hoysse up the sight of my heart, that at least by some glympse, my spirit may with a swift and sudden thought, lay hold upon that Eternal Wisdom, which is above all things, and which lasts beyond them all. Discharge me, I beseech thee, from the chains wherein I am bound by sins ; that at last I may give over all things, and that I
• may

may hasten to thee, and behold, and adhere to thee alone.

C H A P. VI.

*Of the felicity of a Soul which is freed
from the Prison of flesh and blood.*

HAppy is that Soul which being freed from this earthly Prison, arrives to Heaven, and seeth thee, her most dear Lord, face to face. And which is no longer subject to the least fear of death; but doth rejoyce in the incorruptibility of eternal glory. She is then in peace, she is secure, and doth no longer fear either Death, or any other Enemy: For she possesseth her dear Lord, whom she hath long sought, and whom she hath ever loved; and being associated to those Quires of Angels, she doth eternally sing those melodious Hymns of thy everlasting solemnity, O Christ thou King, thou dear Jesus, to the praise of thy glory. For then she is inebriated by

the fresh and springing plenty of thy house, and thou givest her to drink of thy delights. O happy Society of those heavenly Citizens ! O glorious solemnity of them who return to thee, from the sad labour of this Pilgrimage of ours, to that sweetness of beauty, to that delightfulness of all splendor, and to that dignity of all pleasing grace, where thy Citizens, O Lord, do continually behold thy countenance. There is no Ear in that place which can hear any thing that may offend it. What Songs, what Organs, what Hymns, what melodies are sung there without any end ? Eternally are there sounded forth mellifluous concerts of Hymns ; that most sweet melody of the Angels ; those most admirable Canticles of Canticles, which are sung forth by those heavenly Citizens, to thy praise and glory. No bitterness, nor any kind of unfavouriness, or gall, can have any place in that Country of thine ; for there is no wickedness, nor any wicked man : There is no adversary or enemy ; there is no tempting bait of sin, there is no want, no shame,

shame, no quarrel, no reproach, no exception taken; no fear, no unquietness, no pain, no doubt, no violence, no dissention. But there is sovereign Peace, perfect charity, eternal jubilation, and praise of God, secure and everlasting repose, and perpetual joy in the Holy Ghost. O how happy shall I be, if once I may arrive to hear those most sweet Songs of thy Citizens, those mellifluous Hymns, which with due honour, shall declare the praises of the most blessed Trinity. But O how happy, even too happy shall I be, if my self may obtain to sing to our Lord Jesus Christ, some one of those sweet Songs of Sion.

C H A P. VII.

Of the Joys of Heaven.

O Vital life, O eternal life, and eternally happy; where there is joy without grief, rest without labour, dignity without fear, riches without want, life without death, perpetuity without corruption, and felicity.

felicity without calamity. Where all things are good, in perfect Charity ; where there is showing, and seeing face to face ; where there is compleat knowledge in all, and by all ; where the sovereign goodness of God is discerned ; where the illuminating light is glorified by the Saints ; where the Majesty of God is beheld present, and the mind of the beholders is satiated by this food of life, without all defect. They ever see, and yet they ever desire to see ; but they desire without anxiety, and they are not glutted by their satiety. Where the true Son of Justice doth recreate them all, by the admirable sight of his beauty ; and so doth illuminate all the inhabitants of that heavenly Country. Where the light of them who are illuminated by that other superiour illuminating light, doth shine far beyond the splendour of our Sun, and beyond the clarity of all the Stars ; adhering to that immortal Deity, themselves being made thereby incorruptible and immortal, according to this promise of our Lord and Saviour : Father, they whom thou gavest me I will,

will, that where I am, they may be also there ; that they may see my brightness ; and that they all may be one, as thou O Father art in me, and I in thee, so they also may be one in us.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the Kingdom of Heaven.

TH E Kingdom of Heaven is a most happy Kingdom ; a Kingdom which hath no death, nor end ; where there shall be no succession of times, nor no interruption of the day by any night. Where the victorious Soldier is even laden with unspeakable Treasures ; an immortal Crown being placed upon his triumphant head. O that the divine mercy (having first discharged the weight of my sins) would command me (who am the least amongst the Servants of Christ) to lay down this burthen of flesh and blood, that so I might pass on towards my true repose ; in those eternal joys of his City ; that I might bear

bear my part, among the inhabitants of those heavenly Quires ; that I might assist in glorifying our Creator with those blessed Spirits ; that I might behold the face of God there present ; that I might not be so much as touched with the least fear of death ; but that I might securely rejoyce, through the incorruptibility of immortal glory ; that being conjoynd to him who knoweth all things, I might lose all blindness of ignorance ; that I might esteem meanly of all earthly things ; that I might no longer vouchsafe to behold, or even so much as to remember this valley of Tears, the life whereof is laborious and corruptible ; a life which is full of all bitterness ; a life which is the Mistress of Sin, and the Slave of Hell. The humours of our Body do puff it up ; pains put it down ; intemperate heats dry it ; the ill affections of the Air, indispose it ; meat makes it fat ; fasting makes it shrink ; loose mirth dissolveth it ; afflictions consume it ; solicitude straitens it ; security makes it sottish, riches make it vain ; poverty makes it base, youth extolleth it ;

it ; age makes it stoop ; sickness breaks it ; sorrow dejects it ; the Devil lies in wait for it ; the World flatters it ; the flesh is delighted ; the Soul is blinded ; and the whole man is dis-joynted. And to all these, so many and great mischiefs, death doth furiously succeed ; and doth so impose an end upon these vain joys, that when once they leave to be, it is scarce so much as believed, that they ever were.

CHAP. IX.

How God doth comfort an afflicted Soul, after too great lamentations.

BUT what praise, what thanks shall we be able to give thee, O our God, who even in the midst of these great miseries of our mortality, dost not fail to comfort us with the admirable visitation of thy Grace. For behold, when I am full of many sorrows ; whilst I am fearing the end of my life ; whilst I am considering my sins ; whilst I am meditating
upon

upon death ; whilst I am frightened with thinking on thy judgement ? whilst I tremble at the torments of Hell ; whilst I am ignorant with what Scales my works are to be weighed by thee ; whilst I cannot know by what kind of end I shall be able to shut them up, whilst I am ruminating upon these and many other things in my heart ; thou, O my Lord, and my God, according to thy wonted pity, art present with a resolution to comfort me wretched Creature. And when I am in the midst of these complaints, and excessive lamentations, and in the profoundest sighings of my heart, thou takest up this afflicted and perplexed mind, above those high tops of the mountains, even to those odoriferous spicy Beds of thine ; and thou dost place me in that deep pasture, near those Brooks of sweet Waters ; where thou preparest, in my sight, a Table full of choice and curious meats, which may refresh my wearied spirit ; and may give joy to my afflicted heart. And so at last, being all restored by those delights, and forgetting mine

mine own many Miseries, and being exalted above the highest Parts of the Earth, and Earthly things, I repose in thee, who art true Peace.

CHAP. X.

Of the sweetness of Divine Love.

O My God, I love thee, I love thee, and fain would I love thee yet more and more. Grant to me, O Lord my God, O thou beautiful beyond the Sons of Men, that I may desire thee, and that I may love thee as much as I list, and as much as I ought. Thou art immense; and without measure, thou oughtest to be beloved, especially by us, whom thou so hast loved, and so hast saved, and for whom thou hast done so many, and so mighty things. O Love which ever burnest, and art never quenched; sweet Christ, dear Jesus, O Charity, my God, kindle me with all that Fire of thine; with thy Love, with thy liking, with thy sweetness, with thy desire, with thy Charity, with

with thy Joy and Exultation, with thy Piety and Suavity, with thy pleasure, and with that ardent desire of thee, which is holy and good, and chaste, and clean, that so being all full with the sweetness of thy Love, and all perfumed and sweetened by the Flame of thy Charity, I may love thee, my most sweet and most beautiful Lord, with my whole Heart, with my whole Soul, with my whole Strength, and with all the application of my Mind, with much Contrition, and even with a very Fountain of Tears; with much reverence and trembling Love, carrying thee in my Heart, and in my Mouth, and before mine Eyes, at all times, and in all places; that so there may never be found any room in me, for any disloyal and impure love.

C H A P. XI

Of the preparation of our Redemption.

O Most beautiful Christ Jesus, I beseech thee by that most sacred effusion of thy most precious Blood, whereby

whereby we are redeemed, grant me Contrition of Heart, and a very fountain of Tears, especially whilst I am offering up both my vocal, and mental Prayers to thee. Whilst I am singing the Office of thy Praise to thee; whilst I do either declare with my Mouth; or consider in my Mind the mystery of our Redemption, that express Testimony of thy Mercy: Whilst I (though unworthy) am assisting at thy Sacred Altar, intending to offer up to thee, that admirable and celestial Sacrifice, which is so worthy of all Reverence and Devotion; and which thou O Lord our God, and our Priest didst immaculately institute, and didst command to be offered up in commemoration of thy Charity, (that is, of thy Death and Passion) for our Salvation, and for the daily reparation of our frailty. Let my Mind be confirmed, whilst I am in the midst of those so great Mysteries, by the sweetness of thy Presence. Let it find that thou art there at hand; and let it rejoyce before thee. O thou Fire which ever flamest, O thou love which ever burnest, sweet Christ, dear

dear Jesus, thou Eternal, and never-failing light ; thou food of life, which dost refresh us, and yet dost never diminish in thy self ; who art daily Eaten, and yet dost ever remain entire, shine thou upon me, kindle me, Illuminate and Sanctify this Vessel, which is thine own. Make it empty of Malice, replenish it with Grace ; and when it is once full, keep it so that I may receive this Food of thy Flesh, to the Salvation of my Soul ; and that by feeding on thee, I may live of thee, and by thee ; that so I may arrive to thee, and repose in thee.

C H A P. VII.

Of Spiritual Joy.

O Thou sweetness of love, and thou love of Sweetness, let my stomach feed on thee ; and let even my Bowels be all filled with the Nectar of thy love, and let my Mind utter that good Word. O Charity, O my God, thou Honey, which is so sweet, thou

thou Milk which is so white. Thou art the food of strong Persons, make me increase towards thee, that so I may feed upon thee, and taste thee with the Palate, not of a Sick, but of a sound Person. Thou art the Life by which I Live, the hope to which I do adhere, and the Glory which I desire to obtain. Hold thou fast my Heart, rule my Mind, direct my understanding, erect my Love, suspend my Thoughts, and draw the Mouth of this Spirit, which thirsteth after thee, into those living streams of Celestial running Waters. I beseech thee impose Silence upon these tumultuous Thoughts of Flesh and Blood; let these conceits of the Earth, and of the Waters, and of the Air, and of these Heavens we see, hold their Peace. Let all Visions, and Revelations which are imprinted upon the Imagination be silent, and every Tongue, and sensible Expression, and whatsoever else, which hath his compleat Being, by passing on. Let even the Soul be silent to it self, and let it outstrip and exceed it self, by not thinking of it self, but only of thee,

thee, O my God ; because thou, in very deed, art all my Hope, and all my Confidence. For in thee, O my God, and my Lord, in thee, O most sweet, O most amiable, O most Merciful Christ Jesus, there is a part of the Flesh and Blood of every one of us. Now therefore where a part of me doth Reign, there do I believe my self to Reign. Where my Blood hath Dominion, there do I also confide my self to be in Dominion ; where my Flesh is glorified, there do I know my self to be glorious. For howsoever I am a Sinner, yet I cannot despair, but that I shall be admitted to this Communication of thy Grace. And although my Iniquities forbid me, yet that Substance of mine doth invite me ; and although my Sins do exclude me, yet that Participation of Nature doth not suffer me to be rejected.

C H A P. XIII.

*That the Word Incarnate is the Cause
of our Hope.*

FOR our Lord is not so an Enemy as that he can forbear to love his own Flesh, and the Parts of his own Body, and his own Bowels. I might justly have despaired, by reason of my excessive Sins and Vices, and of those infinite Negligences and Faults which I have committed, and which I daily do commit by thought, word, and deed, and by all those means, whereby the frailty of Man's Nature may Sin, unless the Word my God, had become Flesh; and had dwelt amongst us. But now I dare not despair; because he growing obedient to thee, even to the Death, and that the very Death of the Cross, did take that hand-writing of our Sins, and nailing it to the same Cross did Crucify both Sin and Death. In him therefore do I securely conceive hope, who sitteth at thy Right-hand, and interceeds for us. And confiding in him,

him, I trust I shall arrive to be with thee, in whom we are risen, and have lived again, and have ascended up to Heaven, and are remaining there. To thee be Praise, Glory, Honour, and Thanksgiving for ever.

C H A P. XIV.

How sweet a thing it is to think of God.

O Thou most merciful Lord, who didst so love, and save us, who didst so quicken and exalt us; O most merciful Lord, how sweet is the memory of thee? How much more I meditate on thee, so much more art thou sweet and amiable to me. Therefore doth it delight me extreamly to behold thy Excellencies with a pure sight of the Mind, and with a most sweet affection of Pious Love, according to the little Power I have in this place of my Pilgrimage. Where although I be apparelled with a poor Garment of Flesh and Blood, I do yet continually aspire to the consideration and desire of thy admirable amability and Beauty. For with the dart
of

of thy charity am I wounded, and I am all on a light fire of desire concerning thee. I covet to arrive to thee, and thee do I desire to behold. Therefore will I ever stand upon my guard, and with vigilant Eyes I will be singing in spirit ; and I will also sing with my understanding, and with all my forces will I praise thee, who art both my Creator, and my Redeemer. I will penetrate the Heavens with my affection, and I will so approach to thee with my desire, that I may be held but only in Body ; by this present misery ; and all my thoughts, and the greediness of my desire shall be ever upon thee ; that so my heart may be where thou my treasure art, who art so desirable, so incomparable, and so dearly amiable.

But behold, O my most pitiful and most merciful God, whilst I am applying my self to the consideration of thy immense goodness and pity, my heart is not able to go through with it. For thy grace, thy beauty, thy vertue, thy glory, thy magnificence, thy Majesty, and thy Charity, doth exceed all the powers of our
S mind.

mind. And as the splendour of thy glory is inestimable, so is the benignity of that eternal Charity of thine unspeakable ; whereby thou hast Adopted them for thy Sons, and joined them close to thy self, whom formerly thou hast created of nothing.

CHAP. XV.

*How much tribulation endured for
Christ our Lord is to be desired.*

O My Soul, if daily we were to suffer torments, yea and even to endure the very pains of Hell, and that for a long time together ; to the end that we might arrive to see Christ in his glory, and to be associated to his Saints, would it not be fit for us to bear all that affliction, if thereby we might be thought fit to be made partakers of so high a good, and so great a glory ? Let therefore the Devils lye in wait for us ; let them prepare their temptations ; let fasting break our bodies ; let garments load our flesh ; let labours weigh heavy upon us ;

us ; let watching dry us ; let one man cry out upon us, and let another man disquiet us ; let cold contract us ; let the Conscience repine ; let heat burn us ; let the head ache, the breast be inflamed, let the stomach be swoln, let the face grow pale, and let the whole Body be distempered ; let my years be spent in groaning, yea let rottenness enter into my bones, and multiply therein, so that yet I may rest in that day of tribulation, and may ascend to our elected people. For how great will that glory of just persons be ; how great will be that joy of the Saints, when every one of their faces shall be resplendent, like a Sun ! When our Lord shall begin to muster up his people by different ranks in the Kingdom of his Father ; and shall assign the promised rewards according to the works and merit of every one. Celestial rewards for works which were performed here on Earth. Great rewards for little works, and eternal for such as were but temporal. That, indeed, will be a whole huge heap of felicity, when our Lord shall bring his Saints into the vision of his

Father's glory, and shall place them upon their Seats in Heaven, that so he may be all in all.

CHAP. XVI.

How the Kingdom of God may be obtained.

O Happy sweetness, O delicious happiness, which it will be for us, to behold the Saints, be with Saints and to be Saints, to see God, and to possess him for all eternity, and even if it might be, beyond eternity. Let us be continually thinking on these things; let us aspire to them with our whole desire, that so we may speedily arrive to enjoy them. If thou ask how this may be done; by what merits, or by what helps; give ear and I will tell thee: This Affair is put into thine own power; for the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence. The Kingdom of Heaven, O man, doth exact no price at thy hands but only thy self. So much is it worth,

worth, as thou thy self art. Give thy self, and thou shalt have it. Why art thou troubled about the price? Christ our Lord did give himself a way that he might purchase thee, to be a Kingdom for his Father; and so do thou also, give thy self, that thou may'st become a Kingdom for him, and that sin may not reign in thy mortal Body, but the Spirit in the renovation of life.

C H A P. XVII.

What a happy place Heaven is.

O My Soul, return toward that heavenly City wherein we are written; and enrolled as Citizens. And as Citizens amongst the Saints, and the household Servants of God, and as the Heirs of God and Co-heirs of Christ our Lord. Let us consider that excellent felicity of this City of ours, to the very uttermost of what we are able. Let us therefore say with the Prophet: O how glorious things are said of thee, thou City of

God, the habitation which is made in thee, is, of them who are all full of joy. For thou art founded in the exultation of the whole Earth. No old age is in thee, nor any misery which is wont to wait upon old age. In thee there is no man lame of arm or leg, nor crooked, nor otherwise deformed; when once they meet together, becoming perfect man, in the measure of the age, of the fulness of Christ. What is more happy than such a life where there is no fear of poverty, nor no incommodity of sickness; where no man is offended, no man is angry, no man envious, no desire doth solícite us; there is no appetite of meat, no man is importuned by thirsting after honour and power; there is no fear of the Devil, or the craft of those infernal Spirits; all terror of Hell is far off, there is no death either of Body or Soul, but a life which is made full of joy by the gift of immortality. In fine, there is no kind of ill, or discord, but all things are full of agreement and proportion; for as much as the concord of all the Saints is intirely one; all things are full

full of peace and joy ; all things are quiet, and serene. And everlasting splendor there, is not like that of this Sun of ours, but another, which is so much more bright, as it is more blessed. For that City (as we read) shall need neither Sun nor Moon ; but our Lord Omnipotent, will illuminate it, and the Lamb is the bright Lamp thereof. Where the Saints shall shine like Stars, and they who instruct many others, like the splendour of the firmament. No night shall be therefore there; no darkness, no concourse of Clouds, no incommodity at all of heat or cold ; but such a temper of things there will be, as neither the Eye hath seen, nor the Ear hath heard, nor can it enter into the Heart of any other men, but such as shall be thought worthy to enjoy it ; whose names are written in the Book of Life. But it exceedeth all these things to be associated to the Quires of Angels, and Archangels ; to behold the Patriarchs and the Prophets, to see the Apostles, and all the Saints ; yea, to see our own Parents and Friends. These things indeed are glorious, but yet still

incomparably a more glorious thing it is to behold the present face of God ; and to look upon that unlimited light of his. A superexcellent glory it will be, when we shall see God in himself : We shall see, and we shall possess him in our selves, and of that sight there will be no end.

C H A P. XVIII.

We cannot make any requital to Almighty God, but only by love.

TH E Soul which is beautified by the Image, and dignified by the resemblance of God, hath ground enough within it self (which is also imparted by the same God) whereby she may be advised to remain perpetually within him ; or at least to return towards him, if she chance to have been separated by her affection, or rather by her defects. And not only hath she ground of solace in the hope which she may conceive of pardon and mercy ; but yet far-

further, she may also presume to aspire, even to the marriage of the Word, and to contract a league of friendship with God; and together with that King of the Angels, to be drawing in the same sweet yoke of love. Now all this is performed by the same love, if the Soul do make it self like to God by her will, as already she is like him by nature; and if she love him, as she is beloved by him. For only love, amongst all the motions, passions and feeling senses of the Soul is the thing whereby a Creature may answer the benefits of a Creator; and repay, after a sort, what it oweth, though it be not in any equal manner.

Where love entereth in, it draweth and captiveth all other affections of the mind, to the dominion thereof. Love alone is sufficient, and is pleasing of it self, and for it self. Love is the merit, it is the reward, it is the cause, it is the fruit, it is also the use of the fruit; for by love we are conjoynd to God. Love maketh that two spirits grow to be one. Love maketh that the same things be wil-

led, and not willed by them. Love maketh us first to order and compose our lives ; afterward it enableth us to consider of all things which are present, as if they were absent ; and, in the third place, it enableth us to behold internal, and supernal things, with a clean and pure eye of the heart. By love we are first taught how to use those contentments well, which may be taken in the World, afterward those worldly contentments grow to be despised ; and at the last even the secrets of God come to be disclosed.

CHAP. XIX.

What it is which God requireth of us, that so we may be like himself.

GOD the Father is love, God the Son is love, God the Holy Ghost, is the love of the Father, and the Son. This charity, this love, doth require somewhat of us, which is like that ; that is to say, it requireth
 charity,

charity, whereby (as by a kind of conjunction in blood) we may be associated, and joyned to him. Love forgets that supreme dignity, it considers not the reverence which it is bound to bear. He that loves, doth of himself draw confidently near to God, and expresseth himself in a familiar manner, without perturbation, or fear : He loseth his labour, and lives in vain, who loves not. But he that loveth, doth still carry his Eyes directly towards God, whom he loveth, whom he desireth, upon whom he meditateth, in whom he delighteth, by whom he is fed, and even made fat. Such a loving and devout person doth so sing, and so he reads, and in all his actions he is so full of circumspection, and care, as if God were ever present before his Eyes, and so indeed he is. He doth so pray, as if he were taken, and presented before the face of that Majesty, in his Sovereign Throne, Where thousands of thousands are serving him, and a million of thousands are present with him. When love visiteth a Soul, it awaketh her,

if

if she be asleep ; it counselleth, and softneth, and doth wound the heart. It illuminateth those things which are dark ; it unlocketh those things which are shut up ; it inflameth those things which are cold ; it mitigateth a harsh, untoward, and impatient mind ; it puts sin to flight ; it representeth all carnal affection, it amendeth manners, it reformeth and reneweth the spirit, and it bridleth the light acts, and evil motions of slippery youth. All these things are done by love, when it is present, but upon the departure thereof, the Soul begins already to be faint, and weak, as if the fire were withdrawn from underneath a Pot which had been seething.

C H A P. XX.

Of the confidence of a Soul which loveth God.

A Great thing is love, whereby the Soul of her self, doth confidently approach to God, doth constantly

stantly inhere to God, doth familiarly ask questions of God, and consul-eth with him, upon all occasions. The Soul which loveth God can neither think, or speak any other thing, she contemneth all things else, she loatheth all. Whatsoever she considereth, whatsoever she saith, it smells of love, it savours of love ; so truly doth the love of God make her all his own. Whosoever desires to have the knowledge of God, let him love. In vain doth any man give himself to reading, to meditating, to preaching, to praying, if he do not love. The love of God begetteth love in a Soul, and makes her bend her self towards him. God loveth, to the end that he may be loved again. When he loveth, he desireth no other thing, but to be beloved ; as knowing that they who love him, are to be made happy by that love. The Soul which loves, doth renounce all her own particular affections, and doth wholly apply her self to love ; that so she may be able to pay love with love. And yet when she shall have spent whatsoever she either hath, or
is,

is, upon the love of that torrent which flows out from that over-running fountain of love; we must take heed of thinking, that there is any equality of springing plenty afforded between that love, and this love; between God, and the Soul; between the Creator, and the Creature. And yet, on the other side, if the Soul do love, as much as it can; there can be nothing said to be wanting, where all is given. Let not that Soul fear which loves; but let that other tremble which loveth not. The Soul which loves, is carried on by prayers, she is drawn by her desires, she dissembleth her merits, she shuts her Eyes against his Majesty, she opens them to delight in his beauty; she lodgeth her self in him, who is her saving health, and she treateth with him after a confident manner. By love the Soul doth step aside, and doth grow into excess, beyond the senses of the Body; so that she which feeleth God, doth no longer feel her self. This is done when the Soul (being allured by the unspeakable sweetness of God) doth steal her self,

self, as it were, from her self; or rather when she is forcibly carried, and so doth slip from her self, that she may enjoy God with supream Delight. Nothing were so highly sweet, if withal it were not extreamly short. Love giveth familiarity with God; familiarity gives a daring to reproach; that daring giveth Gust; that Gust giveth Hunger. The Soul which is touched with the Love of God, can think of nothing else; can desire nothing else; but doth often sigh and say, as the Hart desireth the fountains of Water, so doth my Soul desire thee, O my God.

CHAP XXI.

What God did for Man.

GOD for the Love of Men came down to Men; he came into Men, and he was made Man. The invisible God was drawn by Love, to become like his slaves: Through Love, he was wounded for our Sins. Weak and wicked Men may find a safe and strong

strong retreat in the wounds of our Saviour. There do I securely dwell; for I see his very Bowels through his Wounds. Whatsoever is wanting to me; I fetch from those Wounds of my Lord; which flow with Mercy; nor want they holes, through which it may be able to flow. By those holes which were made in his Body, we may discern the very Secrets of his Heart; we may discern a great mystery of Goodness; we may discern the Bowels of the Mercy of our God, wherewith that Orient from on high hath visited us. The Wounds of Jesus Christ are full of Mercy, full of Pity, full of suavity, and full of Charity. Men digged through his Hands and Feet, and they transpierced his side with a Lance. By these overtures, I have means to taste how sweet my Lord God is; for indeed he is meek, and sweet, and of abundant Mercy, to all such as call upon him in Truth; to all such as seek him, but especially to them that love him. A copious Redemption is given to us in the wounds of Jesus Christ our Saviour. A great multitude of Sweetness, a fullness.

ness of Grace, and the perfection of
Vertues.

C H A P. XXII.

*Of the remembrance of the wounds of
Jesus Christ our Lord.*

WHEN I am solicited by any impure thought, I make my recourse unto the wounds of Christ; when my Body oppresseth me, I recover Strength by calling the Wounds of my Lord to Mind; when the Devil is laying some ambush whereby to take me, I flye unto the Bowels of my Lords Mercy, and so the Devil departeth from me. If the ardour of Lust make any alteration in my Body, it is quenched by the Memory of the Wounds of our Lord, the Son of God. In all the Adversities which I have been subject to, I never found so effectual a Remedy, as in the Wounds of Christ. In them do I sleep secure, in them do I repose void of Fear. Christ dyed for us; there is nothing so deadly bitter, which
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may not be cured by the Death of Christ. All the Hope I have, is in the Death of my Lord. His Death is my Merit, my Refuge, my saving Health, my Life, and my Resurrection. My Merit is his great Mercy, I shall never be void of Merit, as long as he who is the Lord of Mercy, shall not be wanting to me. And since my Merits go after the rates of his Mercies, look how much more mighty he is towards the saving of me, so much the more I may be secure.

C H A P. XXIII.

The remembrance of the Wounds of Christ our Lord, is our Remedy in all Adversity.

I Have committed a grievous Sin ?
I say I am guilty of many Sins ;
neither yet will I despair , because
where Sins have abounded, there hath
been superabundance of Grace. He
who despaireth of the Pardon of his
Sins, denieth God to be Merciful. He
much wrongs God, who distrusts in his
Mercy.

Mercy. Such a one doth his best, to deny that God hath Charity, Verity, and Piety, wherein all my hope consisteth. Namely in the Charity of his Adoption, in the Verity of his Promise, and in the Piety of his Redemption. Let therefore my foolish thought be murmuring as much as it will, whilst it is saying: What a poor thing art thou; and what a great Glory is that, and by what merits dost thou hope to obtain it? For I will confidently answer: I know well who it is, whom I have trusted. And because he hath adopted me for his Son, with excess of Charity, because he is true in his Promises, and powerful in his Performances; and because he may do what he will; I cannot be frightened by the multitude of my Sins, if withal I be able to call the death of my Lord to mind; for those Sins of mine cannot conquer him. Those Nails, and that Launce do cry out to tell me, that indeed I am reconciled to Christ, if I resolve to love him. *Longinus* opened the side of Christ with his Launce, there do I enter in, and there I do safely rest. He that fears let him love; for charity

Charity will put fear away. There is not so potent and effectual a Remedy against the ardour of Lust, as the death of my Redeemer. He stretcheth forth his Arms abroad upon the Cross; and he spreads his Hands, which are ready to imbrace us Sinners. Between those Arms of my Saviour, I resolve to live, and I desire to dye. There will I securely sing, I will exalt thee, O Lord, because thou hast taken me up, and hast not given mine Enemies their pleasure over me. Our Saviur bowed down his Head at his death, that he might kiss his Beloved, and so often do we give a Kiss to God, as we have Compunction of our Sins, for the love of him.

C H A P. XXIV.

An Exhortation of the Soul to the Love of Christ our Lord.

O Thou my Soul, which art dignified with the image of God, redeemed by the Blood of Christ, espoused by Faith, endowed with a Spirit,

Spirit, adorned with vertues, ranked with Angels, be sure thou love him, by whom thou art so much beloved. Make him thy Business, who hath made thee his. Seek him who seeketh thee, love thy Lover, by whom thou art Beloved ; by whose Love thou art prevented, and who is the cause of thine. He is thy Merit, thy Reward, thy Fruit, thy Use, and thy End. Be thou careful together with him, who is so careful of thee ; be attentive to him, who is attentive to thee, be pure with him who is pure ; be holy with him who is Holy. Such as thou dost appear in the Sight of God, such art thou to expect that he will appear to thee. God, who is so sweet, so meek, and so full of Mercy, doth require that thou shouldest be sweet and meek, and gentle, and humble, and full of Mercy. Love him who hath drawn thee out of the Lake of Misery, and the Filth of Dirt. Chuse him for thy Friend, above all thy Friends ; who, when all they shall fail thee, will be ever sure to make good thy trust, at the day of thy Death. When
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all thy Friends are departing from thee, he will not leave thee, but he will defend thee against those roaring Lyons, who are sharp set upon their Prey. And he will lead thee by a Country, wherewith thou art not yet acquainted, and he will bring thee to those Streets of the Celestial *Sion*, and there he will place thee together with his Angels, before the Face of his own Majesty, where thou shalt hear that Angelical Musick of Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabbath. There is the Canticle of Joy, the voice of Exultation, and Salvation, and thanksgiving ; the voice of Praise, and that everlasting Allelujah. There is that high heap of happiness, that supereminent Glory, that superabundant Gladness, and all good things put together. O sigh thou ardently, O my Soul ; and desire vehemently that thou mayest arrive at that Heavenly City, whereof so glorious things are said, and whereof all the Inhabitants are so full of Joy. By love thou mayest ascend. Nothing is impossible, nothing is hard to one who Loves. The Soul which loves, ascendeth

cendeth often; and doth familiarly run too and fro, though those Streets of the celestial *Jerusalem*. Sometimes visiting the Patriarchs and the Prophets; sometimes admiring those armies of Martyrs, and Confessors; and contemplating sometimes the Quires of Virgins. The Heaven and the Earth, with all which is therein, do never cease to let me know, that I ought to love my Lord my God.

C H A P. XXV.

That nothing can suffice the Soul, but the supream Good.

TH E Heart of Man, which is not fixed in the Desire of Eternity, can never be stable and firm, but is more wavering than the wind; and it passeth from one thing to another, seeking rest where it cannot be found. For in these frail and transitory things, where the affection thereof is imprisoned, it can never find true repose. Because our Soul is of so great dignity, that no good, but only the supream Good

Good can satisfy it ; and withal it is of so great Liberty, that it cannot be constrained to commit any Sin. It is therefore the proper will of every one, which is the cause of his Salvation, or Damnation ; so that nothing more rich can be given to God, than a good will. A good-will draweth God down to us, and it addresseth us up to him. By a good-will we love God, we chuse him, we run to him, we arrive to him, and we possess him. O how excellent a thing is this good-will, whereby we are reformed, according to the resemblance of God, and are made like to him. So amiable to God is this good-will, as that it refuseth to inhabit that Heart wherein a good will is not to be found. A good-will doth make that supream Majesty of the Trinity stoop down to it. For Wisdom doth illuminate it towards the knowledge of Truth ; Charity doth inflame it towards the love of Goodness, and the Paternity doth preserve that which it did Create, that it may not perish.

C H A P. XXXVI.

What the Knowledge of Truth is.

WHAT is that knowledge of Truth? It consisteth first in a Man's knowing himself, and in being that which a Man ought to be, and in reforming that which should be amended. It doth therefore consist in knowing and loving the Creator, for this is the whole good of Man. See then how unspeakable the love of this Divine Love is. It made us of nothing; and it gave us whatsoever we have. But because we loved the gift more than the Giver, we fell into the Snare of the Devil, and became his Slaves. Then did God, being moved to Mercy, send his Son to redeem those Slaves, and he also sent the Holy Ghost, to the end, that he might make those Slaves his Sons. He gave the Son as a Price of our Redemption, and the Holy Ghost, for the priviledge of his Love; and so he imparteth his whole self, as the inheritance of
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our Adoption. So doth God, as being most pittiful, and most merciful, through the desire which he hath of the Love of Man, not only impart his Mercies, but his very self, that so he might recover Men; not so much to him, who is God, as to themselves. That Men might be born of God, God was first born of Man.

Who then is he that hath a Heart so hard, as that it cannot be softned by this love of God? this Love I say of his so preventing, and so vehement which made him be content to become Man, for the Love of Man? Who now will be able to hate a Man, whose Nature and Resemblance he seeth in the humanity of God? Infallibly whosoever hateth him, hateth God, and so he destroyeth whatsoever he doth. For God was made Man for Man; that as already he was Mans Creator, so also he might be his Redeemer, and that he might purchase him, out of his own Stock. And to the end that God might be beloved by Man, in a more familiar manner, he appeared in the similitude of Man; that so both his external, and internal Senses,

Senses, might be made happy in God; the Eye of his Soul being entertained, and fed by his divinity, and the Eye of his Body by Gods humanity; to the end, that whether he should work inwardly or outwardly, this human nature which he created, might be able to feed deeply, and sweetly upon him.

CHAP. XXVII.

What the mission of the Holy Ghost doth work in us.

THIS Saviour of ours, was born for us, he was crucified and he died for us, that so by his Death he might destroy ours. And because that Bunch of Grapes of his Flesh and Blood was carried to this Wine-press of the Cross, and because the expression thereof being made, the new Wine of his Divinity began to flow from thence, the Holy Ghost was sent down, whereby the vessels of our Hearts were to be prepared, and new Wine to be put into new Skins; that

first our Hearts might be cleansed, lest else the Wine poured in, should be polluted; and that afterward they should be tyed up, lest otherwise when it were infused, it might be spilt. That they might (I say) be cleansed from all joy, which could be taken in Sin; and that they might be fastened against all Joy, which could be taken in Vanity. For that which is good can never come, unless first, that be sent away, which is Evil. The Joy which is taken in Sin, polluteth; and the joy which is taken in Vanity, scattereth us. The Joy which is taken in Sin, maketh the Vessel foul, and the joy which is taken in Vanity, maketh it to be full of Holes. Joy is taken in Sin, when Sin is loved, and Joy is taken in vanity, when transitory things are beloved. Cast therefore away, that which is evil, that thou mayest receive that which is good. Pour out all bitterness, that thou mayest be filled with sweetness. The Holy Ghost is Joy and Love. Cast out the Spirit of the Devil, and the Spirit of the World, that thou mayest receive the Spirit of God.

God. The Spirit of the Devil, breedeth a joy in Sin; and the Spirit of the World breedeth a Joy in Vanity. Now both these Joys are naught; for the one of them hath vice in it, the other giveth occasion to Vice. The Spirit of God will come when these wicked Spirits are cast out; and it will enter into the Tabernacle of thy Heart, and will produce a good joy, and a good love, whereby the love of the World, and the love of Sin shall be put to flight. The love of the World doth intice and deceive; the love of Sin doth pollute and carry on to Death. But the love of God doth illuminate the Mind, it doth purify the Conscience, it makes the Soul rejoice, and it demonstrates God.

C H A P. XXVIII.

Of the working of that Soul which loveth God.

HE, in whom the Love of God remains, is ever thinking how he may arrive to God; how he may leave the World; how he may

decline the Corruption of Flesh and Blood : and to the end, that he may find true Peace, he ever hath his desire and his Heart erected towards Heavenly things. When he is sitting, when he is walking, when he is resting, and in fine, whatsoever he be doing, his Heart departeth not from God. He exhorteth all Men to the Love of God, he recommendeth it to all Men, and he proveth to all the World, both by his Heart, and by his Tongue, and by his Works, how sweet the love of God is, and how bitter that is of the World. He despiseth the Glory of the World, he discovereth it to be full of affliction ; and he declareth how fond they are, who place their Confidence therein. He wondreth at the Blindness of Men for loving such things as those ; he wondreth how it is possible for all Men not to forsake these transitory, and frail things of the World. He conceiveth that every one should find tast in that which is so savoury to himself, that every one should love that which he likes so well ; that every one should desire that which is so plainly discerned by him.

him. He doth frequently contemplate his God, and by that contemplation he is sweetly fed ; so much more happily, as more frequently. For that is most delightfully considered, the loving and praising whereof is so full of delights

C H A P. XXIX.

Of the Hearts true Repose.

THen indeed is the Heart in true Repose, when it is all fixed by desire in the Love of God ; and when it covets nothing else, but in him, in whom it delighteth with Sweetness, and whom it enjoyeth with delight. And if perhaps it be a little diverted from him, either by any vain thought, or else by business it returneth instantly again at full speed ; esteeming it for no better than Banishment, during the time that it remaineth any where but in him. For as there is no moment of Time, wherein a Man hath not Experience of the divine Goodness, so ought there not to be any moment, wherein it

should not be present to our memory. He is not liable to a little fault, who in Prayer, whilst he is conversing with God, doth easily wander out of his Sight, as if God did neither hear, nor see him. Yet this is done, when he followeth his own importunate and evil thoughts, and when he preferreth any poor and base Creature (towards whom the sight of Mind is easily withdrawn) before God. Reflecting and rowling, as it were that Creature up and down in his Mind, by oftner thinking on it, than upon God, whom continually he ought to remember as his Redeemer; to expect as his Saviour; and to fear as his Judge.

C H A P. XXX.

Whatsoever doth withdraw the Sight of the Mind from God, is wholly to be avoided.

WHosoever thou be, that lovest the World, consider well, whither it hath a meaning to carry thee. That way whereby thou goest,

goest, is a most wicked way, and full, of misery. Fly therefore for a while, O Man, from all Worldly business and hide thy self from those tumultuous thoughts of thine. Now cast away thy weighty Cares, dismiss those laborious imployments; be a little at leasure for God, and repose with him a little, in the Closet of thy Heart. Exclude all but God, and those things which may help towards the finding of him. Let all thy Heart now say to God, I seek thy Countenance, and yet again I seek it, O my God. Come therefore, O Lord my God; teach my Heart both where, and how it may seek thee, and where, and how it may find thee. O Lord, if thou be not here, where shall I find thee being absent; and if thou be here, why do I not see thee, being present? But thou indeed dost inhabit inaccessible Light, yet how shall I then approach to that Light, if it be inaccessible; or who shall lead me, and admit me to it; that I may see thee in it? And again, by what Signs, or by what address shall I seek thee? I never saw thee, O

Lord my God ; nor was I ever acquainted with thy Countenance. What thou most high God , shall this Creature, who hath been exiled so far off from thee, what I say, shall he be able to do ? What shall thy Slave be able to do ; who on the one side is so deadly taken with the Love of thee, and yet on the other, doth find himself to be cast so far off from thy face ? Behold how he doth even pant to see thee, whilst yet thy Face is so far remote ? It desireth to draw near to thee ; but thy habitation cannot be approached unto. It desires to find thee, but it knows not where ; it strives to seek thee, but it is a Stranger to thy Presence.

C H A P. XXXI.

*How the vision of God was lost by Sin,
and that Misery came so to be found
out.*

O Lord, thou art my God, and my Lord I never saw thee, and yet thou didst create me and redeem me, and thou hast given me all good things ;

things; but yet still I never saw thee nor do I know thee. And though it be true, that I was made of purpose, for the seeing of thee, yet hitherto, I never did that for which I was made. O miserable condition of Man, who lost the thing to which he was ordained. O woful heavy chance! Alas what is it that he lost; and what is it that he found? What departed, and what remained. He lost felicity, to which he was ordained; and he met with misery, to which he was not ordained. That departed, without which nothing can be happy; and that remained, which of it self is nothing but pure Misery. Then did Man feed upon the Bread of Angels, after which now he hath such Hunger; and now he feeds upon the Bread of Sorrow, to which then he was a Stranger. O thou my Lord, how long wilt thou forget us? How long wilt thou turn thy Face from us? When wilt thou regard, and hear us? When wilt thou illuminate these Eyes of ours, and shew us that Face of thine? When wilt thou restore thy self to us, and hear us? Behold us, O Lord, and hearken

hearken to us, and enlighten us, and shew thy self to us, and restore thy self to us; that once we may be happy in thee, without whom we are so truly unhappy. O Lord, I beseech thee, invite and help us. My Soul is all made bitter, by her desolation; sweeten it by thy Consolation. I beseech thee O Lord, since I have been hungry in search of thee, let me not be forsaken in being used by thee. I come faint with Hunger towards thee, let me not depart empty from thee. I come poor to thee who art Rich; miserable to thee, who art merciful. Do not send me away needy, and disgraced. O my Lord, I am all bent downward, nor can I look but downward, do thou erect me, that I may look upward, and that with great attention. My Iniquities have overgrown my Head; they have overwhelmed me; and they hang upon me like a huge Weight. Unfold me, and empty me, and let not that Well stretch out his Mouth to swallow me. Teach me to seek thee, and when I seek thee let me see thee; for neither
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can I seek thee, if thou dost not teach me, nor can I find thee, if thou dost not manifest thy self to me. Let me seek thee by desiring thee ; let me desire thee by seeking thee. Let me find thee by loving thee ; and let me love thee, by finding thee.

C H A P. XXXII.

Of the Goodness of God.

I Confess to thee, O Lord, and I give thee thanks, in that thou hast created me after this thine Image, that so being mindful of thee, I may consider, and love thee. But so is my Soul defaced, with the corruption of vice ; and it is so obscured with the smoke of sin, that it cannot perform that for which it was made, unless it be renewed and reformed by thee. O Lord, thou who impartest the gift of spiritual understanding, I beseech thee grant that I may understand as much as thou knowest to be expedient for me. For thou
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art as we believe, and thou art that very thing which we believe, and we believe that thou art somewhat, than which nothing greater, and nothing better can be conceived. What therefore art thou, O Lord God, (since nothing can be conceived either greater, or better than thou art) but only that sovereign good, which existing by it self alone, did create all other things of nothing? What good can therefore be wanting, to that sovereign good, whereby all good things are. Thou art therefore just, and true, and blessed; and whatsoever else, which it is better to be, than not to be, that thing thou art. But yet if thou be all supremely just, how cometh it to pass that thou pardonest sinners? Is it because thy goodness doth exceed our understanding? This mystery lyeth hid in that inaccessible light, which thou dost inhabit, yea in that most deep, and most secret profundity of thy Goodness, that fountain doth lye hid, from whence the River of thy mercy floweth. For although thou be wholly, and supremely just; yet therefore art thou

thou merciful to wicked men, because thou art also wholly and supremely Good. And thou shouldest be less good, if thou wert not good to any who is wicked. For he is better, who is good both to the good and to the bad, than he who is good, but to the good. And better is he who is good both in pardoning, and in punishing wicked men, than another who is only good in punishing. And therefore art thou also merciful because thou art wholly and supremely Good.

C H A P. XXXIII.

Of the delightful fruition of God.

O Thou immense goodness, who exceedest all understanding. Let thy mercy, which so abundantly proceedeth from thee, descend down on me, let that flow into me, which floweth from thee. Pardon me by thy mercy, lest else thy justice be forced to take revenge upon me. Stir thy self up, now, O my Soul, and erect thy whole understanding, and consider

consider (to the uttermost of all thy power) what kind, and how great a good that is, which is God himself. For if every particular good thing do carry with it some delight, do but seriously consider how delightful that good must needs be, which containeth the delight of all good things ; and that too, no such kind of delight as we experience in things created, but a delight so very different, as the Creator is more excellent than the Creature. Now if that life which is created be good, how good is that other life which created this ? If this health be delightful, which is made ; how delightful must that needs be, which made all this health ? If the Wisdom be amiable which is exercised in the consideration and knowledge of created things ; how amiable must that other Wisdom be, which created and framed all of nothing ? And in fine, if the delight which is taken in delightful things be very great, and of great variety ; how various, and how great is that delight which is taken in him, who created all these delightful things ? O how happy

happy shall he be, that shall arrive to, and enjoy this good : Yea how happy shall he not be ? Infallibly whatsoever he would have to be, shall be ; and whatsoever he would not, shall not be. He shall there be so endued with such felicity, both of Body and Soul, as neither the Eye hath seen, nor the Ear hath heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man.

C H A P. XXXIV.

That this supreme Good is to be desired.

V V H Y dost thou therefore wander, O thou man, in the search of any good, concerning either thy Body or thy Soul ? Love thou that one good, wherein all good things are, and it is enough. Desire thou that one single good, which containeth all good, and it will suffice. For what dost thou, O body of mine, desire, what dost thou desire, O my Soul ? There is in that good whatsoever thou canst desire or love. If thou be delighted with beauty, the

the Just shall shine bright, like the Sun. If speed or strength, or ability to do what thou wilt with thy Body ; nothing shall be able to resist thee, since the Saints shall be as the Angels of God : For a corporal Body is sowed, but it shall rise up a spiritual Body ; not that it is so by Nature, but by Participation. If thou desire a long and healthful Life in Heaven, there shall be a healthful Eternity, and an eternal Health, for the Just shall live for ever ; and their Salvation is of our Lord. If thou desire to have a Satiety, and fullness of all things) Men shall be satisfied when the Glory of our Lord shall appear. If thou desire to be inebriated, Men shall there be inebriated by that ever growing Plenty of the House of God. If Musick ; the Angels shall be Singing there, for all Eternity. If Pleasure, which is Chast and Pure, our Lord shall give then to drink of the torrent of his Pleasure. If Wisdom, the very Wisdom of God will to them declare himself, who is Wisdom. If Friendship, they shall love God more than themselves, and God will love them better than they can love themselves ; because they love.

love him, and themselves, and one another, in him ; and he loveth himself, and them by himself. If concord with one another be esteemed ; they have all but one will, because they have no other Will, but the supreme Will of God. If Power, they shall have the same dominion over their own Will, which God hath over his. For as God can do what he will by himself, so shall they be able to do what they will by him. And as they cannot will any thing but what he wills ; so will he will, whatsoever they will ; and so what they will cannot chuse but be. If Wealth and Honour, God doth place his good and faithful Servants over many Goods ; yea they shall be called the Sons of God, and Gods ; and they shall be his Heirs, and the Co-heirs of Christ. If true Security, they shall be as certainly assured, that no good thing shall be ever wanting to them, as they shall be sure that neither they will forgo it willingly, nor that he who loveth them will take it away against their will, whom he so loveth ; nor yet that there is any thing mightier than

than God, which is able to separate him and them from one another. Now what kind of joy, and how great must that needs be, where such a good as this is to be enjoyed.

C H A P. XXXV.

*Of the mutual Charity of the Saints
in Heaven.*

O Thou Heart of Man, thou poor Heart, thou Heart which knowest what belongs to Cares and Miseries, by Experience ; or rather which art even over-whelmed by them , how much wouldest thou rejoice, if thou didst abound with all those Blessings. Ask thy most inward Powers, if they would be able to contain the joy, which would grow to thee, by such Felicity as that. But now if any other, whom thou didst absolutely Love, as thou didst love thy self, should possess the self-same Beatitude , with thee ; thy joy would be doubled, because thou wouldest rejoice no less for him, than for thy self. And if two or three, or many more were Possessors

Possessors of it, thou wouldest rejoyce for every one of them, as for thy self; supposing that thou lovedst every one of them as thy self. What kind of thing will therefore, that perfect Charity be of innumerable Angels, and Blessed Men, since no one loveth another less than himself; and no otherwise will every one rejoyce, for any other than for himself. If therefore the Heart of Man will scarce be able to contain it self for the single Joy, which himself will take in so great a good; how will he be capable of this so great Joy, of so many others?

Again, look how much more a Man loves another, and so much more doth he rejoyce at his Good. And now as in that supream Felicity, every one will, without Comparison, love God better than himself and all the rest; so also will he, without Comparison, rejoyce more in the Felicity of God, than in that of himself, and of all the rest of his fellow-Saints. And if they shall love God withal their Heart, all their Mind, and all their Soul, in such sort as that,
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yet all their Heart, and all their Mind, and all their Soul cannot sufficiently comprehend the dignity of that Love; without fail they will also rejoice with all their Heart, with all their Mind, and with all their Soul, so that all their Heart, Mind, and Soul, shall not be able to contain the fulness of that joy

CHAP. XXXVI.

Of the fulness of the Joy of Heaven.

O My God, and my Lord, my Hope, and the joy of my Heart; tell my Soul, if this be that joy, whereof thou hast said by thy Son, Ask, and you shall receive, that so your Joy may be full. For I have found a certain Joy, which is full, and more than full; the Heart, the Mind, the Soul, and the whole Man being full thereof: But yet in Heaven there will be another Joy beyond measure, greater than this is. They who are to enjoy it, shall not enter into all that joy; but they being all full of joy, shall enter in-
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to that joy of their Lord. Tell me, O Lord, tell thy Servant, and tell it to my Heart within, if this be that joy, into which those Servants of thine shall enter ; who are to enter into the Joy of their Lord ? But even that joy wherewith thy Elect shall rejoice, hath neither been seen with the Eye, ner heard by the Ear, nor hath it entred into the Heart of Man. So that yet I have not been able to say, O Lord, how great that Joy is, which thy Elect shall enjoy. It is certain, that they shall joy as much as they Love, and they shall Love as much as they shall know thee O Lord. But how great shall that love be ? It is certain, that neither the Eye hath seen, nor the Ear hath heard, nor hath it entred into the Heart of Man, in this Life, how much they shall know and love thee, in that other-Life, O my God, I beseech thee that I may know thee ; that I may love thee, that I may joy in thee. And if, in this Life, I may not do it to the full, yet at at least make me profit in it more and more, that at last I may arrive to that fullness. Let the Know-
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ledg which here I have of thee, proceed farther, that so it may there be full. Let my Love of thee increase here, that so it may be full there ; and that here my joy may be great in Hope, and there full indeed. O thou true God, I beg that I may receive what thou hast promised, that so my Joy may be fulfilled. In the mean time, let my Mind meditate upon it ; let my Tongue speak of it ; let my Heart love it ; let my Discourse work upon it ; let my Soul be hungry, and even my very Flesh thirst after it ; and let my whole Substance desire it ; till such time as I shall enter into the joy of my Lord, where I may remain for ever. *Amen.*



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